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OF

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Engd. by P. Maverick, from a Sketch by W. K. Lowry.

"Ah, poor Creed, are you gone?" "Yes," said Mathew, very composedly, "and you shall instantly Pass after him;"

Page 124. Vol. 2.

3
D

THE

WORKS

OF THE

REV. JONATHAN SWIFT, D. D.

DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S, DUBLIN.

ARRANGED BY

THOMAS SHERIDAN, A. M.

WITH

NOTES, HISTORICAL AND CRITICAL.

A NEW EDITION, IN TWENTY-FOUR VOLUMES.

CORRECTED AND REVISED

BY JOHN NICHOLS, F. A. S.

EDINBURGH AND PERTH.

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THE

LIFE

OF

DOCTOR SWIFT.

SECTION VI.

Private Memoirs of Swift.

HAVING now conducted Swift from his cradle to his grave, and presented to view, in a regular series, the most remarkable scenes of his public life; I have purposely reserved to this place the greater part of such private memoirs, as were not meant to meet the public eye, in order that I might arrange them also in an uninterrupted train. Nothing has more excited the curiosity of mankind at all times, than that desire which prevails of prying into the secret actions of great and illustrious characters; arising in some, from a too general spirit of envy, which hopes to find something in their private conduct that may sully the lustre of their public fame, and so bring them down more to a level with themselves: and in others, of a more candid disposition, that they might form right judgments of their real characters; as too many, like actors in a theatre, only assume one when they appear on the stage of the world, which they put off, together with their robes and plumes, when retired to the dressing room. But as the readers of the former sort, are infinitely more numerous, in order to gratify their taste, as well, perhaps, as their own congenial disposition,

the writers of such memoirs are too apt to lean to the malevolent side, and deal rather in the more saleable commodity of obloquy and scandal, high-seasoned to the taste of vitiated palates, than in the milder and more insipid food of truth and panegyric. Many have been the misrepresentations made of Swift, from this uncharitable spirit; and though most of them have been proved to be such by his defenders, yet there are several still left in a state of doubt and uncertainty, through the want of proper information. Among these there is no article about which the world is still left so much in the dark, as his amours. A subject, which, in one of his singular character, is more likely to excite curiosity than any other. We know there were two ladies, represented by him as the most accomplished of their sex, adorned with all the charms and graces, both of person and mind, that might penetrate the most obdurate breast, whose hearts were wholly devoted to him. We know too that he had a just sense of their value, that he lived on terms of the closest friendship with both, but it does not appear that he ever made a suitable return of love to either.

As his conduct toward these two celebrated ladies, Stella and Vanessa, seems to be wrapped up in the darkest shades of any part of his history, and has given rise to various conjectures, which yet have produced no satisfactory solution of the doubts which it has occasioned; I shall endeavour, by collecting some scattered rays from different parts of his Works, and adding other lights which have come to my knowledge, to disperse the mysterious gloom with which this subject seems to have been enveloped, and put the whole in a clear point of view. In order to this, it will be necessary, in the first place, to form a judgment how Swift stood affected toward the female sex, either from constitution or reflection. With regard to the former, he seems to have been of a very

cold habit, and little spurred on by any impulse of desire; and as to the latter, he appears in the early part of his life to have had little inclination to enter into the married state, and afterward to have had a fixed dislike to it.

His sentiments on this head are fully displayed in a letter to a kinsman of his, the Rev. John Kendall, vicar of Thornton in Leicestershire, dated Feb. 11, 1691-2*, written in the 24th year of his age.

This letter was an answer to one from Mr. Kendall, in which he informs him of the reports spread at Leicester that he had paid serious addresses there to an unworthy object, and which Swift therefore thought required this explicit answer.† Here we see that he had no other idea of gallantry with the sex, than what served for mere amusement; that he had rather a dread of matrimony, and that he had never engaged in illicit amours, from which he claims no merit, but imputes it to his being *naturally* of a *temperate constitution*. This ingenuous letter, written at the most vigorous time of life, will serve as a clue to his conduct toward women ever after.

The only instance that appears of his having any serious thoughts of matrimony, was with regard to a Miss Waryng, a lady of the north of Ireland, possessed of a moderate fortune. The circumstances of that affair are

* Dr. Swift was at this time with Sir William Temple, at Sheen. S.

† Swift makes the following mention of this affair in a letter to Mr. Worrall, written on a particular occasion in 1728-9. "When I went a lad to my mother, after the Revolution, she brought me acquainted with a family, where there was a daughter, with whom I was acquainted. My prudent mother was afraid I should be in love with her; but when I went to London, she married an innkeeper in Loughborough, in that county. This woman (my mistress, with a pox) left several children, who are all dead but one daughter, Anne by name," &c. What follows is immaterial to the present subject. S.

laid open in a letter to that lady, written by Swift, May 4, 1700, when he was in his thirty-third year.

From the contents of this letter, it is apparent, that whatever inclination he might formerly have had to a union with this lady, it was now much changed; and his view in writing it, seems evidently to have been to put an end to the connexion, but in such a way, as that the refusal might come from the lady. For it was impossible to suppose that a woman of any spirit (and from some hints in the letter she seemed to have rather more than came to her share) should not highly resent such an unlover-like epistle, written in so dictatorial a style. And it is highly probable that the little stomach which he at all times had to matrimony, was a stronger motive to breaking off the match, than any of the newly discovered faults laid to her charge. His attachment to this lady was in consequence of a juvenile passion commenced when he was in the college. She was sister to his chamber-fellow Mr. Waryng, and a familiar intercourse naturally followed. It is certain a correspondence had been carried on between them for some time, in the style of courtship; but a few years absence cooled the ardour of his flame, which, together with some circumstances alluded to in the above letter, made him wish to put an end to the connexion.

I have in my possession a letter of his, which was never yet printed, addressed to the Rev. Mr. Winder, dated from Moor Park, 1698. Wherein some slight mention is made of this affair, and which manifestly shows his indifference at that time, in the following passage: "I remember these letters to Eliza; they were writ in my youth. Pray burn them. You mention a dangerous rival for an absent lover; but I must take my fortune. If the report proceeds, pray inform me."

After these we have no memorial remaining of his being attached to any of the fair sex, except Mrs. Johnson and Miss Vanhomrigh, known to the world by the celebrated names of Stella and Vanessa. We have already seen how his acquaintance with Stella commenced at an early period of her life, and the share that he had in training her up to that degree of perfection which she afterward reached. It is no wonder that his admiration of his lovely pupil should increase with her growing perfections, and that it should produce the strongest attachment to one of the finest pieces of nature's workmanship, finished and polished to the height by his own hand. But though his affection for her daily increased, during a long habitude of intercourse with one of the most charming companions in the world, perfectly suited in all points to his taste and humour, yet had it no mixture in it of the passion of love, but was rather the tenderness of a parent to a favourite child:

> "His conduct might have made him styl'd,
> A father, and the nymph his child.
> That innocent delight he took
> To see the virgin mind her book,
> Was but the master's secret joy
> In school to hear the finest boy."

For the truth of this he appeals to Stella herself in one of his poems addressed to her:

> "Thou, Stella, wert no longer young,
> When first for thee my harp I strung;
> Without one word of Cupid's darts,
> Of killing eyes, or bleeding hearts:
> With friendship and esteem possest,
> I ne'er admitted love a guest."

Nor was there any thing uncommon in this. We find that even among young people bred up together

from childhood, the passion of love seldom appears; and much less likely is it to take place where there is such a disparity of years. It has been already shown what punctilious caution he took to prevent any appearance of that sort, by never conversing with her but in the presence of a third person, which was usually her companion Mrs. Dingley. But not long after her settlement in Ireland, he gave the most unequivocal proof of what his sentiments were with regard to her on that point. It was impossible that so charming an object should long remain without inspiring some of her beholders with love. Accordingly an intimate friend of Swift's, of the name of Tisdall, not undistinguished for learning and wit, was so captivated with the beauties both of her person and mind, that he paid his addresses to her, and made proposals of marriage. The account of this transaction, and the part that Swift bore in it, is set forth at large in the following letter written by him to Tisdall on that subject:

"*London, April* 20, 1704.

"YESTERDAY coming from the country I found your letter, which had been four or five days arrived, and by neglect was not forwarded as it ought. You have got three epithets for my former letter, which I believe are all unjust: you say it was unfriendly, unkind, and unaccountable. The two first, I suppose, may pass but for one, saving (as Capt. *Fluellin* says the phrase is) a little *variation*. I shall therefore answer those two as I can; and for the last, I return it to you again by these presents, assuring you, that there is more unaccountability in your letter's little finger, than in mine's whole body. And one strain I observe in it, which is frequent enough; you talk in a mystical sort of a way, as if you would have me believe I had some great design, and that you

had found it out: your phrases are, that my letter had the effect you judge I designed; that you are amazed to reflect on what you judge the cause of it; and wish it may be in your power to love and value me while you live, &c. In answer to all this, I might with good pretence enough talk starchly, and affect ignorance of what you would be at; but my conjecture is, that you think I obstructed your inclinations to please my own, and that my intentions were the same with yours. In answer to all which, I will upon my conscience and honour tell you the naked truth. First, I think I have said to you before, that if my fortunes and humour served me to think of that state, I should certainly, among all persons on earth, make your choice; because I never saw that person whose conversation I entirely valued but hers; this was the utmost I ever gave way to. And, secondly, I must assure you sincerely, that this regard of mine never once entered into my head to be an impediment to you; but I judged it would, perhaps, be a clog to your rising in the world; and I did not conceive you were then rich enough to make yourself and her happy and easy. But that objection is now quite removed by what you have at present; and by the assurances of Eaton's livings. I told you indeed, that your authority was not sufficient to make overtures to the mother, without the daughter's giving me leave under her own or her friend's hand, which, I think, was a right and a prudent step. However, I told the mother immediately, and spoke with all the advantages you deserve. But the objection of your fortune being removed, I declare I have no other; nor shall any consideration of my own misfortune, in losing so good a friend and companion as her, prevail on me against her interest and settlement in the world, since it is held so necessary and convenient a thing for ladies to marry; and that time takes off from the lustre of vir-

gins in all other eyes but mine. I appeal to my letters to herself, whether I was your friend or not in the whole concern; though the part I designed to act in it was purely passive, which is the utmost I will ever do in things of this nature, to avoid all reproach of any ill consequence that may ensue in the variety of worldly accidents. Nay I went so far both to her mother, herself, and, I think, to you, as to say it could not be decently broken; since I supposed the town had got it in their tongues, and therefore I thought it could not miscarry without some disadvantage to the lady's credit. I have always described her to you in a manner different from those who would be discouraging; and must add, that though it hath come in my way to converse with persons of the first rank, and of that sex, more than is usual to men of my level, and of our function; yet I have no where met with a humour, a wit, or conversation so agreeable, a better portion of good sense, or a truer judgment of men and things, I mean here in England; for as to the ladies of Ireland, I am a perfect stranger. As to her fortune, I think you know it already; and if you resume your designs, and would have farther intelligence, I shall send you a particular account.

"I give you joy of your good fortunes, and envy very much your prudence and temper, and love of peace and settlement, the reverse of which hath been the great uneasiness of my life, and is likely to continue so. And what is the result? *En queis consevimus agros!* I find nothing but the good words and wishes of a decayed ministry, whose lives and mine will probably wear out before they can serve either my little hopes, or their own ambition. Therefore I am resolved suddenly to retire, like a discontented courtier, and vent myself in study and speculation, till my own humour, or the scene here, shall change."

I have here inserted the whole of this letter, both as it contains a candid display of Swift's sentiments on this occasion, and is a strong confutation of the account given of it by his relation Deane Swift, in his Essay, &c. part of which I shall here transcribe, where speaking of Mr. Tisdall he says—" This gentleman declared his passion, and made her proposals of marriage. Now whether it was artifice in Mrs. Johnson to rouse affections in the adamantine heart of her admired object; or whether it was a reach of policy in Dr. Swift, to acquaint Mrs. Johnson by such indirect means that he had no intention of engaging himself in a married life; or whether in truth there was any kind of artifice used on either side, I protest I am wholly a stranger, &c.—Mrs. Johnson discovered no repugnancy to the match, but still she would be advised by Doctor Swift. The doctor, perhaps, loath to be separated from so delightful a companion, threw an obstacle in the way that was not to be surmounted. This gentleman had a benefice in the church of a considerable value, about a hundred miles from Dublin, which required his attendance. Dr. Swift, in order to bring matters to a final issue, made him an overture that he should settle upon his wife a hundred pounds a year for pin-money. The lover indeed, although extremely captivated with the charms of his mistress, was by no means delighted with this proposal; he desired however that he might have a night's time to consider of it; and the next morning, contrary to expectation, he agreed to the terms. Swift, never at a loss for some uncommon flight of imagination, insisted farther that he should live in Dublin, and keep a coach for his wife. The gentleman had more honour than to promise what he could not perform; the match was accordingly broken off: in a short time after, the doctor's friend married a woman of family, and there was an end of the affair."

In what a mean selfish light does this fabricated account place Swift! how different from the genuine one delivered by himself! and that too drawn up by a kinsman, who writ professedly to vindicate his character. But the match was not broken off by any artifice of Swift's, to which he was at all times superior. The refusal came from Mrs. Johnson herself, who, though she might at first have shown no repugnance to it, probably with a view to sound Swift's sentiments, and bring him to some explanation with regard to her; yet when it came to the point, she could not give up the hope long nourished in her bosom, of being one day united to the object of her virgin heart, and whom she considered as the first of mankind.* From that time we do not find that she ever encouraged any other addresses, and her life seemed wholly devoted to him. She passed her days from the year 1703 to 1710, in the most perfect retirement,† without any other enjoyment in life but what she found in the pleasure of his society, or in reading. Their mode of living was this: when the doctor was absent on his visits to England, she and her companion took up their residence at his parsonage house at Laracor, in the neighbourhood of Trim, a small town about twenty miles distant from Dublin. When he returned, they either retired to a lodging at Trim, or were hospitably received in the house of Dr. Raymond, vicar of that parish. Swift grew so enamoured of this course of life, that he seemed to wish for no-

* Mr. Thomas Swift, the Dean's "Parson Cousin," in a letter from Puttenham, Feb. 5, 1706, asks whether Jonathan be married? or whether he has been able to resist the charms of both these gentlewomen that marched quite from Moor Park to Dublin (as they would have marched to the North or any where else) with full resolution to engage him?" D. S.

† In 1705 she returned to England, where she spent five or six months, and then went back to Ireland, as to the place of her residence; but never crossed the channel after to the end of her days. D. S.

thing more than a continuance of it. The charming society and delightful conversation of the amiable and accomplished Stella, had, by long habitude, become essential to his happiness, and made him lose all relish for every other enjoyment of life, when absent from her. All the more vigorous springs of his mind were relaxed, and lost their tone; and even the powerful passions of ambition, and desire of wealth, were wholly absorbed in this truly voluptuous state, wherein was constantly mixed

"The feast of reason, and the flow of soul."

A state of true epicurean happiness, and a source of pleasures beyond the conception of the sensualist, which, far from cloying, still increase by enjoyment, and which can only be the portion of the more exalted minds, and refined spirits of this world. It is certain that Swift's soul was so entangled by these charms, of a different kind indeed, but not less powerful than those of Circe, that it was with the utmost reluctance he disengaged himself from them, though but for a short time; nor could any thing but a sense of duty, and a desire of serving the church, make him accept of a commission for that purpose; which occasioned his Journey to London in September, 1710. In his first letter to Mrs. Johnson, on his arrival at Chester, he says, "I am perfectly resolved to return as soon as I have done my commission, whether it succeeds or not. I never went to England with so little desire in my life." In the January following he says, "Farewell dearest beloved MD. and love poor poor Presto,* who has not had one happy day since he left you, as hope saved. It is the last sally I shall ever make, but I hope it will turn to some account. I would make MD.

* MD. stands for Stella, and Presto for Swift. S.

and me easy, and I never desired more." And in some months after, he expresses his impatience of this long absence in the strongest terms; where addressing himself to Stella, he says—"You say you are not splenetic; but if you be, faith you will break poor Presto's ——, I won't say the rest; but I vow to God, if I could decently come over now, I would, and leave all schemes of politics and ambition for ever."

In the whole course of his letters it appears that not all the homage paid him by the great, the society of the choicest spirits of the age, and the friendship of some of the worthiest characters of both sexes; not the daily increase and spreading of his fame, and the most flattering prospects before him of fortune and preferment, could compensate for the want of that companion, who was the supreme delight of his heart. In the midst of all these he tells her, that his best days here are trash to those which he passed with her. In order to soften in some measure the rigour of absence, he had settled a plan at parting, that they should keep a regular journal, in which they should set down the transactions of the day, and once a fortnight transmit it to each other. The writing and receiving of these constituted the chief pleasure of his life during his residence in England. It was his first employment, when he awoke in the morning; the last before he closed his eyes at night. He makes frequent mention of the great satisfaction he finds in this kind of intercourse. In his Journal, Jan. 16, 1711, he says, "Presto's at home, God help him, every night from six till bedtime, and has as little enjoyment or pleasure in life at present, as any body in the world, although in full favour with all the ministry. As hope saved, nothing gives Presto any sort of dream of happiness, but a letter now and then from his own dearest MD. I love the expectation of it, and when it does not come, I comfort

myself that I have it yet to be happy with. Yes faith, and when I write to MD. I am happy too: it is just methinks, as if you were here, and I prating to you, and telling you where I have been," &c. And in another place, "When I find you are happy or merry there, it makes me so here, and I can hardly imagine you absent when I am reading your letter, or writing to you. No, faith, you are just here upon this little paper, and therefore I see and talk with you every evening constantly, and sometimes in the morning," &c.

This mode of intercourse, during their separation, was adopted by him upon the same cautious principle, by which he regulated his conduct toward her, when he lived in the same place with her. As he had never trusted himself alone with her then, but always conversed with her, as was before observed, in the presence of some third person, so his Journals were constantly addressed to both ladies, and were answered by both in the same letter. Had he entered into a separate correspondence with Mrs. Johnson, it would be hardly possible to avoid coming to some explanation, that must either have ended in an absolute engagement, or put a period to all expectation of that sort: both which, from some maxims laid down by him, it was his business to avoid. In this way of writing too, he might give a loose to all expressions of endearment and tenderness, with which his heart overflowed for one of the objects, without at the same time giving her a right to apply them solely to herself, as they were addressed to both. Accordingly we find, interspersed through the Journal, several passages containing the warmest effusions of affection, which the utmost sensibility of heart could pour forth.

Among many others, I shall quote a few of these, as they occur in the early part of his Journal. "And so you kept Presto's little birth day, I warrant: would to

God I had been present at the health, rather than here, where I have no manner of pleasure, nothing but eternal business on my hands. I shall grow wise in time, but no more of that: only I say, Amen, with my heart and vitals, that we may never be asunder again, ten days together, while poor Presto lives."—"Do as you please, and love poor Presto, that loves MD better than his life, a thousand million of times."—"You are welcome as my blood to every farthing I have in the world; and all that grieves me is, I am not richer, for MD's sake, as hope saved."—"Farewell, my dearest lives, and delights; I love you better then ever, if possible, as hope saved I do, and ever will. God Almighty bless you ever, and make us happy together; I pray for this twice every day, and I hope God will hear my poor hearty prayers."—"I will say no more, but beg you to be easy till fortune takes her course, and to believe that MD's felicity is the great end I aim at in all my pursuits."

Though expressions of this sort are in general addressed to both these ladies, yet it is certain that Mrs. Johnson must have considered them as meant only to herself; for the other lady, Mrs. Dingley, was far from meriting any share in Swift's esteem or affection. She was merely one of the common run of women, of a middling understanding, without knowledge or taste; and so entirely selfish, as to be incapable of any sincere friendship, or warm attachment. In short, she was perfectly calculated to answer Swift's purposes in the post she occupied, that of an inseparable companion to Mrs. Johnson: and the narrowness of her circumstances, which consisted only of an annuity of twenty-seven pounds a year, too little to support her without the assistance of a yearly allowance from Swift, kept her in a fixed state of dependence, and conformity to his will. No wonder therefore that Mrs. *Johnson* always entertained expectations that Swift

would offer her his hand, as soon as a sufficient increase of fortune would enable him to do it with prudence. While, on the other hand, Swift cautiously avoided any declaration of that sort, which might be construed into a promise, and left himself at liberty to interpret his strongest expressions of attachment, as proceeding wholly from friendship, and a warmth of pure affection, which had been increasing from her early age, and settled into what might be considered as a parental fondness. To enter thoroughly into the motives of this conduct, we are to recollect that Swift always had in remembrance the imprudent match made by his father, which left his widow and children in so desolate a condition. The miseries he had suffered during a long state of dependence, even to an advanced period of his life, made so deep an impression on his mind, that he determined never to marry, unless his fortune were such, as might enable him to make a suitable provision for his wife, or any offspring he might have by her. As he had no great propensity to the marriage state, on several accounts beforementioned, he found no difficulty in keeping this resolution; yet it is highly probable, at the time of his writing this part of his Journal, he had a distant view of being united some time or other in the bands of wedlock to Mrs. Johnson, whenever his expected preferment in the church, and sufficient increase of fortune should render it eligible. For, though he might himself have been perfectly content to have passed the rest of his life with her, in the same manner as before, on the pure Platonic system; yet it could not escape his penetration, that she had other views, and felt a passion for him not quite so refined. And the charms of her society had become so essential to his happiness, that rather than run a risk of losing it, he would purchase it even at the

price of matrimony, provided it could be done consistently with the unalterable resolution he had laid down.

But while Swift's thoughts were thus employed, and all his views in life tended to this point, as to their centre, an event happened which unhinged his mind, and filled his bosom with a disturbance, which all his philosophy could never calm, and which was the source of much disquiet to him ever after in life. This arose from that all powerful passion, which the greatest heroes and most renowned sages have not been able to withstand, I mean, Love. Hitherto he had been so much upon his guard against that dangerous passion, that he was invulnerable to all its open attacks, even in the prime of youth; but now in his advanced age, betrayed by the confidence which that inspired, he was taken by surprise. Among the great number of his friends in London, whose doors were always open to him, there was none whose house he so constantly frequented as that of Mrs. Vanhomrigh, which he made use of as if it were his home. This lady had two daughters; the eldest soon became a great favourite of his, as, by his own account, she was possessed of every good quality, and adorned with every accomplishment that could render her one of the most perfect of her sex. As one of the doctor's greatest delights was, to cultivate the minds of youth, particularly females, he took upon himself the office of her preceptor, to direct her in her studies, and instil into her mind the principles of virtue, and seeds of knowledge. Her capacity for learning was such, that she imbibed his instructions faster than he could give them; and her application was so great, that in less than two years she made such a progress as astonished him. But about that time he discovered a strange alteration in her. She no longer delighted in books, no longer was *attentive* to his lectures. The frequent instances he

perceived of her absence of mind, showed that her thoughts were roving about something else, which she had more at heart. Upon inquiring into the cause of this, she ingenuously owned her passion for him, and that her whole soul was occupied, not about his precepts, but her preceptor himself. Nothing could have astonished the doctor more, or thrown his mind into such a state of agitation, as an unexpected declaration of that sort. He has given us a lively picture of what passed there on the occasion, in the following lines:

"CADENUS felt within him rise
Shame, disappointment, guilt, surprise.
He knew not how to reconcile
Such language with her usual style:
And yet her words were so exprest,
He could not hope she spoke in jest.
His thoughts had wholly been confin'd
To form and cultivate her mind.
He hardly knew, till he was told,
Whether the nymph were young or old:
Had met her in a public place,
Without distinguishing her face.
Much less could his declining age
VANESSA's earliest thoughts engage:
And if her youth indifference met,
His person must contempt beget.
Or grant her passion be sincere,
How shall his innocence be clear?
Appearances were all so strong,
The world must think him in the wrong;
Who'd say he made a treacherous use
Of wit, to flatter and seduce:
The town would swear he had betray'd
By magic spells, the harmless maid;
And every beau would have his jokes,
That scholars were like other folks;
And when Platonic flights are over,
The tutor turns a mortal lover:
So tender of the young and fair!
It show'd a true paternal care:
Five thousand guineas in her purse!
The doctor might have fancy'd worse."

In his first surprise at her extraordinary declaration, he tried to turn it off by raillery, treating it as a thing spoken only in jest; but when a woman has once broken through the restraint of decorum, the established barrier between the sexes, so far as to begin the attack, she is not easily to be repulsed. She in stronger terms both avowed and justified her passion for him, by such arguments as must be highly flattering to his self-love. Of the impression which these made on him, he gives the following account in the same poem.

"CADENUS, to his grief and shame,
Could scarce oppose VANESSA's flame;
And though her arguments were strong,
At least could hardly wish them wrong.
Howe'er it came, he could not tell,
But sure she never talk'd so well.
His pride began to interpose,
Preferr'd before a crowd of beaux:
So bright a nymph to come unsought,
Such wonders by his merit wrought;
'Tis merit must with her prevail,
He never knew her judgment fail;
She noted all she ever read,
And had a most discerning head.
'Tis an old maxim in the schools,
That flattery's the food of fools;
Yet, now and then, your men of wit,
Will condescend to pick a bit.
So when CADENUS could not hide,
He chose to justify his pride;
Construing the passion she had shown,
Much to her praise, more to his own.
Nature, in him, had merit plac'd,
In her, a most judicious taste."

Having thus artfully brought over his pride and self-love to her party, and corrupted his judgment by the most flattering arguments, the lady found no difficulty to make a conquest of his now unguarded heart, which, however reluctantly, he was obliged to surrender at dis-

cretion. He now for the first time felt what the passion of love was, with all its attendant symptoms, which he had before known only from description, and which he was now enabled to describe himself in the strongest colours:

> "Love! why do we one passion call,
> When 'tis a compound of them all?
> Where hot and cold, where sharp and sweet,
> In all their equipages meet:
> Where pleasures mix'd with pains appear,
> Sorrow with joy, and hope with fear."

To his lot indeed there fell a much greater proportion of the bitter ingredients, than of the sweets of Love. He might say with Othello,

> Oh now for ever
> Farewell the tranquil mind, farewell content!"

All the pleasing scenes of sober sedate happiness, which he had formed to himself for the rest of his days, in the society of Stella, were now overshadowed and eclipsed by the intervention of a brighter object, which promised pleasures of a more rapturous kind. And yet they were pleasures, which, in his hours of cooler reflection, he could never hope to taste. Any idea of marriage must have appeared, from the great disparity of years, as wel as many other reasons, to the last degree preposterous. Besides, though he never had entered into any direct engagement of that sort with Mrs. Johnson, yet, by many expressions in his letters before quoted, almost tantamount to an engagement, and his whole conduct toward her, he gave her just grounds to expect, that if ever he did marry, she should be his choice. He could not therefore have given preference to another, without being charged with cruelty and injustice. And as to any illicit commerce between them, he never could have entertained a thought of that, without first sacri-

ficing all the principles of honour, morality, and religion, by which his whole conduct in life had hitherto been governed. In this critical situation, he had but one wise course to take, in order to ensure his future peace, which was to escape the danger by flight, and breaking off all correspondence with the lady. But whether through too great confidence in his strength, or giving way to the irresistible force of her attraction, he remained in the perilous situation of a constant intercourse with her, which daily contributed to fan their mutual flames.

The date of the commencement of this adventure, may be traced almost to a certainty, by examining the latter part of Swift's Journal, in which, from March 1712 to the end, there is a remarkable change in his manner of writing to the two ladies. We no longer find there any of what he called, *the little language*, the playful sallies of an undisguised heart, to a bosom friend; no more expressions of tenderness, and cordial affection; no repinings at his long continued absence; nor ardent wishes for their speedy meeting again; but on the contrary, we see nothing but a dry Journal continued out of form, made up of trifling incidents, news, or politics, without any thing in the matter or expression, at all interesting to the parties addressed. And now, instead of that eager solicitude to return, which he had formerly so frequently and so earnestly declared, he contents himself with cold excuses for his long continuance in London. And just before his setting out for Ireland, in order to take possession of his deanery, he writ a formal letter of business to Mrs. Dingley, May 16, 1713, in which he makes no mention of Stella, nor expresses the least satisfaction at his near expectation of seeing them again. On his arrival there, instead of the joy and transport, to which he had once looked forward, on being reunited to the object of

all his wishes, after so long a separation, the whole scene was changed to cold indifference, or gloomy melancholy. In a letter to Miss Vanhomrigh, dated from Laracor, July 8, 1713, he says, "At my first coming, I thought I should have died with discontent; and was horribly melancholy while they were installing me, but it begins to wear off, and change to dulness." Who that read the former part of his Journal to Stella, replete with such ardent wishes for their meeting again never to part more, as the consummation of all his views of happiness in life, could have expected such a change? And who does not now see the true cause of that change?

In this uneasy situation, we may suppose it was not with much reluctance he obeyed the call of his friends, to return immediately to England, in order to make up a new breach between the ministers, which threatened ruin to the party. Though this was the ostensible cause of his sudden departure, yet perhaps there was *metal more attractive* which drew him over at that time.

Soon after his arrival he wrote that beautiful poem called "Cadenus and Vanessa." His first design in this seems to have been to break off the connexion in the politest manner possible, and put an end to any expectations the lady might have formed of a future union between them. To soften the harshness of a refusal of her proffered hand, the greatest of mortifications to a woman, young, beautiful, and possessed of a good fortune, he painted all her perfections, both of body and mind, in such glowing colours, as must at least have highly gratified her vanity, and shown that he was far from being insensible to her charms, though prudence forbad his yielding to his inclinations. However determined he might be at the commencement of the Poem, he kept his resolution but ill in the prosecution of it. Happy had it been both for him and her, had he concluded it with a denial

in such express and peremptory terms, as would have left her no ray of hope: but instead of that, he leaves the whole in a dubious state. She was too sharp sighted not to perceive, that in spite of all the efforts of philosophy, love had taken possession of his heart, and made it rebel against his head. As her passion for him was first inspired by his wit and genius, a poem written in such exquisite taste, of which she was the subject, and where she saw herself drest out in the most flattering colours, was not likely to administer to her cure. On the contrary, it only served to add fresh fuel to the flame. And as his love originally arose from sympathy, it must, from the same cause, increase with the growth of hers.

Meantime the unfortunate Stella languished in absence and neglect. The Journal was not renewed, nor are there any traces remaining of the least correspondence between them, during Swift's whole stay in England; while a continual intercourse was kept up between Vanessa and him. She was the first person he wrote to on his retirement to Letcombe, some time before the queen's death; and the last, on his departure from that place to Ireland. He arrived there in a much more gloomy state of mind than before, as the death of the queen had broke all his measures, and put an end to all future prospects, either for the public or himself. He has given vent to his melancholy reflections on his situation, in a short poem, written during a fit of illness which had seized him soon after his arrival; of which the following lines make a part:

"My state of health none care to learn,
My life is here no soul's concern.
And those with whom I now converse,
Without a tear will tend my hearse.
Some formal visits, looks, and words,
What mere humanity affords,

I meet perhaps from three or four,
From whom I once expected more;
Which, those who tend the sick for pay,
Can act as decently as they.
But no obliging tender friend
To help at my approaching end:
My life is now a burden grown
To others, ere it be my own."

Is it possible to conceive that this could be the case, while he was in the same country with his once adored Stella? But it is probable that resentment at his long neglect, and total change of behaviour toward her, as she was a woman of high spirit, might have fixed her, at that juncture, in a resolution of living separately from him in her country retirement, where the account of his illness might not have reached her. The arrival of Vanessa in Dublin, whose impatient love would not suffer her to stay long behind him, was the source of much inquietude to Swift. There was nothing he seemed to dread more than that his intimacy with her should take wind in Dublin. He had warned her of this in his farewell letter to her from Letcombe, before his departure. "If you are in Ireland when I am there, I shall see you very seldom. It is not a place for any freedom; but it is where every thing is known in a week, and magnified a hundred degrees. These are rigorous laws that must be passed through: but it is probable we may meet in London in winter; or, if not, leave all to fate, that seldom comes to humour our inclinations. I say all this out of the perfect esteem and friendship I have for you."

And after her arrival he writes to the same effect. "I received your letter when some company was with me on Saturday night, and it put me in such confusion that I could not tell what to do. This morning a woman who does business for me, told me she heard I was in love with one ——, naming you, and twenty particulars; that little

Master —— and I visited you; and that the archbishop did so; and that you had abundance of wit, &c. I ever feared the tattle of this nasty town, and told you so; and that was the reason I said to you long ago, that I would see you seldom when you were in Ireland; and I must beg you to be easy, if, for some time, I visit you seldomer, and not in so particular a manner. I will see you at the latter end of the week, if possible. These are accidents in life that are necessary, and must be submitted to; and tattle, by the help of discretion, will wear off."

But discretion was ill suited to a mind, now under the dominion of an ungovernable passion, and which had no other enjoyment in life, but in the society of the beloved object. She importuned him so with letters, messages, and complaints, that he was obliged to assume a sternness of behaviour to her, and treat her with a rigour quite foreign to his heart.* The effect this had on her, is most feelingly set forth in one of her letters, 1714. "You bid me be easy, and you would see me as often as you could. You had better have said, as often as you could get the better of your inclinations so much; or as often as you remember there was such a one in the world. If you continue to treat me as you do, you will not be made uneasy by me long. It is impossible to describe what I have suffered since I saw you last. I am sure I could have borne the rack much better, than those killing, killing words of yours. Sometimes I have resolved to die without seeing you more; but those resolves, to your misfortune, did not last long. For there is something in human nature, that prompts one so to find relief in this

* In answer to a letter which she had sent after him by her servant, when he was on the road to Philipstown, he concludes thus: "I have rode a tedious journey to-day, and can say no more. Nor shall you know where I am till I come, and then I will see you. A fig for your letters and messages."

world, I must give way to it: and beg you would see me and speak kindly to me; for I am sure you'd not condemn any one to suffer what I have done, could you but know it. The reason I write to you is, because I cannot tell it to you should I see you. For when I begin to complain, then you are angry; and there is something in your looks so awful, that it strikes me dumb. O! that you may have but so much regard for me left, that this complaint may touch your soul with pity. I say as little as ever I can; did you but know what I thought, I am sure it would move you to forgive me, and believe, I cannot help telling you this and live."

But whatever uneasiness Vanessa might suffer from this conduct of her lover toward her, poor Stella was still more unhappy. All the fond hopes which she had indulged so many years, the completion of which she had expected upon his preferment, and increase of fortune, were now turned to despair, from the total silence which he observed on that head, and the remarkable change in his behaviour toward her. To the pangs of disappointment, were added the stings of jealousy; for love had made her too inquisitive, not to find out the cause of this alteration in him. There are some passages in the Journal relative to the Vanhomrighs, which show that the seeds of jealousy were early sown in her mind, upon Swift's being so domestic there when in London; and upon Vanessa's arrival in Dublin, it is more than probable she kept a watchful eye upon their motions. The following beautiful verses of hers on that subject, show clearly she was under the dominion of that passion.

ON JEALOUSY.

"O shield me from his rage, celestial Powers!
This tyrant, that embitters all my hours.

Ah love! you've poorly play'd the hero's part;
You conquer'd, but you can't defend my heart.
When first I bent beneath your gentle reign,
I thought this monster banish'd from your train:
But you would raise him to support your throne,
And now he claims your empire as his own.
Or tell me, tyrants, have you both agreed
That where one reigns, the other shall succeed?"

Thus oppressed at once by love, jealousy, and disappointment, her spirits sunk, a settled melancholy preyed upon her heart, which, with a natural tendency to a decay, impaired her health to such a degree, as to give the most alarming symptoms of an approaching dissolution. Shocked with the apprehension of so fatal an event, whereof he must be conscious to himself he was the cause; and moved with compassion at the state to which he saw her reduced, all Swift's former tenderness and affection for her revived in his breast; and banished every other idea from his mind, but what tended to the preservation of a life so precious. He employed a common friend to both to learn from her the secret cause of that dejection of spirits, which had so visibly preyed upon her health; and to know whether it was by any means in his power to remove it; assuring her that nothing should be wanting on his part, to restore her to that tranquillity of mind, upon which so much of his own happiness depended."

Upon this application Mrs. Johnson opened her mind fully to this friend. She told him, "that from the peculiarity of her circumstances, and the singular connexion she had with Swift for so many years, there had been great room given for the tongue of slander to exert itself. That she had learned to bear with this patiently, as she had reason to expect that all reports of that sort would be effaced by marriage, as soon as Swift should be in circumstances to make her a proposal of that nature. That she now saw with the deepest concern, ever since his promo-

tion, his behaviour towards her had been wholly changed, and a cold indifference had succeeded to the warmest professions of eternal affection. That the necessary consequence would be, an indelible stain fixed upon her character, and the loss of her good name, which was much dearer to her than life."

Swift, in answer to this, said, "that he had early in life laid down two maxims with regard to matrimony, from which he was determined never to depart. One was, never to marry, unless he was before-hand possessed of a decent provision for a family; another was, unless this should be the case at a time of life when he might reasonably expect to breed up his children, and see them properly entered into the world. With regard to the first article, he was so far from having any thing before-hand, that he was still in debt; and the small preferment he had obtained, to which he had now no hopes of ever receiving any addition, gave him but little prospect of ever accumulating a fortune. And as to the second, he had already passed that period of life, after which it was his fixed resolution never to marry. That of all women upon earth, could he have entered into that state consistently with these principles, she should have been his choice. And as her apprehensions about her character's suffering seemed to weigh the heaviest on her mind, in order to put an end to those, he was ready to go through the ceremony of marriage with her, upon two conditions. The first was, that they should continue to live separately, exactly in the same manner as before: the second, that it should be kept a profound secret from all the world, unless some urgent necessity should call for the discovery."

However short of Stella's expectations these conditions might be, yet as she knew the inflexibility of Swift's resolutions, she readily embraced them. And as it is

probable that her chief uneasiness arose from jealousy, and the apprehensions she was under that he might be induced to marry Miss Vanhomrigh, she would at least have the satisfaction, by this measure, of rendering such a union with her rival impracticable. Accordingly the ceremony was performed without witnesses, and the connubial knot tied in the year 1716, by Dr. Ashe, bishop of Clogher, to whom Swift had been a pupil in the college; and who, as I have been informed, was the common friend to both, employed in the above negociation.* But the conditions upon which this union was formed, were punctually fulfilled. She still continued at her lodgings in a distant part of the town, where she received his visits as usual, and returned them at the deanery, in company with her friend Mrs. Dingley. As soon as Swift's finances were in order, he departed from that strict economy which he had observed while he was in debt, and kept two public days, on which he invited parties of his friends to dinner; where Mrs. Johnson always made one of the circle, though without any distinct character or place from the other guests. The elegance of her manners, the sweetness of her disposition, and brilliancy of her wit, rendered her the general object of admiration to all who were so happy as to have a place in that enviable society. A certain dignity of deportment, which conscious virtue alone can give, and a native modesty which shone forth in all her words and actions, secured her from the busy tongue of slander, nor was the breath of calumny heard to whisper against her. And whatever singularity might

* The whole account of this transaction was given me by Mrs. Sican, a lady of uncommon understanding, fine taste, and great goodness of heart: on which account she was a great favourite both with the dean and Mrs. Johnson. S.

If this remarkable fact needed farther confirmation, we have it from Dr. Johnson; who was told by Dr. Madden, that "Swift was privately married to Mrs. Johnson, by Dr. Ashe, bishop of Clogher, in *the garden.*" N.

appear in this their mode of living, was only considered as one of Swift's peculiarities; who, in many other instances, did not think himself bound to conform to the usual customs of the world. There were indeed many idle reasons assigned by busy curious people, for their not cohabiting, but none that ever glanced at her character.

Having satisfied the scruples of Mrs. Johnson by passing through the ceremony of marriage, whose recovered health and spirits added new charms to that conversation, once his supreme delight, Swift's next care was, to put an end to any hopes Vanessa might still entertain, against which there was now an insuperable bar. With this view he paid her a visit in company with Mr. Dean Winter, a gentleman of good fortune, who was her professed admirer, and had made overtures of marriage to her. Nothing could have been a greater mortification to her lovesick mind, than such a visit, as it implied a recommendation of his rival, and an entire renunciation of his own pretensions. She rejected his proposals with disdain, as well as those of every suitor who offered, having centered all her views of happiness in life in the possession of Cadenus. To avoid all importunities of that sort, she retired to a small house on her estate near Celbridge, where, in silence and solitude, she indulged her fatal passion till it rose almost to a pitch of frenzy. All other ideas but what related to Cadenus, were banished from her mind, and all the faculties, of her soul were absorbed in love. She wrote constantly to him in the most passionate style, nor could the coldness of his answers in the least abate her flame. The following letter sent to him from Celbridge in 1720, will best paint the state of her mind.

"Tell me sincerely, if you have once wished with earnestness to see me, since I wrote to you: no, so far from that, you have not once pitied me, though I told

you I was distressed. Solitude is insupportable to a mind which is not easy. I have worn out my days in sighing, and my nights with watching and thinking of Cadenus, who thinks not of me. How many letters shall I send you before I receive an answer? Can you deny me, in my misery, the only comfort which I can expect at present? O that I could hope to see you here, or that I could go to you! I was born with violent passions, which terminated all in one, that inexpressible passion I have for you. Consider the killing emotions which I feel from your neglect of me; and show some tenderness for me, or I shall lose my senses. Sure you cannot possibly be so much taken up, but you might command a moment to write to me, and force your inclinations to so great a charity. I firmly believe, if I could know your thoughts, (which no creature is capable of guessing at, because never any one living thought like you) I should find you had often, in a rage, wished me religious, hoping then I should have paid my devotions to Heaven; but that would not spare you; for were I an enthusiast, still you'd be the deity I should worship. What marks are there of a deity, but what you are to be known by? You are present every where; your dear image is always before my eyes. Sometimes you strike me with that prodigious awe, I tremble with fear: at other times a charming compassion shines through your countenance, which revives my soul. Is it not more reasonable to adore a radiant form one has seen, than one only described?"

We may see from this epistle to what a romantic height her passion had arisen. Not the most enthusiastic strains from Eloisa to Abelard, could exceed those of Vanessa to Cadenus. Length of time, instead of diminishing, served only to increase the violence of her passion; and the general coldness of her lover, far from extinguishing

the flame, made it blaze forth the more. It must be confessed indeed, that Swift's conduct toward her was far from being consistent. Whatever resolutions he had formed, to try by neglect and ill usage to put an end to that ardour of love, which caused him infinite uneasiness, yet he was seldom able to keep them when in her presence. Whether compassion for the sufferings of an unhappy young woman, whose life was wasting away in misery on his account, operated on his humanity; or whether his own passion for her was too strong for all his philosophy, it is certain he could never muster up resolution enough entirely to break off the connexion, the only possible way by which a cure could be effected. If his coldness, or even rudeness, at times, drove her almost to despair; at others, the kindness of his behaviour, and marks of tenderness, revived her hopes. Or as she more strongly expresses it in her letter, "Sometimes you strike me with that prodigious awe, I tremble with fear; at other times, a charming compassion shines through your countenance, which revives my soul." In this alternate succession of hopes and fears, in this miserable state of suspense, did the wretched Vanessa pass her days till the year 1720, when Swift seemed determined to put an end to an intercourse, the source of so much unhappiness to both. Upon this occasion she wrote him the following letter:

Celbridge, 1720.

"Believe me it is with the utmost regret that I now complain to you, because I know your good nature such, that you cannot see any human creature miserable, without being sensibly touched. Yet what can I do? I must either unload my heart, and tell you all its griefs, or sink under the inexpressible distress I now suffer, by your prodigious neglect of me. It is now ten long weeks

since I saw you; and in all that time I have never received but one letter from you, and a little note with an excuse. Oh! have you forgot me? You endeavour by severities to force me from you. Nor can I blame you; for, with the utmost distress and confusion, I beheld myself the cause of uneasy reflections to you: yet I cannot comfort you; but here declare, that it is not in the power of art, time, or accident, to lessen the inexpressible passion which I have for Cadenus. Put my passion under the utmost restraint; send me as distant from you as the earth will allow, yet you cannot banish those charming ideas, which will ever stick by me, while I have the use of memory. Nor is the love I bear you only seated in my soul, for there is not a single atom of my frame that is not blended with it. Therefore do not flatter yourself that separation will ever change my sentiments; for I find myself unquiet in the midst of silence, and my heart is at once pierced with sorrow and love. For Heaven's sake tell me what has caused this prodigous change in you, which I found of late? If you have the least remains of pity for me left, tell it me tenderly. No—do not tell it so, that it may cause my present death. And do not suffer me to live a life like a languishing death, which is the only life I can lead, if you have lost any of your tenderness for me."

When Swift found that all his endeavours in this way had proved fruitless, and that the love of Vanessa for Cadenus, like that of the faithful Emma to Henry, was proof against all obstacles thrown in its way, he gave way to the feelings of humanity, and dictates of his heart, against which, with no small violence to his inclination, he had so long struggled, and changed his behaviour to that of the kind indulgent friend. His letters breathed sentiments of the greatest tenderness; and in one of July 5, 1721, he makes a declaration of his passion for

her in the most explicit terms, as may be seen in the following sentence written in French. *Mais soyez assurée, que jamais personne au monde n'a été aimée, honorée, estimée, adorée, par votre ami, que vous.* This declaration seems to have been drawn from him by some desperate state of mind in which he had left her, probably occasioned by her jealousy of Stella. For in the beginning of the same letter, dated from Gallstown, he says, "It was not convenient, hardly possible, to write to you before now, though I had more than ordinary desire to do it, considering the disposition I found you in last, though I hope I left you in a better. Cadenus assures me, he continues to esteem, and love, and value you above all things, and so will do to the end of his life; but at the same time entreats that you would not make yourself or him unhappy by imaginations."

But as this declaration of Swift's was not followed by any overture of marriage, the confession of his passion for her, however pleasing it might be at first, could not long administer much consolation to her, when she saw no prospect of reaping any farther fruit from it. To find herself beloved, and at the same time without hopes of possessing the object of all her wishes, was rather an aggravation than a relief to her misery. After such a confession, she could see no reason for his not making farther advances. Her fortune was at that time sufficient to gratify his utmost wishes, as by the death of her two brothers and sister, the whole property left by her father, which was very considerable, was vested in her. The disproportion in point of age was now not so great, as she was in her 37th year, and the doctor could no longer be charged with having seduced the affections of a young girl. She therefore concluded, that some reports which had just then reached her, of his being married to Mrs. Johnson, were but too well founded, and that this was

the real obstacle to their union. Impatient of the torments which this idea gave her, she determined to put an end to all farther suspense, by writing to Mrs. Johnson herself upon this head. Accordingly she sent a short note to her, only requesting to know from her whether she was married to the dean or not. Mrs. Johnson answered her in the affirmative, and then enclosed the note she had received from Miss Vanhomrigh to Swift. After which, she immediately went out of town without seeing him, or coming to any explanation, and retired in great resentment to Mr. Ford's country seat at Wood Park.

Nothing could possibly have excited Swift's indignation more than this imprudent step taken by Miss Vanhomrigh. He knew it must occasion great disturbance to Mrs. Johnson, and give rise to conjectures fatal to her peace. Her abrupt departure, without so much as seeing him, already showed what passed in her mind. Exasperated to the highest degree, he gave way to the first transports of his passion, and immediately rid to Celbridge. He entered the apartment where the unhappy lady was, mute, but with a countenance that spoke the highest resentment. She trembling asked him, would he not sit down? "No!"—He then flung a paper on the table, and immediately returned to his horse.

When, on the abatement of her consternation, she had strength to open the paper, she found it contained nothing but her own note to Mrs. Johnson. Despair at once seized her, as if she had seen her death warrant: and such indeed it proved to be. The violent agitation of her mind threw her into a fever, which in a short time put a period to her existence. Swift, on receiving the tidings of her death, immediately took horse and quitted the town, without letting any mortal know to what part of the world he was gone. As he foresaw that this event

would give rise to much town talk, he thought it most prudent to keep out of the way, till the first heat of it was over. And having never visited the southern part of the kingdom, he took this opportunity of making a tour there, because having no acquaintance in those parts, he might be a perfect master of his own motions, and in his solitary rambles, give free vent to his grief for the loss of so beloved an object, heightened by the bitter aggravation of knowing himself to be the cause of her death. Two months had elapsed without any news of him, which occasioned no small alarm among his friends; when Dr. Sheridan received a letter from him, to meet him at a certain distance from Dublin.

Before her death, Miss Vanhomrigh had cancelled a will made in favour of Swift, and bequeathed her whole fortune to Serjeant Marshall, and the famous Dr. Berkeley, whom she appointed her executors. The former was a relation, and the other only an acquaintance, for whose person and character she had the highest esteem. In her last illness she had laid a strong injunction on her executors, that immediately after her decease, they should publish all the letters that passed between Swift and her, together with the poem of Cadenus and Vanessa. Accordingly they were put to the press, and some progress made in the letters, when Dr. Sheridan, getting intelligence of it, and being greatly alarmed lest they might contain something injurious to his friend's character in his absence, applied so effectually to the executors, that the printed copy was cancelled, but the originals still remained in their hands. The poem of "Cadenus and Vanessa" was however sent abroad into the world, as being supposed to contain nothing prejudicial to either of their characters: though the prying eye of malice, afterward found some hints in it, which, by the help of

misconstruction, might furnish food to the appetite for scandal.

In the mean time, Mrs. Johnson continued at Wood Park, where her worthy host exerted all the powers of friendship to calm the disturbance of her mind, now much increased by the publication of that poem. To find there such an amiable portrait drawn of Vanessa, as one possessed of more and greater accomplishments than any of her sex, could not fail to excite her envy; of which a remarkable proof was given in an anecdote recorded by Dr. Delany. At this juncture some gentlemen happened to call at Wood Park, who were not acquainted with Mrs. Johnson's situation. As the newly published poem was then the general subject of conversation, they soon fell upon that topic. One of the gentlemen said, surely that Vanessa must be an extraordinary woman, that could inspire the dean to write so finely upon her. Mrs. Johnson smiled, and answered, "that she thought that point not quite so clear; for it was well known the dean could write finely on a broomstick." We must suppose her to have been exceedingly galled, when one of her humane disposition could utter such a sarcasm, and thus exult over the recent ashes of her departed rival.

As there were numbers, through party hatred, and others through envy, who watched every opportunity to calumniate the dean's character, and spread stories to his disadvantage, the publication of this poem afforded room for malice to exert itself, which was greedily embraced. There were some lines in it, which, having the worst construction put on them, by a very forced interpretation, might give rise to suspicions injurious to his character, and totally destructive of the lady's. Yet, such is the propensity of mankind to lean to the worse side, especially when any exalted character is thereby to

be brought down more to a level with themselves, that this interpretation has been generally received, and the calumny accordingly spread, though perhaps there never was any built upon a more slender foundation, as I shall presently show. The lines alluded to are the following:

> "But what success VANESSA met,
> Is to the world a secret yet:
> Whether the nymph, to please her swain,
> Talks in a high romantic strain;
> Or whether he at last descends,
> To act with less seraphic ends;
> Or, to compound the business, whether
> They temper love and books together;
> Must never to mankind be told,
> Nor shall the conscious muse unfold."

These lines, considered as detached from the rest, might perhaps admit of such an interpretation; but when the whole scope of the poem is taken in, it is impossible to put a bad one upon them, without giving up all pretensions to common sense, as well as candour. Cadenus is represented as a clergyman of the strictest morals, advanced in life, and who had at all times been proof against any weakness with regard to the fair sex. Vanessa is drawn as the most perfect model of every female perfection, particularly modesty:

> "From whence that decency of mind,
> So lovely in the female kind,
> Where not one careless thought intrudes,
> Less modest than the speech of prudes."

She is represented as a pattern for all the sex to copy after:

> "As she advanc'd, that womankind,
> Would by her model form their mind;
> And all their conduct would be tried
> By her, as an unerring guide."

Is it possible to conceive, that when a lady of this character confesses a passion for her reverend tutor, that any thing could be meant by it but virtuous love, to terminate in matrimony? If gallantry had been her object, in the whole race of mankind she could not have made a more preposterous choice; though by one of her refined way of thinking, who considered the beauties of the mind as superior to all external accomplishments, he might have been preferred to all the world as a husband.

It is impossible there could be any mistake about the kind of love mentioned in this passage, were it not for an expression in the subsequent lines which might admit of a bad interpretation, by those who do not understand the true force of words, which has been on many occasions the source of infinite errors among us, from not studying our own language. The expression I mean, is to be found in the last of the following lines:

> "Or, to compound the business, whether
> They temper love and books together,
> Must never to mankind be told,
> Nor shall the *conscious* muse unfold."

Here the word *conscious*, being much oftener used in a bad than a good sense, is apt to mislead the unwary reader, and make him conceive that there was something in the secret dishonourable to the parties, if revealed. But upon examining into the proper meaning of this word, we shall find that it has a very different sense when applied to one's self, and when it refers to others. *Consciousness*, applied to self, is the perception of what passes in a man's own mind; from which proceeds an internal sense of guilt or innocence, by which we either stand acquitted or condemned to ourselves, and is therefore equally capable of a good or bad sense. But when

it refers to another person, it has nothing to do with any judgment formed of the rectitude or depravity of the action, it only means that that other person is in the secret, or privy to the transaction, be it good, or be it bad. And consciousness of this sort can never affect the nature of the thing itself:

Thus when the lover writes,

> "The silent moon shone conscious to our loves."

The word *conscious* does not at all determine the nature of those loves, whether they were of the chaste or criminal kind, which must be gathered from other circumstances. In like manner, when Cadenus says, "the conscious muse shall not unfold," &c. it can admit of no other meaning, but that the muse, who alone was in the secret, should never disclose it, or tell whether he returned Vanessa's passion or not: and that this passion, if returned, must have been of the purest and most virtuous kind, has, from other circumstances, been already sufficiently proved.

It is evident Cadenus looked upon the declaration made by the lady, in no other light than an overture to marriage; as may be seen in the following couplet, quoted before:

> "Five thousand guineas in her purse,
> The Doctor might have fancy'd worse."

But to put an end to a possibility of conceiving that any insinuation of a contrary nature could have dropped from Swift's pen, it will be sufficient to make it known that the poem was not intended for the public eye; that it was written solely for the use of Vanessa, upon motives already explained; that the only copy of it in being was in her hands, and in all probability it would never have seen the light, but for the injunction to her ex-

ecutors. It may be asked, if this was the case, and that the poem was intended only for Vanessa's inspection, what occasion was there for these lines to her, who, as well as the muse, must already be conscious how matters stood between them? In answer to this, it is evident that the poem would be incomplete, if there were not some conclusion to the story of Cadenus and Vanessa. The story could possibly terminate only in one of the following ways: either Vanessa, from the arguments and coldness of her philosophic lover, had got the better of her passion, and adopted his Platonic system; or Cadenus, after all his resistance, was obliged to yield to the all-conquering power of love; or finding her passion incurable, had broken off all intercourse with her; or that the issue of the affair was still in suspense. As the latter was really the case at the time of writing the poem, it could then have no other conclusion. And those lines which leave matters in a dubious state, seem only calculated to paint the uncertainty of his own mind, and not to leave Vanessa without hope, from that very uncertainty, that she might in time expect a suitable return of love.

But though it should be allowed, from the above state of the case, that at the time of writing this poem, neither of the parties had entertained even an idea of entering into a criminal amour, yet when it is known that he afterward carried on a secret intercourse with the lady during the space of eight or nine years; that he passed many hours alone with a young and charming woman, who loved him to adoration, and for whom he himself was first inspired with the passion of love; it will be hardly credible, that thus circumstanced, they should not, in some unguarded moment, have given way to the frailty of human nature. And yet, extraordinary as it may appear, there are many strong reasons to believe

that this never was the case. We have already seen, on her first going to Ireland, what uncommon pains Swift took to avoid meeting her. Upon which Vanessa writes to him in the following manner: "You once had a maxim, which was to act what was right, and not mind what the world would say. I wish you would keep to it now. Pray what can be wrong in seeing and advising an unhappy young woman! I cannot imagine." Is this the language of guilt, or conscious innocence? In all the letters which passed between them, whose publication was suppressed, as before related, I have been assured by one of her executors, the late Judge Marshall, and the same was constantly asserted by the other, Bishop Berkeley, that there was no hint of any criminal amour; which could not easily have happened in so long a correspondence, had that been the case. On the contrary, in the few that have seen the light, we find Swift always praising her for her virtues, and recommending to her the improvement of her mind. In his French letter, May 12, 1719, in answer to one of hers written in that language, he says, "Et que je suis sot moi de vous répondre en même langage, vous qui êtes incapable d'aucune sottise, si ce n'est l'estime qu'il vous plait d'avoir pour moi: car il n'y a point de mérite, ni aucun preuve de mon bon goût, de trouver en vous tout ce que la nature a donnée à un mortel; je veux dire, l'honneur, la vertu, le bon sens, l'esprit, le douceur, l'agrément, et la fermeté d'ame." And in another of Oct. 15, 1720, he says, "When I am not so good a correspondent as I could wish, you are not to quarrel, and be governor, but to impute it to my situation, and to conclude infallibly, that I have the same respect and kindness for you I ever professed to have, and shall ever preserve; because you will always merit the utmost that can be given you;

especially if you go on to read, and still farther improve your mind, and the talents that nature has given you."

Indeed, the most probable solution of this intricate affair is, that Swift, having lived to such an advanced time of life in a state of continence, and a constant habit of suppressing his desires, at last lost the power of gratifying them: a case by no means singular, as more than one instance of the kind has fallen within my knowledge. This will appear the more probable, when we reflect, that in the letter to his kinsman before cited, he acknowledges himself to be naturally of a temperate constitution with regard to women, and that he had never indulged himself in illicit amours. Nor did it ever appear, even from report, that he had any commerce of that kind with any of the sex, which, after the conspicuous figure he made in life, could not fail of being related by some of his companions in his early pleasures, had there been any foundation for it. This alone can account for his singular conduct with regard to the two ladies: for his coldness to Vanessa, and constant endeavours to bring down the ardours of her passion, and lower them to friendship, or a love more of the Platonic kind, and for his abstaining from the lawful pleasures of connubial love with Stella. And I think there is one strong argument of his never having entered into any commerce of that sort with Vanessa, that it is hardly credible he should have refrained, in that case, from a similar gratification with Stella, who was possessed of greater personal charms, and was more an object of desire, than the other: especially as the former could not be enjoyed without compunction, and the latter was a pleasure of the purest kind without alloy.

In confirmation of the opinion I have here started, I remember a saying of Swift's, "that he never yet saw *the woman*, for whose sake he would part with the mid

dle of his bed." A saying, which, I believe, all mankind will judge could come from no person, but one incapable of enjoying the highest and most innocent of all gratifications here below, when sanctified by marriage.

I have dwelt the longer on this point, because much of the moral part of Swift's character depends on it. For if it should be credited that he could take advantage of her weakness to debauch the daughter of a lady, who received him into her family with the affection of a sister, and reposed the same confidence in him as if he were her brother; if it should appear that for several years he carried on a criminal intrigue with her, at the same time that he denied the lawful rites of marriage, due to one of the most amiable of her sex; I am afraid, instead of a pattern of the most perfect morality, he must be given up an instance of uncommon profligacy, and be justly charged with a vice, which, of all others, he most detested, and from which no man ever was more free, I mean hypocrisy.

Though Lord Orrery has acquitted him of this charge, upon the same principle that has been here laid down, yet, *pro solitâ humanitate suâ,* he has done it only with a view to place him in a more odious light. As the account he has given of this affair, affords one of the strongest instances of the blindness of malice, and how far, in search of its gratification, it may overshoot itself, I shall here present part of it to the reader, that he may judge, from that specimen, what credit is due to the rest of the author's malevolent remarks on Swift. I shall begin with his extraordinary comments on the following lines in the poem of Cadenus and Vanessa; where, in a conversation between them, the author gives the following account of her sentiments, as delivered by her:

> "She well remember'd, to her cost
> That all his lessons were not lost.

Two maxims she could still produce,
And sad experience taught their use:
'That virtue pleas'd by being shown,
Knows nothing which it dares not own:
Can make us, without fear, disclose
Our inmost secrets to our foes:
That common forms were not design'd
Directors to a noble mind.'
Now, said the nymph, to let you see,
My actions with your rules agree;
That I can vulgar forms despise,
And have no secrets to disguise,
I knew, by what you said and writ,
What dangerous things were men of wit;
You caution'd me against their charms,
But never gave me equal arms:
Your lessons found the weakest part,
Aim'd at the head, and reach'd the heart.

Now in these lines, according to the plain and obvious meaning of the words, there are no sentiments which might not have proceeded from the most exalted virtue, and purity of mind. A young lady, described as a perfect pattern of modesty, possessed of

"————that decency of mind,
So lovely in the female kind,
Where not one careless thought intrudes,
Less modest than the speech of prudes,"

is here represented as about to disclose her passion for her tutor, which was kindled in her breast by his extraordinary talents, and uncommon virtue. As it was contrary to the received maxims of the world, that a woman should be the first to break her mind on such an occasion, she prepares the way by quoting two maxims of his own which he had taught her; one was, that a mind conscious of innocence, need never be ashamed of disclosing its inmost thoughts; the other, that common forms, invented to keep the vulgar within bounds, might be dispensed with, where a superior grandeur of soul is shown by

breaking through such barriers. Knowing therefore the purity of her love for an object so worthy of it, she is not ashamed to declare it; and looks upon it as a mark of greatness of mind, to be above the common forms of her sex, in being the first to disclose it.

Besides, there were other reasons, which would justify her, even in the opinion of the world, for being the first mover in this case, arising both from disparity of years and fortune; which might discourage Cadenus from paying his addresses, however he might secretly wish to be united to Vanessa.

Now let us see in what manner this passage has been explained by the noble Remarker on Swift's life. Immediately after his quotation of the foregoing lines, he thus expatiates upon them:

"Supposing this account to be true, and I own to you my *Ham*, I can scarce think it otherwise; it is evident that the fair Vanessa had made a surprising progress in the philosophic doctrines, which she had received from her preceptor. His rules were certainly of a most extraordinary kind. He taught her that *vice*, as soon as it defied *shame*, was immediately changed into *virtue*. That vulgar forms were not binding upon certain *choice spirits*, to whom either the writings, or the persons of men of wit were acceptable. She heard the lesson with attention, and imbibed the philosophy with eagerness. The maxims suited her exalted turn of mind. She imagined, if the theory appeared so charming, the practice must be much more delightful. The close connexion of soul and body seemed to require, in the eye of a female philosopher, that each should succeed the other in all pleasurable enjoyments. The former had been sufficiently regaled, why must the latter remain unsatisfied!—'Nature,' said Vanessa, '*abhors a vacuum*, and nature ought always to be obeyed.' She communicated these sentiments to her

tutor; but he seemed not to comprehend her meaning, not to conceive the *distinctio rationis* that had taken rise in his own school. He answered her in the *nonessential modes.* Talked of friendship, of the delights of reason, of gratitude, respect and esteem. He almost preached upon virtue, and he muttered some indistinct phrases concerning chastity. So unaccountable a conduct in Cadenus, may be thought rather to proceed from defects in nature, than from the scrupulous difficulties of a tender conscience. Such a supposition will still appear more strong, if we recollect the distant manner in which Swift cohabited with Stella; colder, if possible, after, than before she was his wife."

I appeal to the reader whether he ever met in the most stupid, or malicious commentator, such a total perversion of the meaning of words. To show this in its strongest light, let us place the text and explanation in opposition to each other.

TEXT.	EXPLANATION.
That virtue pleas'd by being shown Knows nothing which it dares not own: Can make us, without fear, disclose Our inmost secrets to our foes.	That vice, as soon as it defied shame, was immediately changed into virtue.
That common forms were not design'd Directors to a noble mind.	That vulgar forms were not binding upon certain choice spirits, to whom either the writings, or the persons of men of wit were acceptable.

According to this account, the man who had been all his life a votary to virtue; whose chief delight it was to instil the best principles into the minds of youth; who had trained the amiable Stella, from her early days, in such a way, as, by the Remarker's own description of her, made her a model of perfection; this man, I say, *all of a sudden*, became a proselyte to vice; betrayed

the confidence reposed in him by the mother, his particular friend, to corrupt the mind of her innocent daughter, so as to make her lose all sense of shame, and even glory in wickedness. And all this, for what? You will suppose at least that he had fallen desperately in love with her, and having no hopes of marriage, is determined to gratify his passion at any rate, and with this view, tries to erase from her mind all principles of virtue and modesty, which might stand in his way. Quite the contrary. It appears from the Remarker's own account, that when he had accomplished his point, and brought her to as high a degree of depravity as he could wish, in order to gratify his desires, he changed his whole system, rejected her proffered love, talked of friendship, reason, gratitude, respect, esteem, and preached upon virtue and chastity. And to account for this inconsistence in his behaviour, he has recourse to defects of nature, and impotence in the dean. Now to suppose that a reverend divine, advanced in life, should lay such a plan to corrupt the mind of his young pupil, without a possibility of any view to self-gratification, and merely to prepare her for prostitution to others, is to charge him with a crime so truly diabolical, as would stamp a blacker stain of infamy even on the character of a Chartres. And yet this is a charge brought by Lord Orrery against *his friend* Swift.

To expatiate farther on the inconsistencies, absurdities, and impurities, rising almost to obscenity, in the passage above quoted, and all that refers to the same subject, would be utterly unnecessary, as they must be obvious to every reader of the least discernment. But I cannot quit this article without endeavouring to wipe away some of the most cruel and groundless aspersions that have been thrown on the memory of the accomplished, though unfortunate Vanessa. In all the account

given by Lord Orrery of this lady, he has drawn her character as opposite to that given by Swift, as darkness is to light; and this in such positive and peremptory terms, that every reader must suppose he was well acquainted with her. And yet it is certain he never saw her in his life, nor had any opportunity to get any information about her till many years after her death, as his first visit to Ireland was in the year 1733. Without any other outline before him but what was traced in his own brain, for he does not even pretend to quote any authority for all that he has advanced upon this subject, see what a portrait he has drawn of the celebrated Vanessa:

"Vanity makes terrible devastation in a female breast. It batters down all restraints of modesty, and carries away every seed of virtue. Vanessa was excessively vain. The character given of her by Cadenus is fine painting, but, in general, fictitious. She was fond of dress; impatient to be admired; very romantic in her turn of mind; superior, in her own opinion, to all her sex; full of pertness, gayety, and pride; not without some agreeable accomplishments, but far from being either beautiful or genteel; ambitious, at any rate, to be esteemed a wit, and with that view always affecting to keep company with wits; a great reader, and a violent admirer of poetry; *happy in the thoughts of being reputed Swift's concubine, but still aiming and intending to be his wife;* by nature haughty and disdainful, looking with the pity of contempt upon her inferiors, and with the smiles of self-approbation upon her equals; but upon Dr. Swift with the eyes of love."

Whoever compares this picture, with that drawn for Vanessa in the poem, will hardly conceive it possible that they should both be copies of the same original. In the one, she is represented as a model of perfection, adorned

with every grace and virtue that could raise her above her sex: in the other as not possessed of one good quality, either of mind or person, and replete with such foibles, and bad dispositions, as must degrade her to the lowest rank. If it be supposed that the former was a very flattering likeness, and the chief beauties and embellishments there, were only the creatures of a poetic fancy, let us see how far the same painter has kept up a resemblance, in the more correct drawing, and chaste colouring of prose. For this purpose let us have recourse to a letter of his written to her in French, six years after the poem, May 12, 1719, part whereof has been already quoted, and of which the following is a literal translation:

"I make you my compliments on your perfection in the French language. It is necessary to be long acquainted with you, in order to know all your accomplishments: every time, in seeing and hearing you, new ones appear, which before were concealed. I am ashamed to think I know only the Gascon and Patois in comparison of you. There is no objection to be made either to the orthography, propriety, elegance, ease, or spirit of the whole. And what a blockhead am I to answer you in the same language! You, who are incapable of any folly unless it be the esteem you are pleased to entertain for me: for, it is no merit, nor any proof of my good taste, to find out in you all that nature has bestowed on a mortal; that is to say, *honour*, *virtue*, good sense, wit, sweetness, agreeableness, and firmness of soul: *but by concealing yourself as you do, the world knows you not, and you lose the eulogy of millions.* Ever since I have had the honour of knowing you, I have always remarked, that neither in private, nor in general conversation, has one word ever escaped you, which could be better expressed. And I protest, that after making frequently the most severe criticisms, I never have been able to find the least

fault, either in your actions or your words. Coquetry, affectation, prudery, are imperfections which you never knew. And with all this, do you think it possible not to esteem you above the rest of humankind? What beasts in petticoats are the most excellent of those, whom I see dispersed throughout the world, in comparison of you! On seeing, or hearing them, I say a hundred times a day, speak not, look not, think not, do nothing like those wretches. What a calamity is it to be the cause of bringing down contempt on so many women, who, but for the thoughts of you, would be tolerable enough. But it is time to release you from this trouble, and to bid you adieu. I am, and ever shall remain, with all possible respect, sincerity, and esteem, yours."

Of these two opposite characters, the one was drawn by a man of the nicest discernment, from whose piercing eye, not the smallest blemish, particularly of female minds, could lie concealed, and whose turn lay much more to satire, than panegyric; by one, who was intimately acquainted with the lady for whom it was drawn, from her early days, to the time of her death. The other, by a man, who far from having any knowledge of the original, had never so much as seen her person. Can there be the least doubt then which of them is most likely to be the true one? But not to rest upon authority alone, I will now show that there could not have been the least foundation for some of the blackest calumnies cast on the character of this unfortunate lady, in the above quoted passage. The author there says, "That she was happy in the thoughts of being reputed Swift's concubine, but still aiming and intending to be his wife." Now we have already seen what uncommon precautions Swift took, on her arrival in Dublin, to conceal from the world all the knowledge of his visiting her; so that it became necessary to her to be as secret as possible on that head, as

she knew with certainty, that if it once became a town talk, she should never see him more, and that he would at once drop all correspondence with her, which was the only consolation left her, in that distressed state of mind so feelingly set forth in her letters. So that if she had been so thoroughly depraved, as to place any part of her happiness in a public loss of character, she could not have been gratified in so singular a taste, without parting with the substance for the shadow: for, in the same sentence, it is said, "that she still aimed and intended to be his wife." I believe so preposterous a plan of bringing about a marriage with a man of the smallest degree of honour and character in the world, that of the lady's boasting of being his concubine, never entered into the head of any mortal, but that of the noble Remarker on Swift's Life. And indeed the assertion is so utterly void of foundation, that all the intercourse between them, either by visits or letters, was carried on in so secret a manner, that not a tittle of it ever transpired during the lady's life time; nor was there the least suspicion of it, till it was at once blazoned to the world, by the publication of the poem. As to the other parts of her character, "her being fond of dress, impatient to be admired, setting up for a wit, and affecting always to keep company with wits," &c. we find the direct reverse of this to be true, as she led a most recluse life, avoiding as much as possible all society, and indulging her unhappy passion in solitude; which gave rise to that passage in Swift's letter before quoted, where he says,—"but by concealing yourself as you do, the world knows you not, and you lose the eulogy of millions."

But his lordship, not satisfied with drawing this odious picture of poor Vanessa, thought there were some finishing strokes still wanting, to render it more deformed; he therefore adds, upon the circumstance of Swift's last inter-

view, in which he broke with her, the following traits: "She had long thrown away the gentle lenitives of virtue, which, upon this occasion, might have proved healing ingredients to so deep, and so dangerous a wound. She had preferred wit to religion; she had utterly destroyed her character and her conscience; and she was now fallen a prey to the horror of her own thoughts." Now, if he were giving an account of the most abandoned profligate wretch, that ever disgraced her sex, just ready to expiate her crimes at Tyburn, could he possibly have expressed himself in stronger terms? Let the reader only look over the passage once more, and judge. And what were the crimes committed by the unfortunate Vanessa, to draw down on her so severe a censure. He himself has acquitted her of any criminal commerce with Cadenus, from a supposed impossibility in the nature of things. It never was surmised by any mortal, nor does he himself pretend to insinuate, that ever she engaged in an affair of gallantry with any other. Nay, so little does she seem to have been under the influence of any desire of that sort, that she rejected with disdain all offers of marriage, placing her whole happiness in the single point of her union with Cadenus; to which, it would be absurd to suppose, from his advanced time of life, that sensual gratification could have been a chief motive. It is evident she was possessed with an extraordinary passion for one of the most extraordinary men of the age, in which she persevered many years with unparalleled constancy, and at length could not outlive her disappointment. Is there any thing criminal in this? Is there any thing in the story, which must not raise pity in every breast of the least humanity? And yet see what effect the melancholy catastrophe had upon the obdurate heart of the noble Remarker! who winds up her story thus: "Thus perished at Celbridge, under all the agonies of despair, Mrs. Esther

Vanhomrigh; a miserable example of an ill spent life, fantastic wit, visionary schemes, and female weakness."

I appeal to the reader, whether he thinks it possible that any venal writer, hired by an enemy for the purpose of defamation, could have drawn any character in terms of more rancorous malignity. Nor do I believe there exists, even in that prostitute tribe, an individual who, in cold blood, without provocation or prospect of reward, would set about so odious a task. What motive then could induce this writer to lay aside the nobleman, the gentleman, and the man, to commit an act, which the most hardened assassin of reputations would be ashamed of? Let us suppose, for an instant, that all he has said of this lady is true, was he called upon to the hangman's office of mangling and embowelling the remains of a deceased criminal? But, on the other hand, when we are sure that he could not himself know the truth of any one assertion he has made; that he does not even hint at any authority of others, on which he could rely; and that he has drawn this character in direct opposition to one given to the same person, by the best and most competent judge in the world; we should be apt to conclude, that the whole must have proceeded from a mind fraught with an uncommon portion of malignity.

But his conduct may be accounted for upon a principle not quite of so black a die. His lordship considered only how he should appear in the light of an author. He had before drawn a fancied picture of Stella, whom also he had never seen, in which he had collected such an assemblage of perfections, from the whole catalogue of female beauties, graces, virtues, and accomplishments, as perhaps never met in any human creature. In his great liberality, among his other qualities bestowed on her, he gave her skill in music, of which she did not know a note; for she neither sung, nor played on any instrument.

As the drawing of this character cost him no small pains, he took the usual method of novelists to set it off, by making that of her rival a direct contrast to it: whose deformity, in its turn, became more conspicuous, when opposed to the beautiful colouring in the other. And in doing this he answered another end, which he never loses sight of throughout his work, that of degrading Swift as much as possible: for, if the characters of those two ladies were justly drawn, nothing could have shown a more depraved taste in Swift, than any preference given to the latter, over the former.

I shall close the history of this unfortunate lady, with two little poems written by her, strongly descriptive of her state of mind, and affording, in some measure, a confirmation of the account I have given of her.

AN ODE TO SPRING.

HAIL, blushing goddess, beauteous Spring,
Who in thy jocund train, dost bring
Loves and Graces, smiling hours,
Balmy breezes, fragrant flowers,
Come, with tints of roseate hue,
Nature's faded charms renew.
Yet why should I thy presence hail?
To me no more the breathing gale
Comes fraught with sweets, no more the rose
With such transcendent beauty blows,
As when CADENUS blest the scene,
And shar'd with me those joys serene.
When, unperceiv'd, the lambent fire
Of Friendship kindled new desire:
Still listening to his tuneful tongue,
The truths which angels might have sung,
Divine imprest their gentle sway,
And sweetly stole my soul away.
My guide, instructer, lover, friend,
(Dear names!) in one idea blend;
O! still conjoin'd, your incense rise,
And waft sweet odours to the skies.

AN ODE TO WISDOM.

O PALLAS! I invoke thy aid!
Vouchsafe to hear a wretched maid,
By tender love deprest;
'Tis just that thou should'st heal the smart,
Inflicted by thy subtle art,
And calm my troubled breast.

No random shot from CUPID's bow,
But by thy guidance, soft and slow,
It sunk within my heart;
Thus, Love being arm'd with Wisdom's force,
In vain I try to stop its course,
In vain repel the dart.

O Goddess, break the fatal league,
Let Love, with Folly and Intrigue,
More fit associates find!
And thou alone, within my breast,
O! deign to sooth my griefs to rest,
And heal my tortur'd mind.

Immediately after the death of Miss Vanhomrigh, as I have already mentioned, Swift made a tour of two months in the southern parts of Ireland: during which, Mrs. Johnson remained at Wood Park; nor did she quit it for some months after his return, probably occasioned by her resentment at the preference given by him to her rival. However, upon her return to Dublin, a reconciliation soon took place. He welcomed her to town in that beautiful poem, called "Stella at Wood Park," in which he indulged his usual vein of raillery, but concludes with a high compliment to Stella:

"For though my raillery were true,
A cottage is Wood-Park with you."

He had an opportunity not long after of showing that he was sincere in this declaration, as he passed a whole summer with her at Quilca, in as inconvenient a cabin-

and as dreary a country as could any where be met with: and yet he often declared that they were some of the happiest hours of his life which he thus passed. They were indeed some of the last in which he had any enjoyment in her society, as she soon after fell into a decline, attended with such symptoms as afforded little prospect of any long continuance of life. The first account of her state being desperate reached Swift in London, as was before related. The following extracts from his letter to Dr. Sheridan on the occasion will best show with what agonies of mind he received it.

"I have yours just now of the 19th, and the account you give me, is nothing but what I have some time expected with the utmost agonies. It was at this time the best office your friendship could do, not to deceive me. I look upon this to be the greatest event that can ever happen to me, but all my preparations will not suffice to make me bear it like a philosopher, nor altogether like a christian. There has been the most intimate friendship between us from her childhood, and the greatest merit on her side that ever was in one human creature toward another. Nay, if I were now near her, I would not see her; I could not behave myself tolerably, and should redouble her sorrow. Judge in what a temper of mind I write this. The very time I am writing, I conclude the fairest soul in the world has left its body.—Confusion! that I am this moment called down to a visitor, when I am in the country, and not in my power to deny myself. I have passed a very constrained hour, and now return to say I know not what. I have been long weary of the world, and shall for my small remainder of years be weary of life, having for ever lost that conversation which alone could make it tolerable."

Soon after this, we have seen that he returned to Ireland, where he found the danger over, and was made

happy by her recovery. But on his next journey to London in the following year, he was again alarmed with an account of a most dangerous relapse. The effect this had on him will be the best described by his own expressions in his letter to Dr. Sheridan.

"I have had your letter of the 19th, and expect before you read this, to receive another from you, with the most fatal news that can ever come to me, unless I should be put to death for some ignominious crime. I continue very ill with my giddiness and deafness, and I shall be perfectly content if God shall please to call me at this time. I beg, if you have not writ to me before you get this, to tell me no particulars but the event in general: my weakness, my age, my friendship will bear no more. I do not intend to return to Ireland so soon as I purposed; I would not be there in the midst of grief. Neither my health nor grief will permit me to say more. This stroke was unexpected, and my fears last year were ten times greater."

In a subsequent letter he says, "If I had any tolerable health, I would go this moment to Ireland; yet I think I would not, considering the news I daily expect to hear from you. I have just received yours of August the 24th. I kept it an hour in my pocket, with all the suspense of a man who expected to hear the worst news that fortune could give him, and at the same time was not able to hold up my head. These are perquisites of living long: the last act of life is always a tragedy at best; but it is a bitter aggravation to have one's best friend go before one. I do profess, upon my salvation, that the distressed and desperate condition of our friend, makes life so indifferent to me, who by cause of nature have so little left, that I do not think it worth the time to struggle; yet I should think according to what had been formerly, that I may happen to overcome this disorder; and to

what advantage? Why, to see the loss of that person for whose sake only life was worth preserving. What have I to do in this world? I never was in such agonies as when I received your letter and had it in my pocket. I am able to hold up my sorry head no longer."

Let any one who understands the language of nature, judge whether the writer of the above passages, had not a heart susceptible of the utmost tenderness and warmth of friendship.

Nor was it to his friend Sheridan alone that he thus opened his heart: I have a letter before me, to Mr. Stopford, then at Paris, dated from Twickenham, July 20, 1726, in which is the following passage: "I fear I shall have more than ordinary reasons to wish you a near neighbour to me in Ireland, and that your company will be more necessary than ever, when I tell you that I never was in so great dejection of spirits. For I lately received a letter from Mr. Worrall, that one of the two oldest and dearest friends I have in the world, is in so desperate a condition of health, as makes me expect every post to hear of her death. It is the younger of the two, with whom I have lived in the greatest friendship for thirty-three years. I know you will share in my trouble, because there were few persons whom I believe you more esteemed. For my part, as I value life very little, so the poor casual remains of it, after such a loss, would be a burden that I must heartily beg God Almighty to enable me to bear; and I think there is not a greater folly than that of entering into too strict and particular a friendship, with the loss of which a man must be absolutely miserable, but especially at an age when it is too late to engage in a new friendship. Besides, that was a person of my own rearing and instructing from childhood, who excelled in every good quality that can possibly accomplish a human creature. They have hitherto written me

deceiving letters, but Mr. Worrall has been so just and prudent as to tell me the truth; which however racking, is better than to be struck on the sudden. Dear James, pardon me. I know not what I am saying, but believe me that violent friendship is much more lasting, and as much engaging as violent love. Adieu.

"If this accident should happen before I set out, I believe I shall stay this winter in England, where it will be at least easier to find some repose than upon the spot."

However, as she still continued to linger on, dying by slow degrees, he returned to Dublin, as we have before seen, in order to discharge the last melancholy offices of friendship, by smoothing her passage to the grave, and softening the terrors of death with all the comfortable hopes which religion can hold forth. The prayers composed by him on this occasion, are written in as pure a strain of Christian piety, as ever came from an uninspired pen.*

A short time before her death a scene passed between the dean and her, an account of which I had from my father, and which I shall relate with reluctance, as it seems to bear more hard on Swift's humanity than any other part of his conduct in life. As she found her final dissolution approach, a few days before it happened, in the presence of Dr. Sheridan, she addressed Swift in the most earnest and pathetic terms to grant her dying request: "That, as the ceremony of marriage had passed between them, though for sundry considerations they had not cohabited in that state, in order to put it out of the power of slander to be busy with her fame after death, she adjured him by their friendship to let her

* See them in Vol. XIV. N.

have the satisfaction of dying at least, though she had not lived, his acknowledged wife."

Swift made no reply, but, turning on his heel, walked silently out of the room, nor ever saw her afterward during the few days she lived. This behaviour threw Mrs. Johnson into unspeakable agonies, and for a time she sunk under the weight of so cruel a disappointment. But soon after, roused by indignation, she inveighed against his cruelty in the bitterest terms; and sending for a lawyer, made her will, bequeathing her fortune by her own name to charitable uses. This was done in the presence of Dr. Sheridan, whom she appointed one of her executors. Upon this occasion the doctor gave an instance of his disinterested spirit; for when Mrs. Johnson mentioned his name to the lawyer, annexing a very handsome legacy to it, the doctor immediately interposed, and would not suffer it to be put down, saying, "that as she disposed of her fortune to such pious uses, he should think he defrauded the charity if he accepted of any part of it."

During the few days she lived after this, Dr. Sheridan gave her constant attendance, and was in the chamber when she breathed her last.* His grief for her loss was not perhaps inferior to the dean's. He admired her above all human beings, and loved her with a devotion as pure as that which we would pay to angels. She, on her part, had early singled him out from all the dean's acquaintance, as her confidential friend. There grew up the closest amity between them, which subsisted, without interruption, to the time of her death. During her long illness, he never passed an hour from her which

* She was interred in the great aisle at St. Patrick's cathedral; and left money for a monument, which through negligence was never erected. Her executors indeed waited for an inscription, which Dr. Swift promised to write. N.

could be spared from business; and his conversation, in the dean's absence, was the chief cordial to support her drooping spirits. Of her great regard for him Swift bears testimony, in the close of one of his letters to him from London, where he says, "I fear, while you are reading this, you will be shedding tears at her funeral: she loved you well, and a great share of the little merit I have with you, is owing to her solicitation." No wonder therefore if the doctor's humanity was shocked at the last scene which he saw pass between her and the dean, and which affected him so much, that it was a long time before he could be thoroughly reconciled to him.

Yet on the dean's part it may be said, that he was taken by surprise, and had no reason to expect such an attack at that time. We have already seen the motives which induced him to go through the ceremony, and the conditions upon which it was performed. After several years passed without any consequence from it, or any reason offered for publishing this to the world, it seems to have been agreed between them that the whole should be buried in oblivion, as if no such thing had ever happened. Insomuch, that he had recommended it to her to make her will, and bequeath her fortune to a charitable use which he had pointed out to her. The marriage was evidently a mere matter of form, intended only to satisfy some vain scruples of the lady, without any view to the usual ends of matrimony, and therefore was in fact no marriage at all. To acknowledge her as his wife, when in reality she never had been such, would be to give sanction to a falsehood, and at the same time afford an opportunity to busy tongues to draw a thousand inferences prejudicial to his character. Or, if the real state of the case were known, and it were believed that no consummation ever followed on this marriage, yet he

thought it would ill become the character of a dignitary of the church, to have it known to the world that he had made a mockery of so sacred a ceremony, though he might reconcile it to himself upon principles of humanity. Besides, the tongue of scandal had been very busy with his fame in regard to Miss Vanhomrigh; and they who could charge him with an illicit amour there, would not fail to aggravate the matter, by showing that he had a wife at the same time. On these considerations he had long resolved that the secret of the ceremony's having passed between them, should never be divulged; and he had all the reason in the world to believe that Mrs. Johnson was in the same sentiments. How anxious he was to guard against any appearance of that sort, we may learn from his letters to Mr. Worrall, written from England, at the time her life was despaired of, in which there are the following passages, July 15, 1726. "What you tell me of Mrs. Johnson, I have long expected, with great oppression and heaviness of heart. I have these two months seen through Mrs. Dingley's disguises; and indeed, ever since I left you, my heart has been so sunk, that I have not been the same man, nor ever shall be again, but drag on a wretched life, till it shall please God to call me away. I wish it could be brought about *that she might make her will.* Her intentions are, to leave the interest of all her fortune to her mother and sister, during their lives, and afterward to Dr. Stephen's hospital, to purchase lands for such uses there, as she designs. Think how I am disposed while I write this, and forgive the inconsistencies. I would not for the universe be present at such a trial as that of seeing her depart. She will be among friends, that upon her own account and great worth, will tend her with all possible care, where I should be a trouble to her, and the greatest torment to myself. In case the matter should be desperate, I would

have you advise, if they come to town, that they should be lodged in some healthy airy part, *and not in the deanery;* which besides, you know, *cannot but be a very improper thing for that house to breathe her last in.*"

In another, of September 12, 1727, he says, "By Dr. Sheridan's frequent letters, I am, every post, expecting the death of a friend, with whose loss I shall have very little regard for the few years that nature may leave me. I desire to know where my two friends lodge. I gave a caution to Mrs. Brent, that it might not be *in domo decani, quoniam hoc minime decet, uti manifestum est: habeo enim malignos qui sinistre hoc interpretabuntur, si eveniat (quod Deus avertat) ut illic moriatur.*"

Thus predetermined as he was in this point, and satisfied that Mrs. Johnson perfectly acquiesced in it, nothing could have astonished him more than such a proposal. He thought it both unkind and unreasonable in his bosom friend to make such a request; which, if granted, could be of no use to her when dead, and might be the cause of much uneasiness to him the survivor. The pretence she made with regard to her character, he knew could be only a pretence, as no woman living had a more unblemished reputation, being considered by all who knew her as a perfect pattern of modesty to her sex, and so reported in the world. It might therefore be imputed, with probability, to no other cause but vanity; to have her name preserved to future ages as the wife of so extraordinary a man; and he might think himself not bound to gratify a weakness in her, at the expense of procuring much disquiet to himself. And though there was an apparent cruelty in his behaviour on this occasion, yet whoever could have looked into his breast at the time, would probably have found it agitated with as deep a concern at his not being able to comply with her request, as she was at his refusal of it.

A relation of this transaction fully confirms the account I have given of the nature of their union. For, the only unequivocal proof remaining of the ceremony's having passed between them, arises from Mrs. Johnson's declaration of it, in the presence of Dr. Sheridan, at the time above-mentioned. And as the fact has of late been denied, upon the authority of persons so closely connected with the parties, as to give it great weight, I thought it necessary to adduce this indubitable proof of the truth of the account which I have given of that affair.

Upon this occasion, there is one observation to be made much to Swift's honour; which is, that in refusing to acknowledge Mrs. Johnson as his wife, he gave up all pretensions to her fortune, which otherwise must of course have come to him. But he had no view toward any inheritance from her, either as a wife, or a friend. For we find by his letter to Worrall above quoted, that he had long before suggested the idea to her of leaving her fortune to charitable uses, and seems pressing that she should be prevailed on to make her will accordingly. The same disinterested spirit did he show with regard to Miss Vanhomrigh, breaking off all connexion with her at a time when he knew she had in her will bequeathed her whole fortune to him, which was very considerable. So that, at this period of his life at least, avarice had laid no hold of him.

Thus have I given a true relation of the nature of Swift's connexion with Mrs. Johnson, and laid open the cause of their never having cohabited after the ceremony of marriage had passed between them. To account for which, so many conjectures have been formed without any foundation. Among these there was one so very absurd, and so utterly impossible to be true, that it is wonderful how it could ever gain any credit; and yet this

report was for a long time generally spread and believed. It was asserted, without any shadow of proof, that Mrs. Johnson was a natural daughter of Sir William Temple's; and in the same way, that Swift was his son, and that the discovery of this consanguinity, when or how made was never told, was the cause of their not cohabiting. Now to overthrow this, it is only necessary to examine the time of Swift's birth, which was in November, 1667, and to show that Sir William Temple had been employed as ambassador in the treaty of Nimeguen, two years before, and three years after that date, during which time he resided constantly abroad. And indeed there is good reason to believe that he never so much as saw Swift's mother in his life. This was so clearly shown by Dr. Delany, that any mention of it here might be thought unnecessary, had there not been published since that time a most circumstantial account of that affair, in the Gentleman's Magazine* for November, 1757, in which the writer pretends to give the whole account of Mrs. Johnson's Life, as well as that of her mother, with such a confident air, and so many minute particulars, as deceived one of the editors of Swift's works into a belief that the account was authentic; insomuch, that he has inserted the whole in the notes upon one of the volumes.† But it would be easy to prove, that the whole of this fictitious tale was the invention of some novelist, who had a mind to

* From the connexion of the present Editor of Swift's Works with the Gentleman's Magazine, it may be necessary to state, that the article here alluded to, was printed more than twenty years before he had any share in the management of that long-established miscellaneous publication. N.

† The insertion of that essay in one of the volumes of the Supplement to Swift, in 1779, was on the principle of wishing to elucidate a fact then involved in the darkest obscurity. The proof positive of the marriage of the dean to Mrs. Johnson, since given by Mr. Sheridan, and confirmed by Dr. Johnson, was then a profound secret to the world. N.

amuse himself with showing how easily the credulity of mankind is imposed on, by any extraordinary or marvellous story. However, in order to destroy the fabric, it will be only necessary to say, that the whole was founded upon a fact already proved impossible to be true, which is, that Swift was Sir William Temple's son. And with respect to Mrs. Johnson, there can be no reason to doubt the authority of Swift's account, who, in the little tract written on her death, has this passage. "She was born at Richmond in Surrey, on the 13th day of March, in the year 1681. Her father was a younger brother of a good family in Nottinghamshire, her mother of a lower degree; and indeed she had little to boast of her birth."

Having thus developed his conduct, which has hitherto appeared in so mysterious a light to the world, with regard to the two unfortunate ladies, who had placed their affections on an object probably not capable of making a suitable return, or who, at least, had shown himself a perfect platonist in love; I shall now examine his character with regard to the still nobler affection of the human mind, I mean friendship. There have been already many instances given in the course of this work, to show that he had a heart susceptible of the warmest impressions of that sort, but still his friendship was portioned out among numbers; and it seems to have been almost equally shared by Addison, Prior, Arbuthnot, Gay, Pope, Lord Oxford, Duke of Ormond, Lord Peterborow, and many others; but to the perfection of true friendship it is necessary that there should be one particular individual, selected from the rest of mankind, who may be considered as another self, to whom we can unbosom our most secret thoughts, before whom we are not ashamed to lay open our weaknesses and foibles, or, in the expressive phrase, to think aloud. This post was never hitherto occupied by any man; but Swift found no deficiency on that ac-

count, as it was amply and more pleasingly supplied by one of the other sex, the incomparable Stella. And to this, in process of time, did Sheridan succeed. His acquaintance with the dean commenced soon after his settlement in Ireland, in the following manner. The dean, who had heard much of Sheridan as a man of wit and humour, desired a common friend to bring them together. They passed the day much to their mutual satisfaction; and when the company broke up at night, Swift, in his usual ironical way, said, "I invite all here present to dine with me next Thursday, *except Mr. Sheridan*," but with a look which expressed that the invitation was made wholly on his account. There are certain spirits, *concordes animæ*, that on the first interview feel an irresistible attraction to each other, and rush into friendship, as some do into love, at first sight; and such was the case between those two men of genius, who had a great similarity both of disposition and talents; and who in a short time became inseparable. This union was forwarded, and afterward cemented by Stella, who gave the doctor the preference to all the dean's other friends. As Swift had passed very little time in Dublin previous to his settling there, he had very few acquaintance except among those of high station; to the promotion of some of whom he had contributed, and did good offices to others, when he was in power; such as the primate, archbishop of Dublin, the Lord Chancellor Phipps, Bishop Sterne, &c.; but as he wished for a society where he could be more at his ease, and indulge his sportive fancy, Sheridan introduced him into a numerous acquaintance of the most distinguished men of those times for talents, erudition, and companionable qualities. As he was allowed to be the first schoolmaster in the kingdom, an intimacy with those fellows of the college, whose acquaintance he chose to cultivate, followed of course; and there happened at that time to

be a greater number of learned and ingenious men in that body, than ever had been known before at any given period. An acquaintance naturally commenced with such families of distinction as intrusted their children to his care. Besides, as he was looked upon to be one of the most agreeable companions in the world, his society was much courted by all persons of taste. With a select set of these did Swift pass most of his festive hours for many years; but in the round of entertainments care was always taken to engage Sheridan before a party was fixed, as the dean was never known to be in perfect good humour, but when he was one of the company.

As many of the evening parties were made up of this chosen set in the college, where subjects of literature were often the topics of conversation, Swift, who could not bear to be considered in an inferior light by any society into which he had entered, found it necessary to revive his knowledge of Greek and Latin, which in the hurry of politics and bustle of the world, he had so long neglected. With this view he invited Dr. Sheridan to pass his vacations with him at the deanery, where an apartment was fitted up for him, which ever after went by his name; and assisted by him he went through a complete course of the Greek and Roman classics. This gave him a full opportunity of seeing the profound knowledge which the doctor had of those languages; and he ever after pronounced him to be the best scholar in Europe. Thus living together frequently in the same house, in a communion of the same studies, and the same amusements, a closer connexion and more intimate union followed than Swift had ever known with any mortal except Stella. As Sheridan was the most open undisguised man in the world, it did not require much time or penetration to see into his whole character; in which Swift found many things to admire, many things to love,

and little to offend. He had the strictest regard to truth, and the highest sense of honour; incapable of dissimulation in the smallest degree; generous to a fault, and charitable in the extreme. Of a proud independent spirit, which would not suffer him to crouch to the great ones of the world for any favour, nor to put on even the appearance of flattery. He had a heart formed for friendship, in which Swift had the first place. It was impossible not to esteem a man possessed of qualities so congenial with his own; but his affection was engaged by those of a less exalted kind, and more pleasing in the general intercourse of life. Sheridan had a lively fancy, and a surprising quickness of invention. He had such a perpetual flow of spirits, such a ready wit, and variety of humour, that I have often heard his acquaintance say, it was impossible for the most splenetic man not to be cheerful in his company. Imagine what a treasure this must be to Swift, in that gloomy state of mind, into which the disappointment of all his views, upon the queen's death, had thrown him; and in which we find from his letters, he continued so many years. Despair of doing any good, had turned his thoughts wholly from public affairs, which before had engrossed so much of his time: and he was not in a disposition to set about any work that would require much thought, or labour of the brain; he therefore gave himself wholly up to the *bagatelle*, and to writing nothing but *jeux d'esprit;* in which no one was better qualified to keep up the ball than Sheridan. For one whole year it was agreed that they should write to each other in verse every day, and were to be upon honour that they would take up no more than five minutes in composing each letter. Numbers of riddles, *Anglo-latin* letters, and other whims of fancy, were produced in the same way. But as these were only intended for private amusement,

most of them, when they had served their turn, were committed to the flames. Some few, however, have escaped, and are printed in his works; which may serve to gratify the curiosity of such readers, as may be desirous to have a private peep, as it were, at the fancy of this great genius, when frolicksome and unrestrained she was playing her sportive gambols *en déshabillé*.

With all these good qualities and pleasing talents, Swift saw some weaknesses and infirmities in his friend, which he in vain endeavoured to cure. However skilled he might be in books, he was a perfect child as to the knowledge of the world. Being wholly void of artifice and design himself, he never suspected any in others; and thus became the dupe of all artful men with whom he had any connexion. As he knew not how to set a true value on money, he had no regard to economy; and his purse was always open to the indigent, without considering whether he could afford it or not. In conversation, his fancy was not always under the direction of discretion, and he frequently gave offence by sudden sallies, without intending it. Swift acted the part of a true friend on these occasions, and was not sparing of his admonitions and advice as opportunities offered; but he found the doctor too opinionated to be guided by the judgment of others, though his own was too weak to restrain his natural propensities. In this case the best service to be done, was, to increase his income in proportion to the largeness of his spirit, as his spirit was not to be confined within the bounds of his income. With this view Swift was indefatigable in his endeavours to promote the flourishing state of his school. He recommended him to all as the ablest master of the age; and published a copy of Latin verses in his praise as such; he descended even at times to act as his usher; and *frequently* attended at school to hear a class; when the

doctor was ill, or absent in the country, he supplied his place; and was always one of the examiners at the public quarterly examinations.

Such attention paid by one of Swift's high character, could not fail of raising the reputation of the school; and accordingly it increased so rapidly, that in a few years the number of scholars far exceeded that of any other seminary ever known in that kingdom. But Swift saw with concern that his expenses kept pace with his income, and increased in the same proportion. Indulging his natural disposition, he made frequent costly entertainments, and on certain days when he was freed from the afternoon attendance on school, his table was open to all *bons vivans*, jovial companions, &c. And where mirth and good wine circulated so briskly, it is to be supposed there was no lack of guests. Swift saw there was no likelihood of any change in his conduct, while he continued in the same place, and associated with the same sets. In compassion therefore to his young and yearly increasing family, he formed the design of having him removed upon very advantageous terms, to a distant part of the kingdom, where he would have no such temptation to indulge the extravagance of his disposition. It happened at that time that the schoolmaster of Armagh was in a declining state of health. That school was richly endowed with lands, whose clear rent amounted to four hundred pounds a year, a considerable income in those days, and fully equal to double that sum at present. Swift wrote to a friend in Armagh to send off an express to him instantly on the death of the incumbent. Immediately on the receipt of this, he waited on primate Lindsay (to whose advancement Lindsay himself acknowledges, in one of his letters, Swift had chiefly contributed) saying "he had a favour to beg of him. That he was going to turn schoolmaster, and de-

sired he would give him the school of Armagh."—"It is not vacant," said the primate. "Yes, but it is," said Swift, showing him the letter he had received by express. After some raillery from the primate on the dean's turning schoolmaster, Swift at last said, "Well, my lord, let me have the disposal of the school, and I'll engage to fill it up to your mind; I mean to place Sheridan in it." The primate consented without hesitation.

Swift immediately went to the doctor with the news, who had not the least previous intimation of the affair from the dean. After due acknowledgments of his kindness on this occasion, Sheridan said "that he must take some time to consider of it, and that he could not take a step, upon which the whole colour of his future life depended, without consulting his friends"—"Your friends," said Swift, "you will ever be a blockhead as to the world: because they are pleased with your company, and gratify themselves in passing many happy hours with you in social mirth, you suppose them to be your friends. Believe me there is little true friendship in the world; and it is not impossible but the very men who now hug you to their bosoms, may hereafter turn out to be your inveterate enemies. Take my advice; consult none of them; but accept without hesitation of an offer which will secure you a handsome income for life, independent of casualties. Besides, your school will probably flourish as much there as here, as the high reputation you have gained in Dublin will follow you to the north, and secure to you all the boys of that most populous and opulent part of the kingdom."

The doctor still persisted in his resolution of consulting his friends; and at a meeting of them for that purpose, chiefly composed of the fellows of the college, they were unanimously of opinion that he should by no means accept of the proposed offer. They represented to him,

"that his school was in a most flourishing state, and likely to increase daily. That he could not hope to have any thing like the number of pupils in a country town, as in the capital; and his income even with the addition of the endowment, would probably not be greater. That by residing in Dublin, he might make such powerful connexions, as would raise him to considerable church preferments, all expectation of which he must give up if he buried himself in an obscure corner of the kingdom." By these, and other arguments of the like nature, the doctor was easily persuaded to follow the bent of his inclinations. For it must have been with great reluctance that he would have quitted the society of such a number of learned, ingenious, and agreeable men, as then formed the circle of his acquaintance.

The doctor had too much reason afterward to repent of his not having followed Swift's advice, as what he had foretold, in a few years came to pass. Those very men, whom he considered as his best friends, set up another school in opposition to his, which they supported with all their interest, of which the doctor speaks in the following manner in a letter to Swift: "As for my *quondam* friends, as you style them, *quon-dam* them all. It is the most decent way I can curse them; for they lulled me asleep, till they stole my school into the hands of a blockhead, and have driven me toward the latter part of my life to a disagreeable solitude; where I have the misery to reflect upon my folly in making such a perfidious choice, at a time when it was not in my nature to suspect any soul upon earth." In answer to which Swift says, "I own you have too much reason to complain of some friends, who, next to yourself, have done you most hurt; whom I still esteem and frequent, although I confess I cannot heartily forgive. Yet certainly the case was not merely personal malice to you (although it had the same effects)

but a kind of I know not what job, which one of them has often heartily repented,"

Nothing could place Swift's friendship in a more conspicuous or disinterested light, than this whole transaction. To have parted with Sheridan at that period of life, when all was gloom about him, when he most wanted such a friend to raise his drooping spirits, and such an associate in the only amusements which he was then capable of relishing, would have been to him like the loss of a limb. Yet when he thought that it was necessary for the interests of the doctor and his family, that he should remove from his settlement in town, to a more advantageous and secure one in the country, he himself planned the scheme of his removal, which was likely to end, with but few intervals, in a separation for life. How different is this from the false representation made of him by Lord Orrery. He had said, "The affection between Theseus and Pirithous, was not greater than between Swift and Sheridan; but the friendship that cemented the two ancient heroes, probably commenced upon motives very different from those which united the two modern divines." His lordship did not think proper to state what those motives were; and after having drawn Sheridan's character, with as little regard to truth, and in many points, as little resemblance to the original as any of his other portraits, he assigns Swift's close attachment to him to the meanest and most selfish motives; where he says, "In this situation, and with this disposition, Swift fastened upon him as upon a prey, with which he intended to regale himself whenever his appetite should prompt him. Sheridan therefore was kept constantly within his reach; and the only time he was permitted to go beyond the limits of his chain, was, to take possession of a living in the county of Cork, which had been bestowed upon him by the then lord lieutenant of Ireland."

For many years after this fruitless attempt to serve his friend, Swift had it not in his power to promote his interests in any other way, being the most obnoxious of any man living to those who were then in power. But on the appointment of Lord Carteret to the government of Ireland, who had been one of his old friends, Doctor Sheridan was the first he recommended to his protection. He got him appointed one of his domestic chaplains, with a promise of making a provision for him in the church. Lord Carteret, who was himself an excellent scholar, soon distinguished the doctor's merit in that line, nor was he less pleased with him as a companion, often inviting him to his private parties, and sometimes, laying his state aside, he would steal out from the castle in a hackney chair, to pass the evening at Sheridan's with Swift, and the select set which used to meet there. By the desire of the lord lieutenant, the doctor had one of the tragedies of Sophocles performed by his scholars for his entertainment. Before the day of exhibition Lord Carteret appointed a morning to pass with him in reading the play together, in order to refresh his memory after so long an absence from his Greek studies. The doctor was astonished at the facility and accuracy with which he translated this difficult author, having scarce any opportunity of giving him assistance through the whole play. While he was expressing his surprise at this, and admiration at the wonderful knowledge which his lordship showed of the Greek language, Lord Carteret, with great candour, told him "he would let him into the secret how he came to be so far master of this particular author." He said "that when he was envoy in Denmark, he had been for a long time confined to his chamber, partly by illness, and partly by the severity of the weather; and having but few books with him, he had read Sophocles over and over so often, as to be able almost to repeat the whole

verbatim, which impressed it ever after indelibly on his memory."

This candid confession was certainly the act of an ingenuous mind, above the vanity of gaining a character superior to its merits; and I believe there are very few who would not have suffered the doctor to go away in the full persuasion, that he was one of the most complete scholars of the age in the whole of the Greek language, and accordingly spread this account of him, seemingly so well founded, to the world.

Not long after this, the lord lieutenant bestowed on the doctor the first living that fell in the gift of government, only as an earnest of future favours; and from the countenance shown him at the castle, it was generally supposed that he might expect in time to rise to some high dignities in the church. But all this fair prospect soon vanished, by a concurrence of some very extraordinary accidents. When he went down to be inducted into his living, he was requested by Archdeacon Russel of Cork, to supply his place in the pulpit on the following Sunday. The doctor, who was a very absent man, had forgot his engagement, and was sitting quietly at his lodging *en déshabillé*, when a message from the parish clerk, who saw no preacher arrive after the service had begun, roused him from his reverie. He dressed himself with all speed, and of two sermons that he had brought with him, took the first that came to his hand, without looking into it. It happened that the first of August in that year fell on that very Sunday; and the first of August being the day on which Queen Anne died, was, in that time of party, a day of great celebrity, and much adverted to by the whigs. But this circumstance had not at all occurred to the doctor, who looked on it only as a common Sunday, without considering the day of the month. The text of this led sermon happened to be, "Sufficient to the day is

the evil thereof." Such a text on such a day, excited a general murmur through the whole congregation, to the great surprise of the preacher, who was the only person ignorant of the cause; of which he was not informed till after he had descended from the pulpit, when the affair was past remedy. There happened to be present in the church a furious whig, and one of the most violent partymen of the times. He immediately took post for Dublin, where, by his representation of this matter, as Swift has observed in giving an account of this transaction, "Such a clamour was raised by the zeal of one man, of no large dimensions either of body or mind, that we in Dublin could apprehend no less than an invasion by the pretender, who must be landed in the South."

Such indeed was the violent clamour raised by the whigs in general, that the lord lieutenant, in order to pacify them, was obliged to order the doctor's name to be struck out of the list of chaplains, and to forbid his appearance at the castle; though he was perfectly satisfied of his innocence, as it appeared that in the whole sermon there was not a syllable relating to government or party, or to the subject of the day; and that he had often preached it before under the same text. And as Swift observes in one of his letters on this subject, "It is indeed against common sense to think that you should choose such a time, when you had received a favour from the lord lieutenant, and had reason to expect more, to discover your disloyalty in the pulpit. But what will that avail? It is safer for a man's interest to blaspheme God, than to be of a party out of power, or even to be thought so; and since the last was the case, how could you imagine that all mouths would not be open when you were received, and in some manner preferred by government, although in a poor way. I tell you there is

hardly a whig in Ireland who would allow a potatoe and buttermilk to a reputed tory."

Swift's letters on this occasion bear the strongest marks of true friendship, by giving him the best advice how to conduct himself, and letting in some rays of hope, that he should be able to settle matters with the lord lieutenant in London, on his shortly intended visit to that city, and so clear the way for some future favour.

But though, as Swift expresses it, the doctor had thus, by mere chance-medley, shot his own fortune dead with a single text, yet it was the means of his receiving a considerable addition to his fortune, of more intrinsic value than the largest benefice he might have reason to expect. As this proceeded from an act of uncommon generosity, it deserves well to be recorded. Archdeacon Russel, in whose pulpit the sermon was preached, considered himself as instrumental, however accidentally, to the ruin of the doctor's expectations. He was for some time uneasy in his mind on this account, and at last determined to make him a noble compensation. He had a great friendship for the doctor, whom he saw loaded with a numerous offspring, upon a precarious income, while he himself was possessed of a considerable property, and without any family. Urged on by those nice scruples in his mind, before mentioned, he thought he could not make a better use of his fortune, than to apply the superfluity of it toward making the doctor easy in his circumstances, and thus enabling him to make a provision for his children. With this view he took a journey to Dublin, in order to make over to him, by an irrevocable deed of gift, the valuable manor of Drumlane in the county of Cavan, a bishop's lease, which at that time produced a clear profit rent of two hundred and fifty pounds *per annum*.* An

* I have been well assured, that the lease produces at this day no less a sum than eight hundred *per annum* neat profit to the present possessor. S.

act of such liberality, and seldom to be paralleled in this degenerate and selfish age, deserves well to be rescued from oblivion; nor could the author of these memoirs, without ingratitude, pass it over in silence.

But unfortunately this noble benefaction did not answer the end proposed by the bountiful donor. The doctor now thought his fortune was made, and set no bounds to his prodigality: with what he possessed before in the county of Cavan, his landed property produced him full four hundred pounds a year; and his school and living eight hundred more. A large income indeed in those days, but not equal to the profuseness of his spirit. He was, as was before observed, the greatest dupe in the world, and a constant prey to all the indigent of his acquaintance, as well as those who were recommended to him by others. Not content with receiving several into his school whom he taught without pay, he had always two or three whom he lodged and boarded in his house *gratis*; nay, some he maintained in clothes and every other necessary, and afterward entered and supported them in the college at his own charge, as if they had been his own sons. To his daughters he gave the genteelest education, and dressed them in the most fashionable style. As he was an adept in music, both in the scientific and practical part, he had frequent private concerts at his house at no small cost, and the expenses of his table were certainly not diminished by his increase of fortune. While he was going on in this career, his school gradually decreased, from the cause already mentioned, together with some other co-operating circumstances; but as the diminution of his income made no change in his mode of living, it was not long before he had contracted such debts as obliged him to mortgage his lands. He had exchanged his living in the county of Cork, for that of Dunboyne, within a few miles of Dub-

sion almost to frenzy. But when he had time to cool, he always expressed deep concern at his infirmity.

Of the peevishness of his temper at that time, among many other instances, he gave a remarkable one, at the inn of Virginy, his last stage before his arrival at Cavan. In passing to his chamber, he saw the maid employed in scraping a piece of beef, and stopped to ask her how many maggots she had got out of it. The wench smartly answered, "Not so many as there are in your head." This repartee, which, at another period of his life would have pleased him much, and probably produced half a crown to the maid, for her wit, now threw him into a passion, in which he was so weak as to complain of her to her mistress, and insist on her being discharged for her sauciness.

When the burgesses of Cavan went out to meet him, one of them addressed him in a complimentary speech on the occasion, which was but ill delivered, as he had a remarkable thickness of utterance. When he had done, Swift asked him, "Pray sir, are you the town sergeant?" (a low office, and scarcely above the rank of a common constable.) "No, Mr. Dean," answered Doctor Sheridan, "that is Mr. Brooks, the apothecary, our eldest burgess." "I thought so," said Swift, "for he spoke as if his mouth was full of drugs." How must his disposition have been changed, when the highest civilities that could be shown him, and which formerly were received with the greatest pleasure, and returned with the utmost politeness, now produced nothing but marks of disgust!

From this time all his infirmities increased fast upon him, particularly his avarice, to a high degree. Doctor Sheridan, who still continued to pass great part of his vacations at the deanery, saw many flagrant instances of this, whereof he thought himself bound both by friendship, and a solemn engagement he had entered into, to give him in-

formation. This alludes to a conversation that had passed between Swift and Doctor Sheridan, as they were riding together on the Strand, some years before the doctor left Dublin. The topic happened to be that of old age, which Swift said he found coming fast upon him, and he supposed he should not be exempt from its attendant infirmities. "But there is one vice its usual concomitant, the most detestable of all others, and which therefore I would most endeavour to guard against, I mean avarice; I do not know any way so effectual for this purpose, as to engage some true friend to give me warning when he sees any approaches of that sort, and thus put me upon my guard. This office I expect from you, and hope you will give me a solemn assurance that you will most punctually fulfil it." The doctor very readily entered into the engagement; and now thought himself bound to discharge it. With this view, in one of his vacations passed at the deanery, he set down daily in a journal kept for that purpose, all the instances he could perceive of the dean's parsimony; which, in a fortnight, arose to a considerable amount. Armed with these proofs, he one day took an opportunity of asking the dean, whether he recollected a discourse which had passed between them on the Strand, relative to old age and avarice, and the solemn engagement he had made him enter into upon that occasion. Swift, as one suddenly alarmed, answered with precipitation, "Yes, I remember it very well—Why—do you perceive any thing of that sort in me?" You shall be judge yourself, said the doctor—read over that paper, and see whether it is not high time I should now perform my promise. The dean read over the articles with a countenance in which shame and despondency were blended. When he had done, he leaned his head upon his hand, with his eyes cast on the ground, and remained for some time buried in profound

thought; at last he just lifted up his eyes, without changing his posture, and casting a side glance at the doctor, with a most significant look, asked him—"Doctor—did you never read Gil Blas?" alluding to the famous story of a similar conduct of his towards the archbishop, when he was his secretary, which lost him his post. After such a scene, the reader will easily conclude, that the disease was past remedy; and that the doctor, like poor Gil Blas, would probably not continue long in favour. Thus was Lord Bolingbroke's observation upon a passage in one of Swift's letters fully verified; where he says, he had made a maxim which ought to be written in letters of diamond, "That a wise man should have money in his head, but not in his heart." To which his lordship replies, "That a wise man should take care how he lets money get too much into his head, for it would most assuredly descend to the heart, the seat of the passions."

And yet this vice, which daily increased, and made him act grudgingly and sordidly in all other articles of expense, had no effect upon his charities, which were continued as usual. I had a remarkable instance given me of this by Mrs. Sican, two years after this period, when his avarice was at the height. She had called on him one morning, and upon the usual question being asked of, "What news?" said, a very melancholy affair had happened the night before to an acquaintance of hers, one Mr. Ellis, a cabinet-maker, whose house and goods were destroyed by fire; and as he was a young man just beginning the world, newly married, she was afraid it would prove his ruin, unless he was relieved by charitable contributions. Swift asked what character he bore? She said an exceeding good one, for sobriety, industry, and integrity. The dean then went to his desk, and brought out five broad Portugal pieces, which

passed at that time in Dublin for four pounds each, and gave them to her as his subscription.

Dr. Sheridan, finding himself disappointed in all his expectations on his removal, continued at Cavan but little more than two years; when he sold his school, and returned to Dublin. While a house was preparing for him, he took up his abode as usual at the deanery, where he was seized with a fit of illness, which confined him for some weeks to his chamber. The dean was not in a condition at that time to afford him any consolation, nor in a disposition of mind to be troubled with a sick guest. A longer fit than usual of his old complaint had deprived him of all society, and left him a prey to the horror of his own thoughts. He had long been weary of the world, and all that was in it. He had no prospect of relief but from death, for which he most ardently wished, even when his state was not so bad. For some years before, he never took leave of a friend in an evening, but he constantly added, "Well, God bless you, and I hope I shall never see you again."* In this hopeless state, deprived of all the comforts of life, no wonder if he was dead also to the feelings of friendship. When the doctor had sufficiently recovered to be able to go abroad, he was apologising to the dean for the trouble he had given him; saying, "I fear, Mr. Dean, I have been an expensive lodger to you this bout." Up-

* That he was weary of life, appears in many passages of his letters; and the following anecdote will show how much he wished for death. In the year 1739, three years after his memory had first declined, he had been standing with a clergyman under a very large heavy pierglass, which, just as they had moved to another part of the room, fell down suddenly, and broke to pieces. The clergyman, struck with a sense of the danger they had escaped, turned to Swift, and cried out, "What a mercy it is that we moved the moment we did, for if we had not, we should certainly have been both killed!" Swift replied, "Had you been out of the case, I should have been happy to have remained there." S.

on which Mrs. Whiteway, a relation of the dean's, who then chiefly managed his affairs, and who happened to be present, briskly said, "It is in your power, doctor, easily to remedy this, by removing to another lodging." Swift was silent. The poor doctor was quite thunderstruck. As this lady had always professed great friendship for him, and lay under considerable obligations to him, he quickly saw that this must have been done by Swift's direction; in which he was confirmed by his silence on the occasion. He immediately left the house, in all that anguish of mind, which a heart possessed of the warmest friendship must feel, upon the abrupt breach of one of so long a standing, and so sincere on his part; nor did he ever enter it again.* He lived but a short time after this. His friend and physician, Dr. Helsham, foretold the manner, and almost the very time of his death. He said his disorder was a polypus in the heart, which was so far advanced, that it would probably put an end to his existence in a short time, and so suddenly, as to give him no warning of it; and therefore recommended it to him to settle his affairs. The doctor, upon this, retired to a house of one of his scholars, Mr. O'Callaghan, at Rathfarnham, three miles from Dublin. In a few days he sent for his friend and namesake, Counsellor Sheridan, to draw his will; and when that was done, he seemed cheerful and in good spirits. The counsellor, and a brother of Mr. O'Callaghan's, who had lent him his house, upon being called away to another part of the king-

* The story told by a lying biographer, in a work published under the name of Theophilus Cibber, is utterly false. It is there related, that the Doctor, being in fear of his creditors, had retired for refuge to the Deanery, and one evening requesting a bottle of wine, the Dean grudgingly answered, "though he had given him a lodging, he had not promised to furnish him with wine:" for the Doctor, at that time, did not owe a shilling in the world; having sold a great part of his landed property to pay his debts. S.

dom, dined with him that day. Soon after dinner, the conversation happened to turn on the weather, and one of them observed, that the wind was easterly. The doctor, upon this, said, "Let it blow east, west, north, or south, the immortal soul will take its flight to the destined point." These were the last words he ever spoke, for he immediately sunk back in his chair, and expired without a groan, or the smallest struggle. His friends thought he had fallen asleep, and in that belief retired to the garden, that they might not disturb his repose; but on their return, after an hour's walk, to their great astonishment, they found he was dead. Upon opening the body, Dr. Helsham's sagacious prognostic proved to be true, as the polypus in the heart was discovered to be the immediate cause of his death. I know not whether it is worth mentioning, that the surgeon said, he never saw so large a heart in any human body.

It is with reluctance I have dwelt so long on this part of Swift's life; but as many representations of his conduct at that juncture, founded on truth, too, had got abroad, much to the disadvantage of his character, I thought it necessary to draw at full length a picture of his state of mind at that time, to show how unreasonable it is to impute faults to the sound and perfect man, which were the natural consequence of the decay of his faculties, the infirmities of age, and cruel disease; by which so total a change was made in him, that scarce any thing of his former self remained. Among the charges against him, none bore more hard than his latter behaviour to Dr. Sheridan, for which I have already accounted. In their whole intercourse, previous to that period, I have shown how sincere a friend he had always proved himself to be; and afterward, when his understanding was gone, and his memory failed, when some former feelings of the heart only remained, I had a strong instance

given me by his servant William, how deep an impression the doctor had made there; who told me, that when he was in that state, the dean, every day, for a long time, constantly asked him the same question—"William, did you know Doctor Sheridan?" "Yes, sir, very well;"—and then, with a heavy sigh, "O! I lost my right hand when I lost him!"

SECTION VII.

HAVING thus finished the Life of Swift, and related in a regular series all that I thought most worthy to be recorded, I have purposely reserved to a separate part of the work, such anecdotes, memoirs, and detached pieces, as could not have been interwoven into the history, without much interruption. This was the method pursued by that great biographer, Plutarch, and that is the part of his work, which, in general, is read with most pleasure. There is a wonderful curiosity in mankind to pry into the secret actions of men, who have made a distinguished figure in public, as it is from private anecdotes alone that a true estimate can be formed of their real characters, since the other may be assumed only to answer the purposes of ambition. Even circumstances in themselves trifling, often lead to this, and on that account are registered with care, and read with avidity. I shall, therefore, without farther preface, relate such anecdotes of Swift, as have come to my knowledge, and have not hitherto been made known to the world, as they rise in my memory; but shall set down none which I have not good reason to believe authentic; as I received most of them from my father; others from his and the dean's intimate friends; and some came within my own knowledge.

We have already seen, that soon after the dean's acquaintance with Doctor Sheridan commenced, being both equally fond of the *bagatelle*, they were laying themselves out for various contrivances to create innocent sport. There happened to arrive in town at this time, one Gibbons, who had been a contemporary of the doctor's in the college, but had been absent in the country for some years. On his arrival, he renewed his acquaintance with Doctor Sheridan. He had a great simplicity of character, which made it easy to impose on him, and certain oddities and peculiarities, which rendered him a proper subject for a practical joke. A plan was immediately concerted between them, that Swift should personate the character of a distressed clergyman, under the name of Jodrel, applying to Doctor Sheridan to be made one of his ushers. A time was appointed for their meeting at the doctor's an hour before dinner, and several of their set were invited to be present at the sport. When they were assembled, Swift, as Jodrel, entered the room in an old rusty gown, and lank shabby perriwig, which were provided at the doctor's for the purpose. As he was an excellent mimic, he personated the character of an awkward country parson to the life. Gibbons was requested by the doctor to examine him, in order to see whether he was fit for the post; and Jodrel gave such answers to the questions asked by Gibbons, as afforded high entertainment to all present. One of his questions was, "What is Christ's church?" To which Jodrel replied, "A great pile of building near the four courts;" for so that church is called. On which Gibbons exclaimed, "was there ever such a blockhead? Who the devil put you in orders?" The sport occasioned by this was too rich to be suddenly given up. Gibbons, Jodrel, and the other guests, met several times at dinner, where Jodrel's behaviour

was always awkward and absurd. One time he held out his plate with both his hands, stretching it in the most ridiculous posture quite across the table, which provoked Gibbons to call him *fool! dunce!* and even to give him a slap on the wrist with the flat of his knife; at the same time showing him how he ought to hold his plate, or that he should send it by one of the servants. When this sort of amusement was adjudged to have continued long enough, doctor Sheridan delivered a message to Gibbons from the dean, inviting him to dine with him. Gibbons, who had expressed a great ambition to be known to Swift, received the message with transport, but said, "Sure he wont ask that fool Jodrel!" Sheridan told him "he might set his heart at rest, for that the dean never had, nor never would ask him as long as he lived." When the appointed day came, Gibbons went with the doctor to the deanery, who placed him at a window from which he could see the dean returning from prayers. He was dressed that day in as high a style as the clerical function will allow; in a padausoy gown, square velvet cap, &c. Gibbons looked at him with great attention, and turning to Sheridan with much perturbation of countenance, cried out, "Why doctor that is Jodrel!"—"Peace, fool," said the doctor, "I was very near losing the dean's acquaintance, by happening to say that Jodrel had some resemblance to him." When the dean entered the chamber where they were, Gibbons changed colour, and in great confusion said to Sheridan, "By my soul it is Jodrel!—What shall I do!" Sheridan then smiled; so did the dean, and opened the matter to Gibbons in such a way as to set him at ease, and make him pass the remainder of the day very pleasantly. But Swift had not yet done with him. He had perceived that though Gibbons had no pretensions to scholarship, he had a good deal of vanity on that score,

and was resolved to mortify him. He had beforehand prepared Mrs. Johnson in a passage of Lucretius,* wherein are these lines:

Medioque in fonte leporum
Surgit amari aliquid.

Among their evening amusements, Mrs. Johnson called for Lucretius, as an author she was well acquainted with, and requested of Gibbons to explain that passage to her. Why, says he, there can be nothing more easy, and began immediately to construe it in the schoolboy fashion, "*Que* and *medio in fonte* in the middle of a fountain, *leporum* of hares."—"No Mr. Gibbons," interrupted Mrs. Johnson, "if that word signified *hares*, it would be a false quantity in the verse, the *o*, being necessarily long in the last foot of the line, whereas the *o*, in *leporum*, when it signifies *hares*, is short." Poor Gibbons was quite confounded, acknowledged his error, and did not choose to give any farther proofs of his erudition, before a lady so profoundly skilled in Latin.

When Swift (who did every thing in his own way) introduced Bishop Berkeley to Lord Berkeley of Stratton, he made use of these words: "My lord, here is a relation of your lordship's who is *good for something;* and that, as times go, is saying a great deal."

As Swift was fond of scenes in low life, he missed no opportunity of being present at them, when they fell in his way. Once when he was in the country, he received intelligence that there was to be a beggars' wedding in the neighbourhood. He was resolved not to miss the opportunity of seeing so curious a ceremony; and that he might enjoy the whole completely, proposed to Dr.

* Book IV. 1127.

Sheridan that he should go thither disguised as a blind fiddler, with a bandage over his eyes, and he would attend him as his man to lead him. Thus accoutred they reached the scene of action, where the blind fiddler was received with joyful shouts. They had plenty of meat and drink, and plied the fiddler and his man with more than was agreeable to them. Never was a more joyous wedding seen. They sung, they danced, told their stories, cracked jokes, &c. in a vein of humour more entertaining to the two guests, than they probably could have found in any other meeting on a like occasion. When they were about to depart, they pulled out their leather pouches, and rewarded the fiddler very handsomely. The next day the dean and the doctor walked out in their usual dress, and found their companions of the preceding evening scattered about in different parts of the road, and the neighbouring village, all begging their charity in doleful strains, and telling dismal stories of their distress. Among these, they found some upon crutches, who had danced very nimbly at the wedding; others stone blind, who were perfectly clear-sighted at the feast. The doctor distributed among them the money which he had received as his pay; but the dean, who mortally hated those sturdy vagrants, rated them soundly; told them in what manner he had been present at the wedding, and was let into their roguery, and assured them, "if they did not immediately apply to honest labour, he would have them taken up, and sent to jail. Whereupon the lame once more recovered their legs, and the blind their eyes, so as to make a very precipitate retreat.

When the dean was at Quilca, a country seat of doctor Sheridan's, on a small estate which he possessed in the county of Cavan, during the doctor's absence, who could only pass his school vacations there, he acted as bailiff, in superintending the works then carrying on. He had

a mind to surprise the doctor, on his next visit, with some improvements made at his own expense. Accordingly he had a canal cut of some extent, and at the end of it, by transplanting some young trees, formed an arbour, which he called *Stella's bower*, and surrounded some acres of land about it with a dry stone wall (for the country afforded no lime) the materials of which were taken from the surface of the ground, which was very stony. The dean had given strict charge to all about him to keep this secret, in order to surprise the doctor on his arrival; but he had in the mean time received intelligence of all that was going forward. On his coming to Quilca, the dean took an early opportunity of walking with him carelessly toward this new scene. The doctor seemed not to take the least notice of any alteration, and with a most inflexible countenance continued to talk of indifferent matters. "Confound your stupidity," said Swift in a rage, "why, you blockhead, don't you see the great improvements I have been making here?"—"Improvements, Mr. Dean; why I see a long bog hole out of which I suppose you have cut the turf; you have removed some of the young trees, I think to a worse situation; as to taking the stones from the surface of the ground, I allow that is a useful work, as the grass will grow the better for it; and placing them about the field in that form, will make it more easy to carry them off."—"Plague on your Irish taste," says Swift; "this is just what I ought to have expected from you; but neither you nor your forefathers ever made such an improvement; nor will you be able while you live to do any thing like it."

The doctor was resolved to retaliate on the dean the first opportunity. It happened when he was down there in one of his vacations, that the dean was absent for a few days on a visit elsewhere. He took this opportunity of employing a great number of hands to make an island

in the middle of the lake, where the water was twenty feet deep; an arduous work in appearance, but not hard to be executed in a place abounding with large stones upon the surface of the ground, and where long heath grew every where in great plenty; for by placing quantities of those stones in large bundles of heath, the space was soon filled up, and a large island formed. To cover this, a sufficient quantity of earth and green sods were brought, and several well grown osiers, and other aquatics, were removed to it. The doctor's secret was better kept than Swift's; who, on his return, walked toward the lake, and seeing the new island, cried out in astonishment, "Heigh! how the water of the lake is sunk in this short time to discover that island, of which there was no trace before!" Greatly sunk indeed, observed the doctor with a sneer, if it covered the tops of those osiers. Swift then saw he had been fairly taken in, and acknowledged the doctor had got the better of him, both in his stratagem, and the beauty of his improvement.

Many were their contrivances to play tricks on each other as occasions offered, and it seldom happened but that where one succeeded, a speedy retaliation ensued. The dean, the doctor, another gentleman, and the bishop of Meath, once set out together from Dublin, to pass some days at a friend's house in the country. The bishop had said "that he should not be able to visit his diocese for some time, as his house was rebuilding;" upon which Swift made him a tender of his house at Laracor, till his own should be ready for him. The discourse naturally fell upon country seats; and Sheridan enlarged a good deal upon the beauties of Quilca; which though at that time in a very rude state, to use a modern phrase, had certainly great capabilities. Swift exclaimed, "My lord, do you hear that vapouring scab? I will show you an exact picture of that place which

he has painted in such fine colours." Upon which he put his hand in his pocket, and, for the first time, produced that ludicrous copy of verses on Quilca, since printed in his works. This occasioned a good deal of laughter at the doctor's expense, who bore it patiently for some time, but meditated speedy revenge. He then pretended to be weary of the coach, and said he would mount his horse, which was led, and go before to prepare breakfast for them at the inn. He made what speed he could, and upon his arrival there, instantly called for pen, ink, and paper, and wrote the poem, describing the dean's goods at Laracor. Upon seeing a beggar at the door, the thought struck him to have this presented to the bishop by way of petition. He accordingly folded it up in that form, and gave the beggar his lesson when and how he was to present it. When breakfast was over, and they had all got into the coach, the beggar with much importunity stretched his hand out with the petition to the bishop. Swift, always at enmity with these vagrants, begged of his lordship not to receive it, and was calling out to the coachman to drive on, when the bishop, who had been let into the secret by Sheridan, stopped him, and opening the petition, kept it close to his eyes, so that no one else might see its contents, and for some time seemed to read it with attention. He then gave the poor man a shilling, and said he would examine into the truth of what was there set down, when he returned. Swift for a long time after indulged himself on his usual topic, inveighing strongly against giving encouragement to such sturdy vagabonds, who were the pests of society, &c. &c. The bishop at last interrupting him said, "Indeed, Mr. Dean, if what is here set forth be true, the man is a real object of compassion, as you shall see." Upon which he read aloud the following contents of the paper.

A true and faithful inventory of the goods belonging to Doctor Swift, vicar of Laracor; upon his offering to lend his house to the bishop of Meath, until his own was built.

An oaken, broken, elbow chair;
A caudle cup, without an ear;
A batter'd, shatter'd ash bedstead;
A box of deal without a lid;
A pair of tongs, but out of joint;
A backsword poker, without point;
A pot that's crack'd across, around
With an old knotted garter bound;
An iron lock without a key;
A wig, with hanging quite grown gray;
A curtain worn to half a stripe;
A pair of bellows, without pipe;
A dish which might good meat afford once;
An Ovid, and an old Concordance;
A bottle bottom, wooden platter;
One is for meal, and one for water;
There likewise is a copper skillet,
Which runs as fast out, as you fill it;
A candlestick, snuffdish, and saveall,
And thus his household goods you have all.
These to your lordship, as a friend,
Till you have built, I freely lend;
They'll serve your lordship for a shift;
Why not, as well as doctor Swift?

Thus were the tables turned upon the dean, and a good deal of mirth indulged at his expense.

When he was at Quilca he went one Sunday to a church at the distance of more than two hours ride. The parson of the parish invited him to dinner, but Swift excused himself by saying, "that it was too far to ride home afterward; no, I shall dine with my neighbour Reilly at Virginy, which is half way home."

Reilly, who was what is called there a gentleman farmer, was proud of the honour, and immediately despatched a messenger to his wife to prepare for the reception of

so extraordinary a guest. She dressed herself out in her best apparel; the son put on his new suit, and his silver-laced hat adorned his head. When the lady was introduced to the dean, he saluted her with the same respect as if she had been a dutchess, making several *congés* down to the ground, and then handed her with great formality to her seat. After some high-flown compliments, he addressed his host—"Mr. Reilly, I suppose you have a considerable estate here; let us go and look over your demesne."—"Estate, says Reilly, devil a foot of land belongs to me or any of my generation. I have a pretty good lease here indeed from Lord Fingal, but he threatens that he will not renew it, and I have but a few years of it to come."—"Well—but when am I to see Mrs. Reilly?"—"Why don't you see her there before you?" "That Mrs. Reilly! impossible! I have heard she is a prudent woman, and as such would never dress herself out in silks, and other ornaments, fit only for ladies of fashion. No—Mrs. Reilly, the farmer's wife, would never wear any thing better than plain stuff, with other things suitable to it." Mrs. Reilly happened to be a woman of good sense, and taking the hint, immediately withdrew, changed her dress as speedily as possible, and in a short time returned to the parlour in her common apparel. Swift saluted her in the most friendly manner, taking her by the hand and saying, "I am heartily glad to see you, Mrs. Reilly. This husband of your's would fain have palmed a fine lady upon me, all dressed out in silks, and in the pink of the mode, for his wife, but I was not to be taken in so." He then laid hold of young master's fine laced hat; with his penknife ripped off the lace, and folding it up in several papers, thrust it into the fire. When it was sufficiently burnt, he wrapped it up in fresh paper, and put it in his pocket. It may be supposed that the family was put into no small confusion at

this strange proceeding; but they did not dare to show that they took any umbrage at it, as the presence of Swift struck every one with uncommon awe, who were not well acquainted with him.

However, as he soon resumed his good humour, entertaining them with many pleasantries to their taste (for no man knew better how to adapt his conversation to all classes of people) they soon recovered their spirits, and the day was passed very cheerfully. When he was taking his leave, he said, "I do not intend to rob you Mrs. Reilly; I shall take nothing belonging to you away with me; there's your son's hat-lace, I have only changed the form of it to a much better one. So God bless you, and thanks for your good entertainment."

When he was gone, Mrs. Reilly, upon opening the paper, found there were four guineas enclosed in it, together with the burnt lace. While he staid in the country he kept an eye upon them, and found his lessons had not been thrown away, as they were cured of their vanities, and lived in a manner more consonant to their situation in life. In consequence of which, one of the first things he did on his return to Dublin, was to pay a visit to Lord Fingal, and engage him to renew Reilly's lease; without which the poor man would, in a few years, have had nothing for his own or his family's support.

During his residence at Quilca he wrote a great part of his "Gulliver's Travels," and prepared the whole for the press. While he was upon the subject of the *Brobdingnags*, he used frequently to invite a Mr. Doughty, who lived in that neighbourhood, to dine with him. He was of a gigantic stature; and supposed to be the strongest man in Ireland, as well as the most active. Swift used to take great delight in seeing him perform several of his feats, some of which were

of so extraordinary a nature, that I should be afraid to relate them, lest it should impeach my credibility. Among these, Swift asked him whether he could carry on his back a Manks horse which happened to be in the court-yard at that time. Doughty, after having tied his legs, immediately took him up and threw him on his shoulders, with the same ease that another man would lift a sheep, and walked about with him for a long time without shrinking at all under his burden. It happened one day that a gentleman of that neighbourhood, well known in the country by the name of *Killbuck Tuite*, dined with the dean at Quilca when Doughty was there. He was a blunt freespoken man, no respecter of persons, and stood in awe of no one, let his rank or character be what it would. After dinner Swift asked him "whether he could direct him the road to Market-hill?" Tuite said "he did not know it."—"That is the way," said Swift, "with all your Irish blockheads; you never know the way to any place beyond the next dunghill."—"Why," answered Tuite, "I never was at Market-hill: have not you been there, Mr. Dean?" He acknowledged he had. "Then what a damned English blockhead are you," replied Killbuck, "to find fault with me for not directing you the way to a place where I never had been, when you don't know it yourself, who have been there?" Swift, with a countenance of great counterfeited terror, immediately rose and changed seats with Doughty, who happened to be next to him, placing the giant between him and Tuite to protect him against that wild man, and skulking behind him like a child, with well acted fear, to the no small entertainment of the company; who, however, were not sorry that the dean had met with his match. And the fame of Killbuck for this bold retort on the dean, of whom all the world stood in awe, was spread through the country.

Swift had got the character of a morose, ill-natured man, chiefly from a practice of his to which he constantly adhered. Whenever he fell into the company of any person for the first time, it was his custom to try their tempers and disposition, by some abrupt question that bore the appearance of rudeness. If this were well taken and answered with good humour, he afterward made amends by his civilities. But if he saw any marks of resentment from alarmed pride, vanity, or conceit, he dropped all farther intercourse with the party. This will be illustrated by an anecdote of that sort related by Mrs. Pilkington. After supper, the dean having decanted a bottle of wine, poured what remained into a glass, and seeing it was muddy, presented it to Mr. Pilkington to drink it; "for," said he, "I always keep some poor parson to drink the foul wine for me." Mr. Pilkington, entering into his humour, thanked him, and told him, he did not know the difference, but was glad to get a glass at any rate."—"Why then," said the dean, "you shan't, for I'll drink it myself. Why, p—x take you, you are wiser than a paltry curate, whom I asked to dine with me a few days ago; for, upon my making the same speech to him, he said he did not understand such usage, and so walked off without his dinner. By the same token, I told the gentleman who recommended him to me, that the fellow was a blockhead, and I had done with him."

Captain Hamilton, of Castle-Hamilton, in the county Cavan, gave me the following account of his first acquaintance with Swift. The captain was possessed of one of the largest estates and best houses in the county, where he constantly resided, and lived in a most hospitable way. He had a good natural understanding, but utterly unimproved through a neglect in his education. He was cheerful, good natured, and generous in the

highest degree. A long friendship had subsisted between Sir Arthur Acheson and him, and they usually passed two months in the year at each other's house alternately. It happened that Captain Hamilton paid one of these visits when Swift was there. Sir Arthur, upon hearing of his friend's arrival, ran out to receive him at the door, followed by Swift. The captain, who did not see the dean, as it was in the dusk of the evening, in his blunt way, upon entering the house exclaimed, "that he was very sorry he was so unfortunate to choose that time for his visit"—"Why so?"—"Because I hear Dean Swift is with you. He is a great scholar, a wit; a plain country 'squire will have but a bad time of it in his company, and I don't like to be laughed at." Swift then stepped up to the captain, from behind Sir Arthur, where he had stood, and said to him, "Pray, Captain Hamilton, do you know how to say *yes* or *no* properly?"—"Yes, I think I have understanding enough for that."—"Then give me your hand—depend upon it you and I will agree very well." The captain told me he never passed two months so pleasantly in his life, nor had ever met with so agreeable a companion as Swift proved to be during the whole time. Insomuch, that at parting he pressed him most cordially to pass the next summer with him at Castle-Hamilton.

There lived at that time in Ireland a gentleman of the name of Mathew, whose history is well worth recording, although in a great part it may appear digressive. He was possessed of a large estate in the finest county of that kingdom, Tipperary: which produced a clear rent of eight thousand a year. As he delighted in a country life, he resolved to build a large commodious house for the reception of guests, surrounded by fifteen hundred acres of his choicest land, all laid out upon a regular plan of improvement, according to the new adopted mode of

English gardening (which had supplanted the bad Dutch taste brought in by King William) and of which he was the first to set the example in Ireland; nor was there any improvement of that sort then in England, which was comparable to his, either in point of beauty or extent. As this design was formed early in life, in order to accomplish his point, without incurring any debt on his estate, he retired to the Continent for seven years, and lived upon six hundred pounds a year, while the remaining income of his estate was employed in carrying on the great works he had planned there. When all was completed, he returned to his native country; and after some time passed in the metropolis, to revive the old, and cultivate new acquaintance, he retired to his seat at Thomastown to pass the remainder of his days there. As he was one of the finest gentlemen of the age, and possessed of so large a property, he found no difficulty during his residence in Dublin, to get access to all, whose character for talents, or probity, made him desirous to cultivate their acquaintance. Out of these, he selected such as were most conformable to his taste, inviting them to pass such leisure time as they might have upon their hands, at Thomas-town. As there was something uncommonly singular in his mode of living, such as I believe was never carried into practice by any mortal before, in an equal degree, I fancy the reader will not be displeased with an account of the particulars of it, though it may appear foreign to the subject in hand.

His house had been chiefly contrived to answer the noble purpose of that constant hospitality which he intended to maintain there. It contained forty commodious apartments for guests, with suitable accommodations to their servants. Each apartment was completely furnished with every convenience that could be wanted, even to the minutest article. When a guest arrived he showed

him his apartment, saying, "this is your castle, here you are to command as absolutely as in your own house; you may breakfast, dine and sup here whenever you please, and invite such of the guests to accompany you as may be most agreeable to you." He then showed him the common parlour, "where," he said, "a daily ordinary was kept, at which he might dine when it was more agreeable to him to mix in society; but from this moment you are never to know me as master of the house, and only to consider me as one of the guests."

In order to put an end to all ceremony at meal time, he took his place at random at the table; and thus all ideas of precedence being laid aside, the guests seated themselves promiscuously, without any regard to difference of rank or quality. There was a large room fitted up exactly like a coffee-house, where a bar-maid and waiters attended to furnish refreshments at all times of the day. Here, such as chose it, breakfasted at their own hour. It was furnished with chess-boards, backgammon-tables, newspapers, pamphlets, &c. in all the forms of a city coffee-house. But the most extraordinary circumstance in his whole domestic arrangement, was that of a detached room in one of the extremities of the house, called *the tavern*. As he was himself a very temperate man, and many of his guests were of the same disposition, the quantity of wine for the use of the common room was but moderate; but as drinking was much in fashion in those days, in order to gratify such of his guests as had indulged themselves in that custom, he had recourse to the above mentioned contrivance; and it was the custom of all who loved a cheerful glass, to adjourn to the tavern soon after dinner, and leave the more sober folks to themselves. Here a waiter in a blue apron attended (as was the fashion then) and all things in the room were contrived so as to humour the illusion. Here, every one called

for what liquor they liked, with as little restraint as if they were really in a public-house, and to pay their share of the reckoning. Here too, the midnight orgies of Bacchus were often celebrated, with the same noisy mirth as is customary in his city temples, without in the least disturbing the repose of the more sober part of the family. Games of all sorts were allowed, but under such restrictions as to prevent gambling; and so as to answer their true end, that of amusement, without injury to the purse of the players. There were two billiard tables, and a large bowling green; ample provision was made for all such as delighted in country sports; fishing tackle of all sorts; variety of guns with proper ammunition; a pack of buck hounds, another of fox hounds, and another of hariers. He constantly kept twenty choice hunters in his stables, for the use of those who were not properly mounted for the chase.

It may be thought that his income was not sufficient to support so expensive an establishment: but when it is considered that eight thousand a year at that time was fully equal to double that sum at present; that his large demesne, in some of the richest soil of Ireland, furnished the house with every necessary except groceries and wine; it may be supposed to be easily practicable if under the regulation of a strict economy; of which no man was a greater master. I am told his plan was so well formed, and he had such checks upon all his domestics, that it was impossible there could be any waste, or that any article from the larder, or a single bottle of wine from the cellar, could have been purloined, without immediate detection. This was done partly by the choice of faithful stewards, and clerks of approved integrity; but chiefly by his own superintendence of the whole, as not a day passed without having all the accounts of the preceding one laid before him. This he was enabled to

do by his early rising: and the business being finished before others were out of their beds, he always appeared the most disengaged man in the house, and seemed to have as little concern in the conduct of it as any of the guests. And indeed to a stranger he might easily pass for such, as he made it a point that no one should consider him in the light of master of the house, nor pay him the least civilities on that score; which he carried so far, that he sometimes went abroad without giving any notice, and staid away several days, while things went on as usual at home; on his return, he would not allow any gratulations to be made him, nor any other notice to be taken of him, than if he had not been absent during that time. The arrangements of every sort were so prudently made, that no multiplicity of guests or their domestics, ever occasioned any disorder, and all things were conducted with the same ease and regularity, as in a private family. There was one point which seemed of great difficulty, that of establishing certain signals, by which each servant might know when he was summoned to his master's apartment. For this purpose there was a great hall appropriated to their use, where they always assembled when they were not upon duty. Along the wall bells were ranged in order, one to each apartment, with the number of the chamber marked over it; so that when any one of them was rung, they had only to turn their eyes to the bell, and see what servant was called. He was the first who put an end to that inhospitable custom of giving vales to servants, by making a suitable addition to their wages; at the same time assuring them, that if they ever took any afterward, they should be discharged with disgrace; and to prevent temptation, the guests were informed that Mr. Mathew would consider it as the highest affront, if any offer of that sort were made.

As Swift had heard much of this place from Dr. Sheridan, who had been often a welcome guest there, both on account of his companionable qualities, and as being preceptor to the nephew of Mr. Mathew, he was desirous of seeing with his own eyes whether the report of it were true, which he could not help thinking to have been much exaggerated. Upon receiving an intimation of this from Dr. Sheridan, Mr. Mathew wrote a polite letter to the dean, requesting the honour of a visit, in company with the doctor, on his next school vacation. They set out accordingly on horseback, attended by a gentleman who was a near relation of Mr. Mathew, and from whom I received the whole of the following account. They had scarce reached the inn where they were to pass the first night, and which, like most of the Irish inns at that time, afforded but miserable entertainment, when a coach and six horses arrived, sent to convey them the remainder of their journey to Thomas-town; and at the same time bringing store of the choicest viands, wine, and other liquors for their refreshment. Swift was highly pleased with this uncommon mark of attention paid him, and the circumstance of the coach proved particularly agreeable, as he had been a good deal fatigued with his day's journey. When they came within sight of the house, the dean astonished at its magnitude, cried out, "What in the name of God can be the use of such a vast building?" "Why, Mr. Dean," replied their fellow traveller before mentioned, "there are no less than forty apartments for guests in that house, and all of them probably occupied at this time, except what are reserved for us."

Swift, in his usual manner, called out to the coachman to stop, and bade him turn about, and drive him back to Dublin, for he could not think of mixing with such a crowd. "Well," said he, afterward suddenly, "there

is no remedy, I must submit; but I have lost a fortnight of my life."

Mr. Mathew received him at the door with uncommon marks of respect; and then conducting him to his apartment, after some compliments, made him his usual speech; acquainting him with the customs of the house, and retired, leaving him in possession of his castle. Soon after the cook appeared with his bill of fare, to receive his directions about supper, and the butler at the same time with a list of wines and other liquors. "And is all this really so," said Swift? "and may I command here as in my own house?" The gentleman before mentioned assured him he might, and that nothing could be more agreeable to the owner of that mansion than that all under his roof should live conformably to their own inclinations, without the least restraint. "Well, then," said Swift, "I invite you and Dr. Sheridan to be my guests while I stay, for I think I shall hardly be tempted to mix with the mob below."

Three days were passed in riding over the demesne, and viewing the several improvements, without ever seeing Mr. Mathew, or any of the guests; nor were the company below much concerned at his absence, as his very name usually inspired those who did not know him with awe, and they were afraid his presence would put an end to that ease and cheerfulnes which reigned among them.

On the fourth day, Swift entered the room where the company were assembled before dinner, and addressed Mr. Mathew in one of the finest complimental speeches that ever was made; in which he expatiated on all the beauties of his improvements, with the skill of an artist, and taste of a connoisseur. He showed that he had a full comprehension of the whole of the plan, and of the judicious adaptation of the parts to the whole, and pointed

out several articles which had escaped general observation. Such an address, from a man of Swift's character, could not fail of being pleasing to the owner, who was at the same time the planner of these improvements; and so fine an eulogium from one who was supposed to deal more in satire than panegyric, was likely to remove the prejudice entertained against his character, and prepossess the rest of the company in his favour. He concluded his speech by saying, "And now, ladies and gentlemen, I am come to live among you, and it shall be no fault of mine if we do not pass our time agreeably." After dinner, being in high spirits, he entertained the company with various pleasantries: Doctor Sheridan and he played into one another's hands; they joked, they punned, they laughed, and a general gayety was diffused through the whole company. In a short time all constraint on his account disappeared. He entered readily into all their little schemes of promoting mirth, and every day, with the assistance of his coadjutor, produced some new one, which afforded a good deal of sport and merriment. Never were such joyous scenes known there before; for, when to ease and cheerfulness there is superadded, at times, the highest zest of gay wit, lively fancy, and droll humour, nothing can be wanting to the perfection of the social pleasures of life. When the time came which obliged Dr. Sheridan to return to his school, the company were so delighted with the dean, that they earnestly entreated him to remain there some time longer; and Mr. Mathew himself for once broke through his rule of never soliciting the stay of any guest, (it being the established custom of the house that all might depart whenever they thought proper, without any ceremony of leave taking) by joining in the request. Swift found himself so happy in his situation there, that he readily yielded to their solicitations, and

instead of the fortnight which he had originally intended, passed four months there much to his own satisfaction, and that of all those who had visited the place during that time.

Having gone somewhat out of my way to give an account of the owner of this happy mansion, I am tempted to digress a little farther by relating an adventure he was engaged in, of so singular a kind, as deserves well to be recorded. It was toward the latter end of Queen Anne's reign, when Mr. Mathew returned to Dublin, after his long residence abroad. At that time party ran very high, but raged no where with such violence as in that city, insomuch that duels were every day fought there on that score. There happened to be, at that time, two gentlemen in London, who valued themselves highly on their skill in fencing; the name of one of them was Pack, the other Creed; the former a major, the latter a captain in the army. Hearing of these daily exploits in Dublin, they resolved, like two knight-errants, to go over in quest of adventures. Upon inquiry, they learned that Mr. Mathew, lately arrived from France, had the character of being one of the first swordsmen in Europe. Pack, rejoiced to find an antagonist worthy of him, resolved the first opportunity to pick a quarrel with him; and meeting him as he was carried along the street in his chair, jostled the fore chairman. Of this Mathew took no notice, as supposing it to be accidental. But Pack afterward boasted of it in the public coffee-house, saying, "that he had purposely offered this insult to that gentleman, who had not the spirit to resent it." There happened to be present a particular friend of Mr. Mathew's, of the name of Macnamara, a man of tried courage, and reputed the best fencer in Ireland. He immediately took up the quarrel, and said, "he was sure Mr. Mathew did not suppose the affront intended, otherwise he

would have chastised him on the spot; but if the major would let him know where he was to be found, he should be waited on immediately on his friend's return, who was to dine that day a little way out of town." The major said, "that he should be at the tavern over the way, where he and his companion would wait their commands." Immediately on his arrival, Mathew being made acquainted with what had passed, went from the coffee-house to the tavern, accompanied by Macnamara. Being shown into the room where the two gentlemen were, after having secured the door, without any expostulation, Mathew and Pack drew their swords; but Macnamara stopped them, saying, "he had something to propose before they proceeded to action." He said, "in cases of this nature, he never could bear to be a cool spectator; so, sir, (addressing himself to Creed) if you please, I shall have the honour of entertaining you in the same manner." Creed, who desired no better sport, made no other reply than that of instantly drawing his sword; and to work the four champions fell, with the same composure as if it were only a fencing match with foils. The conflict was of some duration, and maintained with great obstinacy by the two officers, notwithstanding the great effusion of blood from the many wounds which they had received. At length, quite exhausted, they both fell, and yielded the victory to the superior skill of their antagonists. Upon this occasion, Mathew gave a remarkable proof of the perfect composure of his mind during the action. Creed had fallen the first; upon which Pack exclaimed, "Ah, poor Creed, are you gone?" "Yes," said Mathew, very composedly, "and you shall instantly *Pack* after him;" at the same time making a home thrust quite through his body, which threw him to the ground. This was the more remarkable, as he was never in his life, either before or after, known to have aim-

ed at a pun. The number of wounds received by the vanquished parties was very great; and what seems almost miraculous, their opponents were untouched. The surgeons, seeing the desperate state of their patients, would not suffer them to be removed out of the room where they fought, but had beds immediately conveyed into it, on which they lay many hours in a state of insensibility. When they came to themselves, and saw where they were, Pack, in a feeble voice, said to his companion, "Creed, I think we are the conquerors, for we have kept the field of battle." For a long time their lives were despaired of, but, to the astonishment of every one, they both recovered. When they were able to see company, Mathew and his friend attended them daily, and a close intimacy afterward ensued, as they found them men of probity, and of the best dispositions, except in this Quixotish idea of duelling, whereof they were now perfectly cured.

The dean was often applied to, to redress private grievances, by persons of whom he had no knowledge; and never failed to interpose his good offices, when the case was such as merited his attention. Among these he was particularly struck with that of a young gentleman in the college, of the name of Fitzherbert; whose father, though a man of considerable estate, had treated him with great inhumanity, banishing him his house, and not affording him the common necessaries of life. The young man, driven almost to desperation, though he had no other acquaintance with Swift than that of seeing him sometimes at Dr. Sheridan's school, where he was bred, drew up so affecting a narrative of his case, and in such a masterly style, in a letter to the dean, as gave him a high opinion of his talents and genius, and rendered him an object well worthy of his protection. Accordingly he wrote to the father, who was a stranger to him, in very

strong terms; highly extolling his son's abilities, and recommending him to his favour.* He waited for an answer to this letter from the father, before he could make a satisfactory reply to that of the son; but after some days had elapsed, the young man, growing impatient of the dean's silence, resolved to second his first address in prose, by another in poetry, and sent him the following copy of verses:

TO THE DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S.

"Obscure in garret vile I lay,
And slumber'd out the tedious day;
Or par'd my nails, or watch'd the cries
Of savoury sausages or pies;
Or strove, with dexterous art, to hide
Chinks in my stockings gaping wide;
Or read old authors o'er and o'er,
In number hardly half a score;
Those, dusty, tatter'd, full of holes,
The rest were gone to purchase coals.
In prose † I told how EPICTETUS,
Upon a pinch, the best of meat is;
On which I was compell'd to dine,
While gay PETRONIUS paid for wine.
How HORACE cater'd, PLUTARCH, pot—
Companion boon, discharg'd my shot.
How TULLY too the kennel thumps,
Converted to a pair of pumps.
I told how GULLIVER, with sense
Enrich'd me first, and then with pence,
And ah! I might with tears relate
Poor metamorphos'd VIRGIL's fate:
Who, having erst adorn'd my leg,
Now hangs and rots upon a peg.
Unable to dismiss a crowd
Of duns importunate and loud:
Though pinch'd with hunger, thirst, and cold,
I yet disdain'd to have it told.

* This letter, dated March 19, 1734-5, is printed in the present collection.

† Alluding to his former prose letter to the dean. S.

Too proud for pity, I suppress'd
The sighs that struggled in my breast;
And while a vulture gnaw'd my heart,
Smiles in my face, conceal'd the smart.
  Ye younger brothers, who inherit,
In lieu of fortune, the *bon* spirit;
For which, unless your father's bail,
You must for ever rot in jail;
Ye gamesters, who have lost codille,
Unpaid as yet your tailor's bill;
Ye thieves detected on the top
Of houses, or within a shop;
Ye tender damsels, who bestow
Your virgin treasures on a beau,
Forsaken of your fop, the scorn
Of bitter prudes, and quite forlorn;
Say, did ye oftener wish to die,
Or feel sincerer grief than I?
  Now ripe with injuries and age,
My spirits kindle into rage:
Now visionary projects roll,
And crowd tumultuous on my soul.
So fire conceal'd from human eyes,
In mount Vesuve or Ætna lies,
Till burst at last, and finding vent,
Is to the clouds with fury sent.
My story to the dean I wrote
With great expense of oil and thought;
Did he receive it with a nod,
Profess it was extremely odd?
Did he his shoulders shrug, or think
My cause unworthy of his ink?
Did he a ragged youth despise?
Ah! no, the dean is just and wise:
And truth an easy passage finds,
Like a full tide, to generous minds.
  Hail Bard and Patriot! could I hope
The Muses would from thee elope,
To make me, by their mighty pow'r,
A poet only for an hour;
Thy matchless virtues should be known
In verse as lasting as your own.
But I ne'er tasted of the spring
Which taught immortal Swift to sing;
Nor e'er invok'd the tunefel nine
To help me with a single line;

Then let your own Apollo praise
Your virtue, humour, wit, and ease."

Swift, on receipt of this, returned a short answer, and enclosed a bill for twenty pounds, telling him he should soon hear from him again. He then went to his father, and having rated him sufficiently for want of manners, in not answering his letter, proceeded to the affair of his son. The gentleman, who had nothing to offer in his excuse, exceedingly alarmed at the resentment shown by Swift for his neglect, to make amends for this, immediately acquiesced in any measures that Swift might propose, with regard to the object of his visit; and it was agreed upon the spot, that the young gentleman should be sent immediately to Leyden to study physic, with a suitable allowance for his support.

In one of his rambles through the country of Ireland, he happened to stop at a small village in some part of the Bog of Allen. The landlord of the house to which he was directed for entertainment, was quite unfurnished of every kind of provision that might refresh either himself or his horses. The dean seeing a church not far off, inquired who was the parson, and where he lived. Being informed in these points, he desired the landlord to go in his name, and beg a little hay and oats for his horses; who brought him back for answer, "that the vicar, Mr. Hervey, would send him none; but if the dean would do him the honour to take share of his dinner, which was near ready, he should have as much as he pleased." The dean readily accepted the invitation; and going immediately to Mr. Hervey's, asked, "what he had for dinner?"—"A shoulder of lamb and sallad."—"And what have you got to drink?"—"Some pretty good ale; and had I known of your coming, I would have had a bottle of wine."—"Wine! said the dean, what is your

vicarage worth?" "About fourscore pounds a year."—"And dares such a little fellow as you pretend to drink wine?"—"Only on extraordinary occasions." The dean was much pleased with his host and his entertainment; and when he was going away, he called to his servant to take good notice of that clergyman, "And be sure remember, if ever he should come to inquire for me at the deanery, to say I am *not at home!*" Mr. Hervey understood his meaning well; and on his next visit to Dublin, did not fail to pay his respects to the dean; who received him very cordially, and entertained him with great kindness.

Once stopping at an inn at Dundalk, he sent for a barber to shave him; who performed his office very dexterously, and being a prating fellow, amused the dean, during the operation, with a variety of chat. The dean inquired of him who was the minister of his parish, and whether he had one farthing to rub upon another? The barber answered, "that though the benefice was but small, the incumbent was very rich."—"How the plague can that be?"—"Why, please your reverence, he buys up frizes, flannels, stockings, shoes, brogues, and other things when cheap, and sells them at an advanced price to the parishioners, and so picks up a penny. The dean was curious to see this vicar, and dismissing the barber with a shilling, desired the landlord to go in his name, and ask that gentleman to eat a mutton chop with him, for he had bespoke *a yard of mutton* (the name he usually gave to the neck) for dinner. Word was brought back "that he had rid abroad to visit some sick parishioners."—"Why then," said the dean, "invite that prating barber, that I may not dine alone." The barber was rejoiced at this unexpected honour, and being dressed out in his best apparel, came to the inn, first inquiring of the groom what the clergyman's name was who had

so kindly invited him. "What the vengeance," said the servant, "don't you know Dean Swift?" At which the barber turned pale, said his babbling tongue had ruined him; then ran into the house, fell upon his knees, and entreated the dean "not to put him into print; for that he was a poor barber, had a large family to maintain, and if his reverence put him into black and white, he should lose all his customers." Swift laughed heartily at the poor fellow's simplicity; bade him sit down and eat his dinner in peace, for he assured him, "he would neither put him, or his wife, or the vicar in print." After dinner, having got out of him the history of the whole parish, he dismissed him with half a crown, highly delighted with the adventures of the day.

One day Swift observed a great rabble assembled in a large space before the deanery door in Kevin street, and upon inquiring the cause of this, was told it was to see the eclipse. He immediately sent for the beadle, and gave him his lesson what he should do. Away ran Davy for his bell, and after ringing it some time among the crowd, bawled out, "O yes, O yes, all manner of persons concerned, are desired to take notice, that it is the dean of St. Patrick's will and pleasure, that the eclipse be put off till this hour to morrow. So God save the king, and his reverence the dean." The mob upon this notice immediately dispersed; only some, more cunning than the rest, swore they would not lose another afternoon, for that the dean, who was a very comical man, might take it into his head to put off the eclipse again, and so make fools of them a second time.

Swift, once in a private conference between some of the ministry and Monsieur Menage, acted as interpreter. Observing both parties using their utmost endeavours to deceive each other, and that the whole time was spent in disguising their true designs, and finding artful evasions,

his impatience arose to that height, that forgetting his situation as interpreter, he took upon him to offer his advice to the ministers on both sides; which was, in short, to speak plain truth and nothing else; adding, "that if they followed that method, they would do as much business in an hour, as they did in a week."

In one of his jaunts to Windsor with Lord Oxford, being employed full as idly as Horace says he was when taking the air with Mæcenas, they were playing a sort of game called *Cocks and Hens;* which consisted in each of them counting the poultry on his side of the road, and whichever reckoned thirty-one first, or saw a cat, or an old woman in a certain posture, won the game. It happened while they were thus engaged, Lord Bolingbroke's coach overtook them, who got into that of Lord Oxford, and immediately entered upon some political business. He had not talked long, before Lord Oxford cried out, "Swift, I am up, there is a cat." Lord Bolingbroke, much offended at this, called to the coachman to stop, got out of the carriage, saying, "when his lordship was disposed to be serious, he would talk to him about business." This seems to have happened when things were tending toward that breach between them, which all the dean's address and influence were not able to close.

Swift, like many who jest freely on others, could not bear a retort. Dining one day at a public dinner of the mayor and corporation of Cork, he observed that Alderman Brown, father to the bishop of that diocese, fed very heartily without speaking a word, and was so intent upon that business, as to become a proper object of ridicule. Accordingly he threw out many successful jests upon the alderman, who fed on with the silence of the still sow, neither seeming to regard what the dean said, nor at all moved by the repeated bursts of laughter at his expense. Toward the latter end of the meal,

Swift happened to be helped to some roasted duck, and desired to have some apple-sauce on the same plate; upon which the alderman bawled out, "Mr. Dean, you eat your duck like a goose." This unexpected sally threw the company into a long continued fit of laughter, and Swift was silent the rest of the day.

One time going out of town, he said to Mr. Cope, "will you write to me?" And without waiting for an answer, continued, "No, I forgot, you are an idle man, and will never find time." He spent a good deal of time in the north at Mr. Robert Cope's, and was member of a club consisting of the neighbours who met periodically: one of the members was an old man remarkably stiff and surly; who valued himself much upon great plantations of fir-trees which he had raised about his house. Swift desired to look at them; and having put a rule in his pocket for the purpose, said he would try whether they were planted at exact distances, and laying down his rule, went obliquely on purpose from tree to tree, saying, "he that planted them knew nothing of the matter." The old gentleman snatched up the rule in a great passion, swearing "he never saw such a fool of a measurer in all his life."

There was a trap laid for the same old gentleman by one of the merry members of the club, Dr. Tisdall; who riding in company with Dr. Swift and others, near his house, laid a wager "that he would make old Workman call himself Bruin the Bear." He had beforehand known that it was his day for brewing. They all rid up to the door, when Tisdall accosted the old gentleman with, "Pray, Mr. Workman, are not you brewing to-day?"—"Yes." "Are you brewing the barley or brewing the beer?"—"Brewing the barley," said Workman, to Tisdall's great disappointment; who, beside losing his wager, had the laugh of the company against him

A young gentleman, much addicted to laughing, happened to get into Swift's company; and having heard much of the dean's pleasantries, was upon the titter at every thing he said: "Where is the jest?" said some one. "There," said Swift, pointing at the laughing young gentleman.

One day travelling in England, he asked a farmer which was the road to such a place; the farmer said it lay straight before him, he could not miss it. Swift riding a little way, observed a by-road to the left, and turned into it. The farmer called out to him that he was going wrong. "Why," said Swift, "did you not tell me I could not miss it?"—"No more you could," said the farmer, "if you had not been a fool."

Another time seeing a man fall from his horse in a slough, he rode up to him, inquiring whether he was hurt? "No," replied the farmer, "but I am woundily bemired." "You make good the old proverb," said Swift, "the more dirt, the less hurt." The man seemed much comforted with the old saying, but said he had never heard of that proverb before; and no wonder, for Swift had made it on the occasion. He used often to coin proverbs of that sort, and pass them for old.

One day walking in the garden of a stingy old gentleman, with many others in company, he saw a quantity of fine fruit, of which the owner never offered them a taste; Swift stopped at a peach tree loaded with tempting fruit, and addressed the company with, "It was an old saying of my grandmother's, always pull a peach, when it lies in your reach:" he accordingly plucked one; and his example was immediately followed by all the rest, under the sanction of that good old saying.

He had many useful rules, which he threw into rhyme for the more easy recollection of them. One of them I

remember was a direction to those who ride together through the water:

> "When through the water you do ride,
> Keep very close, or very wide."

Another related to the decanting of wine:

> "First rack slow, and then rack quick,
> Then rack slow till you come to the thick."

In a conversation with Dr. Ellwood, the doctor happened to speak of some one, as a fine old gentleman; "What!" said Swift, "have you kept company with me these twenty years, and have not the common sense to know that there is no such thing as a fine old gentleman; because, if the persons to whom that title is given, had been possessed either of a mind or body worth a farthing, they would have worn them out before they arrived at that age."

Dining one day at Mr. B——'s, his son, the present Mr. B——, then very young, was sent into the parlour after dinner to pay his compliments to the dean. His mother, Lady B——, had always kept him drest in the nicest manner. After drinking a glass of wine, and staying a little while with the company, he returned to his father, who was confined to his chamber with the gout, "Well, Will, what did the dean say to you?" "I heard him say, as I was leaving the room, "*Enfant gâté.*" His father laughed, and told it Lady Betty. This came round to the dean before he left the house; who said upon it—"What a confounded blockhead was I, to think there could be such a thing as a spoiled child who had not learned French."

In the pursuit of the *bagatelle*, he often descended to puerilities. Passing some time in the country, where Dan Jackson was one of the company (he whose long

nose furnished a subject for several humorous copies of verses)* Swift used to try many practical jokes on him. One day he pretended to lay hold of a creeper on Dan's neck, and put himself in the posture of cracking it on the table with his thumb nail, at the same time making a noise similar to it with the joint of his finger; a common school-boy's trick. He had served him in this manner more than once, when Dan resolved to be prepared for him if he ever attempted it again. With this view he procured a louse of the largest size he could get, and stopping it up in a quill, kept it in his pocket. It was not long before Swift repeated the trick; when Dan Jackson took an opportunity, while the dean was looking another way, of unstopping the quill, and dropping the louse just before him, calling out, "Mr. Dean—Mr. Dean—you have missed killing it this time, there it is crawling just before you." This turned the laugh against Swift, and put an end to that and some other of his pranks, as he found Dan was not so patient a butt as he had taken him for, and knew how to retaliate with advantage.

Among other *jeux d'esprit*, he was fond of punning, and used to say that none disliked it but those who could not make one. The old Lord Pembroke was a remarkable punster, and when lord lieutenant of Ireland, delighted much in Swift's company on that account. One day being at the castle when a learned physician was reading a long lecture to his excellency on the nature and qualities of bees, calling them on every occasion, a nation and a commonwealth; "Yes, my lord," said Swift, "they are a very ancient nation; you know, my lord, Moses takes notice of them; he numbers the *Hivites* among those nations which Joshua was appointed to conquer."

* See them in Vol. IV.

Lord Pembroke had brought over with him, as his first chaplain, one Dr. Milles, a man remarkable for a large Roman nose, against whom Swift had taken a particular dislike. After dining one day with a private party at the castle, of which Milles was one, Swift began to rail at the lord lieutenants of Ireland for bringing over such blockheads for chaplains as they usually did. Lord Pembroke said, "that censure could not be applied to him, as his first chaplain present had been a professor at Oxford, and was accounted an excellent scholar."—"He a scholar!" said Swift; "I dare say he does not know how to construe a line of Virgil." Lord Pembroke, who expected some sport from this, took part with his chaplain, saying, "he was sure there was no passage in Virgil which he could not perfectly explain."—"Let the book be brought," said Swift. Accordingly a Virgil was sent for, and Swift opening the book, pitched upon the following line, *Romanos rerum dominos gentem que togatam.* Milles immediately translated it very properly in the usual way. "There," says Swift, "I knew he could not do it—he has not construed one word of it right." "Why, pray how would you construe it?" "Thus—*Romanos*—you've a Roman nose—*rerum*—you're a rare rum—*dominos*—damn your nose—*gentemque togatam*, and the whole race of chaplains." Swift then took up his hat and walked off, leaving Lord Pembroke and the rest of the party laughing heartily at the droll scene which had just passed.

Now I am upon the subject of his punning, I cannot refrain from mentioning an excellent one which he made at my father's, in a happy application of one of Virgil's lines. It happened that a lady whisking about her long train, which was then the fashion, threw down and broke

a fine Cremona fiddle belonging to him; upon which Swift cried out—

Mantua *væ miseræ nimium vicina* Cremonæ!

Once in the country he was making inquiries about a gentleman in the neighbourhood, with whom the others did not seem to associate, and asked the reason of it. They said, "he was a very stupid fellow." Swift some time after, in one of his rides, overtook him, and entered into conversation with him by praising his horse, saying, among other things, that he carried a very fine tail; to which the gentleman replied, "and yours carries the best head in Ireland." The dean, on his return, related this as a very clever saying, and wondered how they could account the author of it stupid. One of the company, when he next saw the gentleman, told him how much the dean was pleased with what he had said to him. 'Why, what was it," said the other? "You told him that his horse carried the best head in Ireland." "And so he does," replied the gentleman (utterly unconscious of his having said a good thing) "I think I never saw a horse with a finer forehead."

When George Faulkner, the printer, returned from London, where he had been soliciting subscriptions for his edition of the dean's works, he went to pay his respects to him, dressed in a laced waistcoat, a bag wig, and other fopperies. Swift received him with all the ceremony that he would show to a perfect stranger. "Pray, sir, what are your commands with me?"—"I thought it my duty to wait on you immediately on my arrival from London."—"Pray, sir, who are you?"—"George Faulkner, the printer."—"You George Faulkner the printer! why, thou art the most impudent barefaced imposter I ever heard of. George Faulkner is a sober se-

date citizen, and would never trick himself out in lace, and other fopperies. Get about your business, and thank your stars that I do not send you to the house of correction." Poor George hobbled away as fast as he could, and having changed his apparel, returned immediately to the deanery. Swift, on seeing him, went up to him with great cordiality, shook him familiarly by the hand, saying, "My good friend George, I am heartily glad to see you safe returned. Here was an impudent fellow in a laced waistcoat, who would fain have passed for you; but I soon sent him packing with a flea in his ear."

He could not bear to have any lies told him, which he never failed to detect; and when the party endeavoured to palliate them, his usual expression was—"Come, come, don't attempt to darn your cobwebs." It was a saying of his, that an excuse was worse than a lie, because an excuse was a lie guarded.

There was a violent quarrel between the dean and sergeant Bettesworth, which for some time made a great noise in Dublin. It was occasioned by the following verses in one of Swift's Poems:*

> So at the bar the booby Bettesworth,
> Though half a crown outpays his sweat's worth,
> Who knows in law, nor text, nor margent,
> Calls Singleton his brother sergeant.

The animosity of the dean against the sergeant, did not arise from any personal pique, but on account of his being an avowed enemy of the clergy, and taking the lead in the house of commons in procuring one of the

* "In a short poem on the Presbyterians, whom he always regarded with detestation, he bestowed one stricture upon Bettesworth, a lawyer eminent for his insolence to the clergy, which, from very considerable reputation, brought him into immediate and universal contempt." Dr. Johnson.

most unjust and arbitrary votes ever made by that body, by which the clergy were deprived of a considerable part of their tithes, which they had enjoyed time immemorial.

The poem was sent to Bettesworth when he was in company with some of his friends, from one of whom then present, I had the following account: He read it aloud till he had finished the lines relative to himself. He then flung it down with great violence, he trembled and turned pale; and after some pause, his rage for a while depriving him of utterance, he took out his penknife, and opening it, vehemently swore, with this very penknife, by G—d, will I cut off his ears. Soon after he went to seek the dean at his house, and not finding him at home, followed him to Mr. Worrall's, where he had an interview with him, which has been described by Swift in a letter to the Duke of Dorset, then lord lieutenant of Ireland.* But as there are some passages omittted in that narrative, which he related to Dr. Sheridan, immediately after the scene had passed, I shall here insert such part of them as I recollect. Upon inquiring for Swift, the sergeant was shown into the street parlour, and the dean called out to him from the back room, where he was sitting after dinner with Worrall and his wife. Upon entering the room, Swift desired to know his commands. "Sir," says he, "I am Sergeant *Bet-tes-worth*," (which was always his pompous way of pronouncing his own name in three distinct syllables).—"Of what regiment, pray?" says Swift.—"O, Mr. Dean, we know your powers of raillery, you know me well enough, that I am one of his majesty's sergeants at law."—"What then, Sir?"—"Why then, Sir, I am come to demand of you, whether you are

* See the Epistolary Correspondence in January, 1733-4. N.

the author of this poem (producing it) and these villanous lines on me?"—At the same time reading them aloud with great vehemence of emphasis, and much gesticulation.—"Sir," said Swift, "it was a piece of advice given me in my early days by Lord Somers, never to own or disown any writing laid to my charge; because if I did this, in some cases, whatever I did not disown afterward, would infallibly be imputed to me as mine. Now, Sir, I take this to have been a very wise maxim, and as such have followed it ever since; and I believe it will hardly be in the power of all your rhetoric, as great a master as you are of it, to make me swerve from that rule."* Many other things passed as related in the above-mentioned letter. But when Bettesworth was going away, he said, "Well, since you will give me no satisfaction in this affair, let me tell you, your gown is your protection; under the sanction of which, like one of your own Yahoos, who had climbed up to the top of a high tree, you sit secure, and squirt your filth round on all mankind." Swift had candour enough not to conceal this last circumstance, at the same time saying, "that the fellow showed more wit in this than he thought him possessed of." After this, as Bettesworth still continued to utter furious threats against the dean, there was an association formed and signed by all the principal inhabitants of that quarter, to stand by one another with their lives and fortunes, in support of their general benefactor, against any one who should attempt to offer the least injury to his person or fortune. Beside which, the public indignation was kindled against

* Bettesworth was so little satisfied with this account, that he publicly professed his resolution of a violent and corporal revenge; but the inhabitants of St. Patrick's district embodied themselves in the dean's defence. Bettesworth declared in Parliament, that Swift had deprived him of twelve hundred pounds a year." Dr. Johnson

him for this treatment of their great favourite, and the resentment of all the wits was poured out upon him in a vast effusion of libels, pointed with ridicule, or edged with satire, which placed his character in a contemptible, or an odious light; so that the unfortunate sergeant, who had before made a considerable figure at the bar, in a short time lost his business, and was seldom employed in any suit afterward; so dangerous was it to attack this idol of the people.

He was always attended by two servants when he rode out, but he walked through the streets, and did not put on his spatterdashes (which he always wore instead of boots) and spurs, till he came to the place of mounting. One day, being detained longer than usual, and inquiring into the cause, he found it was owing to a dispute between the two servants, to which of their offices it belonged to carry the spatterdashes and spurs. Swift soon settled the matter, by making each of them carry one of each, and in that manner walk behind him through the streets. The blackguards of Dublin, who are remarkable for low humour, soon smoked the design, and ridiculed the fellows as they passed along in such a way as made them quite ashamed of themselves, and willing to come to a compromise. But Swift, to punish them, made them continue their progress in the same way, enjoying the low jokes of the mob as they passed; till at their earnest entreaty afterward they were allowed to take it turn about.

He had always some whimsical contrivance to punish his servants for any neglect of his orders, so as to make them more attentive for the future. The hiring of the maid-servants he left to his house-keeper; and when that ceremony was over, he used to send for them, saying, "he had but two commands to give them; one was, to shut the door after them whenever they came into a

room; the other, to shut the door after them when they went out of a room;" and bade them be very punctual in executing these orders. One of these maids went to him on a particular occasion, to request that she might be allowed to go to her sister's wedding, which was to be on that day, at a place distant about ten miles from Dublin. Swift not only consented, but said "he would lend her one of his horses, with a servant to ride before her;" and gave his directions accordingly. The maid, in the midst of her joy for this favour, forgot to shut the door after her when she left the room. In about a quarter of an hour after she was gone, the dean ordered a servant to saddle another horse, and make what speed he could after them, and wherever he overtook them, to oblige them to return immediately. They had not got much above half way, when he came up with them, and told them, "it was the dean's positive commands, that they should return instantly;" with which, however reluctantly, the poor girl was obliged to comply. When she came into Swift's presence, with a most mortified countenance, she begged to know his reverence's commands: "Nothing, child," said he, "only you forgot to shut the door after you." But not to carry the punishment too far, he then permitted her to pursue her journey.

One day when Swift was travelling, a dispute arose between his two servants which of them should clean his boots. He ordered his butler to do it; upon which the man observed, that if they were clean they would be dirtied again. To the truth of his remark Swift assented; observing, at the same time, that if the man eat his breakfast he would be hungry again; and calling for the landlady, expressly forbad her to give his servants any breakfast. Accordingly these two *useful* domestics began their journey fasting. On the road a gentleman joined them, and asked the butler whither they were go-

ing? on which the man replied, "To Heaven, sir, for my master is praying and we are fasting." Swift, who overheard the conversation, presented the fellow with a guinea.

There was nothing Swift disliked more than applications from witlings and poetasters to look over their pieces, and he generally had some whimsical contrivance to make them repent of this, which, being told, might also deter others from the like. Among these, there was a poor author of my acquaintance, who had written a very indifferent tragedy, and got himself introduced to the dean, in order to have his opinion of it. In about a fortnight after the delivery, he called at the deanery to know how he approved of it. Swift returned the play carefully folded up, telling him, "he had read it, and taken some pains with it; and he believed the author would not find above half the number of faults in it, that it had when it came into his hands." Poor Davy, after a thousand acknowledgments to the dean for the trouble he had taken, retired in company with the gentleman who had first introduced him, and was so impatient to see what corrections Swift had made, that he would not wait till he got home, but got under a gateway in the next street, and, to his utter astonishment and confusion, saw that the dean had taken the pains to blot out every second line throughout the whole play, so carefully, as to render them utterly illegible. Nor was it in the power of the unfortunate author to conceal his disgrace, as his friend, from whom I had the story, thought it too good a joke to be lost.

Swift, whatever mastery he had gained over the greater passions, had no command of his temper. He was of a very irritable make, prone to sudden starts of passion, in which his expressions, of course, were not very guarded. His friends made all due allowance for this,

knowing it to be an infirmity often attendant on the best natures, and never took any thing amiss that he said or did on such occasions. But Dr. Sheridan, when he saw one of these fits coming on him, used to divert its course, by some whimsical stroke of fancy that would set him a laughing, and give his humour another bent. And in this he was so successful, that one of their common friends used to say that he was the David who alone could play the evil spirit out of Saul. Among the many off-hand poems, which they daily writ to each other, there was one come to my hands, which, though negligently written, is so descriptive of the mode of their living together, and so characteristic of Swift's manner, that I am tempted to lay it before the public. When he was disengaged, the dean used often to call in at the doctor's about the hour of dining, and their custom was to sit in a small back parlour *tête à tête*, and have slices sent them upon plates from the common room of whatever was for the amily dinner. The furniture of this room was not in the best repair, being often frequented by the boarders, of which the house was seldom without twenty; but was preferred by the dean as being more snug than the state parlour, which was used only when there was company. The subject of the poem, is an account of one of these casual visits.

"When to my house you come, dear dean,
Your humble friend to entertain,
Through dirt and mire along the street
You find no scraper for your feet;
At which you stamp and storm and swell,
Which serves to clean your feet as well.
By steps ascending to the hall,
All torn to rags by boys and ball,
With scatter'd fragments on the floor;
A sad uneasy parlour door,
Besmear'd with chalk, and carv'd with knives.
(A plague upon all careless wives)

Are the next sights you must expect,
But do not think they're my neglect.
Ah that these evils were the worst!
The parlour still is farther curst.
To enter there if you advance,
If in you get, it is by chance.
How oft by turns have you and I
Said thus—"Let me—no—let me try—
"This turn will ope it I'll engage"—
You push me from it in a rage.
Turning, twisting, forcing, fumbling,
Stamping, staring, fuming, grumbling,
At length it opens—in we go—
How glad are we to find it so!
Conquests through pains and dangers please,
Much more than those attain'd with ease.
Are you dispos'd to take a seat;
The instant that it feels your weight,
Out go its legs, and down you come
Upon your reverend deanship's bum.
Betwixt too stools 'tis often said,
The sitter on the ground is laid;
What praise then to my chairs is due,
Where one performs the feat of two!
Now to the fire, if such there be,
At present nought but smoke we see.
"Come, stir it up"—"Ho—Mr. Joker,
How can I stir it without poker?"
"The bellows take, their batter'd nose
Will serve for poker, I suppose."
Now you begin to rake—alack
The grate has tumbled from its back—
The coals all on the hearth are laid—
"Stay, sir—I'll run and call the maid;
She'll make the fire again complete—
She knows the humour of the grate."
"Pox take your maid, and you together—
This is cold comfort in cold weather."
Now all is right again—the blaze
Suddenly rais'd as soon decays.
Once more apply the bellows—"So—
These bellows were not made to blow—
Their leathern lungs are in decay,
They can't ev'n puff the smoke away."
"And is your reverence vext at that?
Get up in God's name, take your hat;

Hang them, say I, that have no shift;
Come blow the fire good doctor Swift,
If trifles such as these can tease you,
Plague take those fools that strive to please you,
Therefore no longer be a quarr'ler
Either with me, sir, or my parlour.
If you can relish aught of mine,
A bit of meat, a glass of wine,
You're welcome to it, and you shall fare
As well as dining with the mayor."
"You saucy scab—you tell me so—
Why, booby-face, I'd have you know
I'd rather see your things in order,
Than dine in state with the recorder.
For water I must keep a clutter,
Or chide your wife for stinking butter.
Or getting such a deal of meat,
As if you'd half the town to eat.
That wife of yours, the devil's in her,
I've told her of this way of dinner
Five hundred times, but all in vain—
Here comes a rump of beef again:
O that that wife of yours would burst—
Get out, and serve the boarders first,
Pox take 'em all for me—I fret
So much, I shall not eat my meat—
You know I'd rather have a slice."
"I know, dear sir, you are not nice;
You'll have your dinner in a minute,
Here comes the plate and slices in it—
Therefore no more, but take your place—
Do you fall to, and I'll say grace."

MEMOIRS

AND

ANECDOTES OF SWIFT;

EXTRACTED FROM THE FORMER PUBLICATIONS

BY DR. DELANY AND OTHERS.

AS Swift had been charged by many with want of religion, Voltaire, and other freethinkers, wishing to have a man of his genius enrolled in their class, Doctor Delany enters into a justification of him in that respect. Among other passages to this effect, are the following: As to his religion, I myself have observed many strong indications and proofs of his sincerity in it, beside those now mentioned. His saying grace, both before and after meat, was very remarkable. It was always in the fewest words that could be uttered on the occasion, but with an emphasis and fervour which every one around him saw and felt, and with his hands clasped into one another, and lifted up to his breast, but never higher. The religious and christian form of his last will, and the many prayers composed, and constantly offered up by him in Mrs. Johnson's sickness, are strong proofs to the same purpose.

There was no vice in the world he so much abhorred as hypocrisy; and of consequence nothing he dreaded so much as to be suspected of it. This naturally led to make him verge sometimes too much to the other extreme; and made him often conceal his piety with more care, than others take to conceal their vices. I have been assured by Doctor Delany, who lived for a considerable time in his house, that he resided with him for more than six months, before he knew, or so much as sus-

pected, that he ever read prayers to his family.* Which nevertheless he constantly did, at a fixed hour every night in his own bedchamber, to which the servants regularly and silently resorted, at the time appointed, without any notice from a bell, or audible call of any kind, except the striking of a clock. And I am well assured, that when he lived in London, his constant way was to go to early prayers and sacrament; which he thought made him less distinguished in his devotions. But though in his private capacity he indulged himself in his own method of paying his devotions, yet when his duty called on him either as parish priest, or dean, no one performed all the functions of that sacred office in a more exemplary manner, because, in this case, nothing of ostentation could be imputed to him. Of this, Doctor Delany gives several instances, and concludes with a very remarkable one, where he says, after a good deal of meditation upon Swift's character, as a man of true religion, I think I have found out one proof of it so clear and incontestable, as may well supersede the necessity of any other. His cathedral of St. Patrick's, is the only church in that city, wherein the primitive practice of receiving the sacrament every Lord's day was renewed, and is still continued; and to the best of my remembrance and belief, renewed in his time. At least, as he was ordinary there, it could not be continued without his consent; and it is most certain that he constantly attended that holy office; consecrated and administered the sacrament in person.

* While he had good health, he read prayers to his family; and when his deafness increased, his friends retired about ten o'clock, after which he spent some time in his private devotions, and made use of the Liturgy of the church as his pattern for prayer, turning such parts thereof to his own private occasions as he thought proper. His prayer book (which a friend of his still has) being fouled with the snuff from his fingers, shews the parts of it which he most approved. N.

Nor do I believe he ever once failed to do so, when it was in his power; I mean when he was not sick, or absent at too great a distance.

His attention to the economy of his cathedral* was such, that he would not suffer a shilling of its revenues to be alienated from its proper use, even for the purposes of charity. If any thing of that kind was proposed, his answer was, that this money was appropriated; but he would give out of his own pocket in proportion to his income, as much toward any charitable purpose, as any of them would in proportion to theirs. Then turning to the person who made the proposal, "You, sir, declare upon your conscience, that the person you now solicit for is a proper object of christian charity. My deanery is worth seven hundred pounds a year; your prebend, worth two; if you will give two shillings to this charity, I will give seven, or any greater sum in the same proportion."

His strict religious attention to the revenues of the deanery, was so great, that he never failed to sacrifice his own present emoluments, to the reasonable prospects of a future sufficient maintenance for his successors and chapter. One instance of this appeared most remarkably in the great decline, and almost total decay of his understanding. He had resolved, many years before, never to renew a certain lease of lands belonging to the deanery, without raising the rent thirty pounds a year. The tenant had often applied to him for a renewal upon other terms, but to no purpose. And finding now that Swift's understanding was in the decay, and his avarice remarkably predominant; he thought this the proper season to

* In his cathedral, he constantly, on a Sunday night, attended the anthems, having the music-book before him, though he did not understand the notes, but only to see that the choir did not omit any of the words. He went to prayers every morning at nine; and often at three in the afternoon, generally preaching in his turn. N.

make his last effort for a renewal, and tempt him with such a fine, as he was sure the dean could not resist in those circumstances. Accordingly he made his attempt; but to as little purpose as ever he had done before, the dean remaining immovable. He refused a large fine, at a time when he loved money incomparably beyond any thing else in the world, and raised the rent as he had long since resolved to do. I visited him the next day after the renewal of this lease, and inquiring after his health, he told me in a tone of heavy complaint, that his memory was almost totally gone, and his understanding going; but that he had yesterday done something for the benefit of his successor, but he had forgot what; but Doctor Wilson (who then lived in the house with him) would tell me. I inquired, and was informed of this renewal, as I have now related it.

As an ecclesiastic, he was scrupulously exact in the exercise of his function, as well with regard to temporal, as spiritual things. He expended more money to support and adorn his cathedral, than had been applied to the same use in any period since it was first built. He was extremely exact and conscientious in promoting the members of the choir according to their merit, and never advanced any person to a vicarage, who was not qualified for it in all respects, whatever their interest, or however recommended. He once refused a vicarage to a person for whom Lady Carteret was very importunate; at the same time declaring to her ladyship, that if it had been in his power to have made the gentleman a dean, or a bishop, he would have obliged her willingly, because, he said, deaneries and bishoprics were preferments in which merit had no concern; but the merit of a vicar would be brought to the test every day.

It happened that a young gentleman of his choir being abroad with his gun, suffered irreparable hurt by its going

off accidentally. When the dean heard of it he expressed great concern, and having paused a little, "Well," said he, "this will be a good opportunity at once to reward merit, and alleviate distress; I will make him a vicar;" which he did accordingly the same hour.

The poor in the liberty of his cathedral, were better regulated than any other in the kingdom; they were all badged, and were never found begging out of their district. For some of these he built and furnished a little almshouse, being assisted in this by some voluntary contributions; and preserved among them uncommon cleanliness and decency, by constantly visiting them in person.

In the distribution of his charity, that he might proportion his bounty to the necessities and merits of the different objects he met with, and yet give but one piece of money at a time, he constantly kept a pocket full of all sorts of coin, from a silver threepence to a crown piece.

He was a strenuous supporter of all the rights and privileges belonging to his deanery, against all encroachments attempted by his powerful neighbour the Archbishop of Dublin; in opposition to whom he determined to assert his right of absence without his grace's permission, at the expense of several hundred pounds, at a time when he did not believe he should ever again claim the privilege for himself; but because he would not endanger the liberty of his successor by an injurious precedent.

In contradiction to the account given of the great decorum and solemnity with which Swift performed all religious duties, there are two stories told by Lord Orrery, to which I can give no credit. The first is thus related by his lordship: "as soon as he had taken possession of his two livings, he went to reside at Laracor, and gave

public notice to his parishioners, that he would read prayers every Wednesday and Friday. Upon the subsequent Wednesday the bell was rung, and the rector attended in his desk; when after having sat some time, and finding the congregation to consist only of himself, and his clerk Roger, he began with great composure and gravity, but with a turn peculiar to himself, 'Dearly beloved Roger—the Scripture moveth you and me in sundry places,' &c.—And then proceeded regularly through the whole service. I mention this trifling circumstance only to show you, that he could not resist a vein of humour, whenever he had an opportunity of exerting it."

Now to suppose that a man of Swift's religious turn, should have made such a mockery of this solemn act of worship, and afterward go through the whole service, notwithstanding the many absurdities that would follow in the course of it, from there being no congregation present, merely for the sake of a paltry jest, is too gross an imposition to be easily swallowed. It is not indeed improbable, that Swift afterward, in relating this circumstance, might have said, he had a mind to begin the service with—"Dearly beloved Roger," &c. and they who heard this, as is frequently the case on such occasions, thought it would improve the story much by making him carry it into execution, and related it accordingly. The other story is thus told by his lordship. "His humorous disposition tempted him to actions inconsistent with the dignity of a clergyman; and such flights drew upon him the general character of an irreligious man. I remember to have heard a story of him, that fully shows how little he regarded certain ceremonies, which ought always to be observed with respect. Soon after he had been made dean of St. Patrick's, he was loitering one Sunday in the afternoon at the house of Doctor Ray-

mond, with whom he had dined at Trim (a small town near Laracor) of which the doctor was vicar. The bell had rung, and the people were assembled for evening prayers. Doctor Raymond was preparing to go to the church, which was scarce two hundred yards from his house. 'Raymond,' said the dean, 'I will lay you a crown, I will begin the prayers before you this afternoon.' 'I accept the wager,' replied Doctor Raymond; and immediately they both ran as fast as they could toward the church. Raymond, who was the nimbler man of the two, arrived first at the door; and when he entered the church, walked decently toward the reading desk. Swift never slackened his pace, but running up the aisle, left Doctor Raymond behind him in the middle of it, and stepping into the reading desk, without putting on a surplice, or opening the prayerbook, began the Liturgy in an audible voice, and continued to repeat the service sufficiently long to win the wager." Now it is very possible that such an adventure might have happened at that time between two clergymen, and nothing more probable than that it would immediately be transferred to Swift and his neighbour. We see it every day practised, that witty sayings, blunders, and things of humour, are constantly fathered upon the most remarkable wit, blunderer, or humorist of the times, whether they belong to them or not.

As his lordship has given no sort of authority for the truth of the above stories, nor indeed for that of any others that he has related to the prejudice of Swift, except hearsay; we may judge to what degree of credit they are entitled.

Among the many false representations made by his lordship, he has been attacked for one of them with great spirit, by Doctor Delany, in the following passage.

"A friend of mine, turning over the index to your letters, showed me these words—*Swift's Seraglio*—Surprised at this, I immediately turned to the place; where, to my much greater surprise, I found the following paragraph: "You see the command which Swift had over all his females; and you would have smiled to have found his house a constant seraglio of very virtuous women, who attended him from morning to night, with an obedience, an awe, and an assiduity, that are seldom paid to the richest, or the most powerful lovers; no, not even to the grand seignior himself." This paragraph, my lord, gives me great concern, upon many accounts; though I shall mention only this one; that it seems to be written in the style of a man, who knew what he said to be truth; which yet most certainly was not, could not be, your case; and therefore I conclude you wrote it in the style in which it was delivered to you, by your monstrous misinformers.

"My lord, the intercourse in which my station engaged me, for many years, with the dean; my long intimacy with his most intimate friends, and the frequent visits to him which my love and gratitude exacted; enables me to assure your lordship and the world (as I do in the most solemn and sincere manner) that nothing ever was more false, than the informations you received upon this point; and that in fact, females were rarely admitted into his house; and never came thither but upon very particular invitations, not excepting even Mrs. Johnson. The truth is, not one of those you are pleased to call his senators, ever presumed to approach him, till he very particularly signified his pleasure that they should, except his near kinswoman, Mrs. Whiteway, who was often with him, but not until the latter part of his life.

"And yet, my lord, as the honour I bear you strongly inclines me to assent to your positions, wherever I can;

I must own, that if keeping a great number of professed nominal mistresses, constitutes the complete idea of a seraglio, Swift kept a greater, and a much more extended one than the grand seignior. And I have had the honour to be admitted, more than once, to bear him company in his visits to them. But this I must add, in support of the credit of your judgment of his constitution, that his visits were always by daylight; and for the most part, in the most open and public places of the city. But yet truth obliges me to own, that he also visited some of them in by-alleys, and under arches; places of long suspected fame. Let me add, that he kept strictly to that Turkish principle, of honouring none but such as were bred up and occupied in some employment. One of these mistresses sold plums; another, hobnails; a third, tapes; a fourth, gingerbread; a fifth, knitted; a sixth, darned stockings; and a seventh, cobbled shoes; and so on, beyond my counting. And in all this detail of his amours, I take upon me to say, that the singularity of his taste was as remarkably distinguished, as his genius was, in any, or all of his compositions. One of these mistresses wanted an eye; another, a nose; a third, an arm; a fourth, a foot; a fifth, had all the attractions of *Agna's polypus;* and a sixth, more than all those of Æsop's hump; and all of them as old at least as some of *Lewis* XIVth's mistresses; and many of them much older. He saluted them with all becoming kindness; asked them how they did; how they throve; what stock they had, &c.; and as mistresses, all the world owns, are expensive things, it is certain he never saw his, but to his cost. If any of their ware were such as he could possibly make use of, or pretend to make use of, he always bought some; and paid for every halfpenny worth, at least sixpence, and for every pennyworth, a shilling. If their saleables were of another na-

ture, he added something to their stock; with strict charges of industry and honesty. And I must once more own, for truth exacts it of me, that these mistresses were very numerous; insomuch that there was scarce one street, or alley, or lane in Dublin, its suburbs, and its environs, that had not at least one or more of them. Some of these he named thus for distinction's sake, and partly for humour; *Cancerina*, *Stumpanympha*, *Pullagonna*, *Futterilla*, *Flora*, *Stumpantha*, *&c.* Pray, my lord, are Horace's *Pyrrhas* and *Lydias* to be named in a day with these? And yet I cannot say that any, or all of them, ever influenced them, either in the composition or publication of any of his poems; though I cannot tell whether they might not have occasioned a very celebrated love epistle, from a blind man, to one of Swift's favourite mistresses, called *Stumpy*, from the fame of her wooden leg."

What a glorious scene is here displayed of Swift's beneficence! To seek out objects in all quarters of the town, from which the bulk of mankind turn with loathing; to place them in a way of gaining an honest livelihood, instead of being public nuisances in the street; to keep them steady in a course of industry, by frequent visits in such places as the fastidious rich would disdain to enter; to supply their wants when business was slack, and encourage the successful by farther bounties—these are instances of such truly christian charity, as are rarely to be found. And after this shall it be a doubt whether Swift had a heart susceptible of the soft feelings of humanity?

Swift's avarice was not suffered to obstruct the claims of his dignity: he was served in plate; and used to say, that he was the poorest gentleman in Ireland that ate upon plate, and the richest that lived without a coach.

He had a servant well known to all his friends by the

name of Saunders; an appellation given him by the dean. He was remarkably kind to him during a course of several years spent in his service; but more particularly throughout a long illness, under which he laboured for many months before he died. He had him buried in the south aisle of his cathedral, where he erected a monument to him in a small piece of statuary marble, with this inscription:

"Here lieth the body of
ALEXANDER MAGEE, servant to Doctor
SWIFT, Dean of St. Patrick's.
His grateful master caused this monument to be
erected in memory of his discretion, fidelity,
and diligence, in that humble station.
Ob. Mar. 24, 1721, etat. 29."

In the original draught, which I saw in the dean's own hand writing, it stood thus:

"His grateful *friend*, and master," &c.

A gentleman of the dean's acquaintance, much more distinguished for vanity than wisdom, prevailed upon him to leave out the word *friend*, and only write his grateful master; and this in contradiction to a known maxim of his own—"That an affectionate and faithful servant should always be considered in the character of an humble friend." He performed the burial service himself on the occasion, and in the course of it was observed to shed tears.

As he expected punctual, ready, and implicit obedience, he always tried his servants when he hired them by some test of their humility. Among other qualities, he always asked whether they understood cleaning shoes; "because," said he, "my kitchen wench has

a scullion that does her drudgery, and one part of the business of my groom and footman is constantly to clean her shoes by turns. If they scrupled this, their treaty was at an end; if not, he gave them a farther hearing. His kitchen wench, however, was his cook; a woman of a large size, robust constitution, and coarse features; her face very much seamed with the small-pox, and furrowed by age; this woman he always distinguished by the name of *Sweetheart*.

To the rest of the servants, indeed, he appeared to be churlish and austere, but, in reality, was one of the best masters in the world. He allowed them board-wages at the highest rate then known; and if he employed them about any thing out of the ordinary course of their service, he always paid them to the full value of their work, as he would have paid another. With these emoluments, and the fragments from his table, he expected they should find themselves in victuals, and all other necessaries, except the liveries which he gave them. If in this situation their expenses were greater than their income, it was judged a sufficient reason to discharge them; but on the contrary, as soon as they had saved a full year's wages, he constantly paid them legal interest for it, and took great pleasure in seeing it accumulate to a sum, which might settle them in some employment, if he should die; or if they found it advisable to quit his service, which was seldom the case; and he with whom his servants live long, has indubitable witnesses that he is a good master. Beside the motives already assigned for wishing to continue in his service, their pride was highly gratified while they remained in that station; it was thought an honour to belong to the dean in any shape; they had more respect paid them by the people in general than is usually shown to any others of this fraternity; and the dean's plain livery was a badge of

greater distinction than that of the lord lieutenant's with all its finery.

He was one of the cleanliest men in his person that ever lived. His hands were not only washed, as those of other men, with the utmost care, but his nails were constantly kept pared to the quick, to guard against the least appearance of a speck upon them. And as he walked much, he rarely dressed himself without a basin of water by his side, in which he dipped a towel and cleansed his feet with the utmost exactness.

In company, he neither wrapped himself up in his own importance, without deigning to communicate his knowledge, or exert his wit; nor did he engross the conversation by perpetual and overbearing loquacity. His general rule was, never to speak more than a minute at a time, and then to wait at least as long for others to take up the conversation; after which he had a right to speak again. His colloquial style, like that of his writings, was clear, forcible, and concise. He also excelled greatly in telling a story; and though in the latter part of his life he was apt to repeat his stories too often, yet his wit, as well as his virtue, was always superior to the wretched expedients of those despicable babblers, who are perpetually attempting to put off *double entendre* and profaneness, for humour and wit. His conversation was in the highest degree chaste, and wholly free from the least tincture of irreligion. As he was zealous to preserve all the delicacies of conversation, he was always best pleased when some of the company were ladies; and in his letter to Lord Oxford, he says, "since women have been left out of all our meetings, except parties of play, or where worse designs are carried on, our conversation has very much degenerated." And in this instance, his example is a reproof to those pedants, who suppose that women are

never in their proper sphere, but in the dressing-room or nursery.

The custom of Dublin in his time was, that the ladies should withdraw immediately after the first glass had gone round; but he never permitted this either when he had parties at home, or was invited to any abroad; always insisting upon their staying till the gentlemen had nearly done with their wine; and then, after a decent allowance of time, they joined companies again at tea and coffee, as is the custom of France, and passed the remainder of the evening together. But the gentlemen at that time were too fond of the bottle, and of their own discourse over it, to suffer that custom to become general.

If the conversation turned upon serious subjects, he was neither petulant in the debate, nor negligent of the issue. He would listen with great attention to the arguments of others, and whether he was or was not engaged as a disputant himself, he would recapitulate what had been said, state the question with great clearness and precision, point out the controverted particular, and appeal to the opinion either of some neutral person, or of the majority.

Lord Orrery had said of him, that he was open to adulation, and could not, or would not distinguish between low flattery and just applause. From which charge he has been defended by Doctor Delany, in the following manner:

"My lord, the charge of Swift's delighting in low adulation, has lain so heavy upon my mind, that I have revolved it with the utmost attention for many hours, yet can find no just foundation for it. His heart was so thoroughly averse from flattery, that he took all occasion not only to express his utter contempt and detestation of it, but also to dissuade others from it. How it might have been with him in the decline of his understanding, when

he made hasty approaches to a second childhood, I cannot say; he might then, possibly, be fed by those about him, as children often are, with plums and sweatmeats, instead of salutary food."

In confirmation of the above account given by Doctor Delany, I remember, when his lordship's book first came out, to have read this passage to Mrs. Sican, an intimate friend of the dean's; upon which she expressed herself thus: "I never yet knew any mortal who durst flatter him, except his lordship himself." Indeed, the only way of paying court to him, was not by words, but a very respectful behaviour toward him, which he expected so much, that most of his acquaintance, except his intimate friends, stood in some degree of awe before him. On the contrary, he was more open to admonition than flattery, if it were offered without arrogance, and by persons of whose ability and candour he had no doubt. In his poem of "Baucis and Philemon," which does not consist quite of two hundred verses, Swift himself related, "that Mr. Addison made him blot out fourscore, add fourscore, and alter fourscore."

I remember a remarkable instance of this kind, told me by one of his chapter, which deserves to be recorded as a useful lesson to such opinionated authors as cannot bear to be told of any faults in their writings. That gentleman happened to visit him at a time when the dean was about to send a newly written pamphlet to the press; which he put into his friend's hands, desiring that he would point out freely any faults he might find in it. The gentleman stuck at two passages, and proposed an amendment of them, which Swift instantly complied with. When the work came out, the gentleman, upon a second reading, found he had been wrong in his objections, and that the passages had been altered for the worse. Upon his next visit to the dean, he expressed some con-

cern at this, and no small degree of surprise, upon recollecting that the other had so readily acquiesced in the change, without making the slightest objection, though he must have been conscious it was wrong. "Sir," said Swift, "I considered that the passages were of no great consequence, and I made the alterations you desired without hesitation, lest, had I stood up in their defence, you might have imputed it to the vanity of an author unwilling to hear of his errors; and by this ready compliance, I hoped you would, at all times hereafter, be the more free in your remarks." Though he had no skill in music, nor ear for its beauties, yet he had sufficient for a most ridiculous and droll imitation of it; of which Doctor Delany gives the following instance in a scene at which he was present one evening, together with some others of the dean's friends.

Tom Rosingrave was just returned from Italy; and Doctor Pratt, then provost of the college, who was not long come back from the same place, and was far gone in the Italian taste of music, had been that morning at St. Patrick's, to hear him play a voluntary, and was in high rapture in praise of it. Upon which some of the company wished they had been present to have heard it. "Do you?" said Swift; "then you shall hear it still:" and immediately he sung out so lively, and yet so ridiculous an imitation of it, that all the company were kept in continual laughter till it was over; except one old gentleman, who sat with great composure, and though he listened, yet it seemed to make little or no impression on him; and being asked how he could hear such a fine piece of music without being at all affected by it, made answer, "that he had heard Mr. Rosingrave himself play it before;" an answer which, it may well be imagined, did not lessen the mirth.

Swift had a peculiar knack of conveying fine praise under cover of very rough words. When Lord Carteret was lord lieutenant of Ireland, Swift happened to have a little dispute with him about the grievances that kingdom suffered from England, and the folly, nonsense, and injustice of their government in that respect; for he spared no hard words on that subject. The lord lieutenant replied with a mastery and strength of reasoning, for which he was so remarkable, and which Swift not well liking at that time, cried out in a violent passion—"What the vengeance brought you among us! Get you back—Get you back—Pray God Almighty send us our boobies again."

Voltaire, in a conversation with Martin Sherlock, the celebrated English Traveller, related an anecdote of Swift: "Lady Carteret, wife of the lord lieutenant of Ireland in Swift's time, said to him, the air of this country is good." Swift fell down on his knees, "For God's sake, madam, don't say so in England; they will certainly tax it."*

Being one day at a sheriff's feast, who, among other toasts called out to him, "Mr. Dean, the trade of *Ireland:*" he answered quick,—"Sir, *I drink no memories.*"†

He greatly admired the talents of the late Duke of Wharton, as the duke did his; who one day dining with the dean, and recounting several wild frolics he had run through; "My lord," said Swift, "let me recommend one more to you—Take a frolic to be good—rely upon

* Letter from an English Traveller, 8vo. p. 160. N.

† To take the force of this answer, it is necessary to observe, that it was made soon after Bishop Brown's book had come out against 'Drinking the Memories of the Dead;' which at that time made some noise. S

it, you will find it the *pleasantest* frolic you ever was engaged in."*

Happening to be in company with a petulant young man, who prided himself in saying pert things to the dean, and at last getting up with some conceited gesticulations, said, with a confident air—"You must know Mr. Dean, I set up for a wit." "Do you," so says the dean, "then take my advice and sit down again."

Being one day at a visitation dinner, a clergyman, who valued himself more upon his wit than he ought, and often mistook a rough kind of abuse for keen raillery, took it into his head to exercise his talents upon the Dean, and that very licentiously. Swift sat with all the composure of a deaf man not seeming to hear a word that he had said, nor making any kind of answer. At length the bishop interposed, and checked the petulance of the Snarl, which was the name he went by. The dean immediately got up, and begged that no restraint might be laid on the gentleman—"*Momus*, my lord, was always admitted to the feast of the gods, and privileged to say whatever he pleased there." From that time, instead of Snarl, the gentleman was called by no other name but that of Momus.

Sitting one evening with Mr. Addison, the conversation happened to turn upon the most distinguished characters in the history of the Old Testament; in which Swift preferred and supported that of *Joseph;* and Addison that of *Jonathan;* and after they had urged their reasons on both sides, with much zeal for a considerable time, Mr. Addison smiled and said, "he was glad no

* Doctor Delany has wonderfully marred this tale in the telling, as he has entirely missed the point, concluding it thus—"Take my word for it, that one will do you more *honour* than all the other frolics of your life." To annex the idea of honour to frolics, is nonsense; they can be only considered as pleasant. S.

third person was witness to their dispute; just recollecting that he was asserting the hero of Swift's name, Jonathan; and Swift the hero of his, Joseph; which might have been interpreted by a standerby, as an intended compliment of each to the other."

A young clergyman, the son of a bishop in Ireland, having married without the knowledge of his friends, it gave umbrage to his family, and his father refused to see him. The dean being in company with him some time after, said he would tell him a story. "When I was a schoolboy at Kilkenny, and in the lower form, I longed very much to have a horse of my own to ride on. One day I saw a poor man leading a very mangy lean horse out of the town to kill him for the skin. I asked the man if he would sell him, which he readily consented to, upon my offering him somewhat more than the price of the hide, which was all the money I had in the world. I immediately got on him, to the great envy of some of my schoolfellows, and to the ridicule of others, and rode him about the town. The horse soon tired and lay down. As I had no stable to put him into, nor any money to pay for his sustenance, I began to find out what a foolish bargain I had made, and cried heartily for the loss of my cash; but the horse dying soon after upon the spot, gave me some relief." To this the young clergyman answered, "Sir, your story is very good, and applicable to my case; I own I deserve such rebukes;" and then burst into a flood of tears. The dean made no reply, but went the next day to the lord lieutenant, and prevailed on him to give the young gentleman a small living then vacant, for his immediate support; and not long after brought about a reconciliation between his father and him.

The following anecdote is given by Doctor Goldsmith, in his life of Parnell. The Scriblerus Club, when the members were in town, were seldom asunder, and they

often made excursions together into the country, and generally on foot. Swift was usually the butt of the company, and if a trick was played he was always the sufferer. The whole party once set out to walk down to the house of Lord B——— about twelve miles from town. As every one agreed to make the best of his way, Swift, who was remarkable for walking, soon left all the rest behind; fully resolved, upon his arrival, to choose the very best bed for himself, as was his custom. In the mean time, Parnell was determined to prevent his intentions; and taking horse, arrived at Lord B———'s by another way, long before him. Having apprised his lordship of Swift's design, it was resolved at any rate to keep him out of the house; but how to do this was the question. Swift never had the smallpox, and was much afraid of catching it; as soon, therefore, as he appeared striding along at some distance from the house, one of his lordship's servants was despatched, to inform him that the small pox was then making great ravage in the family; but that there was a summer house at the end of the garden, with a fieldbed at his service. There the disappointed dean was obliged to retire and take a cold supper that was sent him, while the rest were feasting within. However, at last they took compassion on him; and upon his promising never to choose the best bed again, they permitted him to make one of the company.

During his last deplorable state, the following circumstances are all that are recorded.

In 1739 a friend whom he loved, and had much confidence in, and whom he earnestly requested to have an eye upon him and his affairs on account of his departing memory, (and at the same time made him a present, which he begged him to accept of,) came up to the dean, when he was walking one day through the rooms of the lower part of his house according to his daily practice, and asked

him about his health, and so forth. This happened to be at a time when he was somewhat inflamed at some behaviour in one of his servants, and was about striking him, which his friend endeavoured to divert, by making some apology for the man. But the dean's choler increasing, he lifted up his cane at his friend, who desired him not to strike, and held his arm. Upon which the good delirious old man recollecting himself, begged pardon; said, "You are a gentleman; I had quite forgot myself; I am sorry for it."

In the beginning of the year 1741, his understanding was so much impaired, and his passions so greatly increased, that he was utterly incapable of conversation. Strangers were not permitted to approach him, and his friends found it necessary to have guardians appointed of his person and estate. Early in the year 1742, his reason was wholly subverted, and his rage became absolute madness. The last person whom he knew, was Mrs. Whiteway;* and the sight of her when he knew her no longer, threw him into fits of rage so violent and dreadful, that she was forced to leave him; and the only act of kindness that remained in her power, was to call once or twice a week at the deanery, inquire after his health, and see that proper care was taken of him. Sometimes she would steal a look at him when his back was toward her, but did not dare to venture into his sight. He would neither eat nor drink while the servant who brought him his provisions staid in the room. His meat, which was served up ready cut, he would sometimes suffer to stand an hour upon the table before he would touch it; and at last he would eat it walking; for during this miserable state of his mind, it was his constant custom to walk ten hours a day.

* His first cousin. See a letter dated Nov. 8, 1735. N.

In October, 1742, after this frenzy had continued several months, his left eye swelled to the size of an egg, and the lid appeared to be so much inflamed and discoloured, that the surgeon expected it would mortify; several large biles also broke out on his arms and his body. The extreme pain of this tumour kept him waking near a month, and during one week it was with difficulty that five persons kept him by mere force, from tearing out his eyes. Just before the tumour perfectly subsided, and the pain left him, he knew Mrs. Whiteway, took her by the hand, and spoke to her with his former kindness: that day, and the following, he knew his physician and surgeon, and all his family, and appeared to have so far recovered his understanding and temper, that the surgeon was not without hopes he might once more enjoy society, and be amused with the company of his old friends. This hope, however, was but of short duration; for a few days afterward, he sunk into a state of total insensibility, slept much, and could not, without great difficulty, be prevailed on to walk across the room. This was the effect of another bodily disease, his brain being loaded with water. Mr. Stevens, an ingenious clergyman of his chapter, pronounced this to be the case during his illness, and upon opening his head it appeared that he was not mistaken; but though he often entreated the dean's friends and physicians that his scull might be trepanned and the water discharged, no regard was paid to his opinion or advice.

After the dean had continued silent a whole year in this helpless state of idiocy, his housekeeper went into his room on the 30th of November in the morning, telling him that it was his birthday, and that bonfires and illuminations were preparing to celebrate it as usual; to this he immediately replied—"It is all folly, they had better let it alone."

He would often attempt to speak his mind, but could not recollect words to express his meaning; upon which, he would shrug up his shoulders, shake his head, and sigh heartily. Among all kinds of smells, none offended him so much as the snuff of a candle. It happened, that a young girl, the daughter of his housekeeper's relation, blew out a candle in his chamber. At which he knit his brows, looked angry, and said, "You are a little dirty slut!" He spoke no more of it; but seemed displeased with her the whole evening.

Some other instances of short intervals of sensibility and reason, after his madness had ended in stupor, seem to prove that his disorder, whatever it was, had not destroyed, but only suspended the powers of his mind.

He was sometimes visited by Mr. Deane Swift, a relation, and about Christmas, 1743, he seemed desirous to speak to him. Mr. Swift then told him he came to dine with him; and Mrs. Ridgeway the housekeeper immediately said, "Won't you give Mr. Swift a glass of wine, sir?" To this he made no answer, but showed he understood the question, by shrugging up his shoulders, as he had been used to do when he had a mind a friend should spend the evening with him, and which was as much as to say "you will ruin me in wine." Soon after he again endeavoured with a good deal of pain, to find words; but at last, after many efforts, not being able, he fetched a deep sigh, and was afterward silent. A few months after this, upon his housekeeper's removing a knife, as he was going to catch at it, he shrugged up his shoulders, and said, "I am what I am;" and, in about six minutes, repeated the same words two or three times.

In the year 1744, he now and then called his servant by his name, and once attempted to speak to him, but not being able to express his meaning, he showed signs of much uneasiness, and at last said, "I am a fool." Once

afterward, as his servant was taking away his watch, h said, "bring it here;" and when the same servant wa breaking a hard large coal, he said, "That is a ston you blockhead."

From this time he was perfectly silent till the latte end of October, 1745; and then died without the lea pang or convulsion, in the seventy-eighth year of hi age.

SOME PARTICULARS

CONCERNING

DR. SWIFT.

TAKEN FROM MRS. PILKINGTON'S MEMOIRS.

MRS. Pilkington's acquaintance with Dr. Swift commenced from sending him some verses on his birthday.* These the Dean received very kindly, and said he would see her whenever she pleased.

A few days after, she was introduced to the Dean, in Dr. Delany's garden at Delville, by a gentlewoman. He saluted her, and asked the lady if she was her daughter? The lady smiled and said, she was Mrs. Pilkington. "What," says he, "this poor little child married! married! God help her, she is very early engaged in trouble." The dean engaging Mr. Pilkington to preach for him at the cathedral next Sunday in St. Patrick's church, Mrs. Pilkington was charmed to see with what a becoming piety the dean performed that holy service, which he had so much at heart, that he wanted not the assistance of the Liturgy, but went quite through it, without ever looking in the book. He bowed at the table; which behaviour was censured, as savouring of popery. But this circumstance may vindicate him from the wicked aspersion of being deemed an unbeliever, since it is plain he had the utmost reverence for the eucharist. Service being ended, the dean was surrounded at the church-door by a crowd of poor; to all of whom he gave charity, except an old woman, who held out a very dirty hand to him. He told her very gravely, "that though she

* See these verses in vol XI. N.

was a beggar, water was not so scarce but she might have washed her hands." When they came to the deanery, the dean very kindly saluted Mrs. Pilkington, and without allowing her time to sit down, bade her come and see his library; but merrily told Mr. Pilkington, who was for following them, that he did not desire his company. "Well," said he to her, "I have brought you here to show you all the money I got when I was in the ministry; but don't steal any of it." "I will not indeed, sir," said she. So opening a cabinet, he showed her a parcel of empty drawers: "Bless me," says he, "the money is flown." He then opened his bureau, wherein he had a great number of curious trinkets of various kinds, some of which were presented to him by the Earl and Countess of Oxford, Lady Masham, and Lady Betty Germain. At last coming to a drawer filled with medals, he bade her choose two for herself; but he could not help smiling, when she began to poise them in her hands, choosing them by weight rather than antiquity.

At dinner the dean's behaviour was very humorous. He placed himself at the head of his table, opposite to a great pier glass, so that he could see in the glass whatever the servants did behind him. He was served entirely in plate, with great elegance, but the beef being overroasted, put the company all in confusion. The dean called for the cookmaid,* and ordered her to take the beef down stairs, and do it less. She answered very innocently, that she could not. "Why, what sort of a creature are you," says he, "to commit a fault which cannot be amended?" And turning to Mrs. Pilkington, he said very gravely, "that he hoped, as the cook was a woman of genius, he should, by this manner of arguing, be able, in about a year's time, to convince her

* Whom he always distinguished by the name of *Sweetheart*. See p. 148. N.

she had better send up the meat too little than too much done;" charging the men servants, whenever they imagined the meat was ready, they should take it, spit and all, and bring it up by force, promising to aid them in case the cook resisted.

Having asked Mr. and Mrs. Pilkington if they could smoke? and being answered that they did not; "It is a sign," said he, "you were neither of you bred in the university of Oxford; for drinking and smoking are the first rudiments of learning taught there; and in those two arts no university in Europe can outdo them." Having asked Mrs. Pilkington if she had any faults? "Pray, Mr. Dean," said Dr. Delany, "why will you be so unpolite as to suppose Mrs. Pilkington has any faults?" "I'll tell you," replied the dean; "whenever I see a number of agreeable qualities in any person, I am always sure they have bad ones sufficient to poise the scale." Mrs. Pilkington bowed, and told him he did her great honour; in that copying Bishop Berkeley, whom she had frequently heard declare, that when any speech was made to him, which might be construed either into a compliment or an affront, or that had two handles, he always took hold of the best.

The dean then asked Mrs. Pilkington, "if she were a queen, what she would choose to have after dinner?" She answered, "Your conversation, sir." "Pooh," said he, "I mean, what regale." "A dish of coffee, sir," answered she. "Why, then," said he, "I will so far make you as happy as a queen; you shall have some in perfection: for, when I was chaplain to the Earl of Berkeley, who was in the government here, I was so poor, I was obliged to keep a coffee-house, and all the nobility resorted to it to talk treason." The dean then set about making the coffee: but the fire scorching his hand, he called to Mrs. Pilkington to reach him his

glove; and changing the coffee-pot to his left hand, held out his right one, ordering her to put the glove on it; which accordingly she did; when taking up part of his gown to fan himself with, and acting in character of a prudish lady, he said, "Well, I don't know what to think; women may be honest that do such things; but, for my part, I never could bear to touch any man's flesh—except my husband's; whom, perhaps," said he, "she wished at the devil."

"Mr. Pilkington," said he, "you would not tell me your wife's faults; but I have found her out to be a d——n'd insolent, proud, unmannerly slut." "What has she done now?" said Mr. Pilkington. "Done!" said the dean; "why nothing but sat there quietly, and never once offered to interrupt me in making the coffee; whereas a lady of modern good breeding would have struggled with me for the coffee-pot, until she had made me scald myself and her, and made me throw the coffee in the fire, or perhaps at her head, rather than permit me to take so much trouble for her."

Mrs. Pilkington staid at home with the dean during the time of the afternoon's service; and he made her read his "History of the last Session of Parliament and the Peace of Utrecht, written at Windsor, in 1713," asking her at the conclusion of every period, whether she understood it? "for I would," said he, "have it intelligible to *the meanest capacity;* and if *you* comprehend it, it is possible every body may."

She accompanied the dean to evening prayer; and on their return to the deanery, he told Mr. and Mrs. Pilkington, "that he gave them leave to stay to supper;" which, from him, was a sufficient invitation.

The dean then missing his golden bottlescrew, told Mrs. Pilkington very sternly, "he was sure she had *stolen* it." She affirmed very seriously, "she had not."

Upon which he looked for it; and found it where he himself had laid it: "It is well for you," said he, "that I have got it, or I would have charged you with theft."—"Why, pray, sir," said she, "should I be suspected more than any other person in the company?" "For a very good reason," said he, "because you are the poorest."

At their going away, the dean handed Mrs. Pilkington down all the steps to the coach, thanking them for the honour of their company, at the same time slipping into her hand as much money as Mr. Pilkington and she had given at the offering in the morning, and coach-hire also; which she durst not refuse, lest she should have been deemed as great a blockhead as the parson who refused thick wine.

In one of the dean's periodical fits of deafness, he sent for Mrs. Pilkington; who having come, he brought out a large book, finely bound in Turkey leather, and handsomely gilt: "This," said he, "is the Translation of the Epistles of Horace, a present to me from the author; it is a special good cover; but I have a mind there should be something valuable within side of it." So, taking out his penknife, he cut out all the leaves close to the inner margin. "Now," said he, "I will give these what they greatly want;" and put them all into the fire. "Your task, madam, is to paste in these letters, in this cover, in the order I shall give them to you: I intended to do it myself, but that I thought it might be a pretty amusement for a child; so I sent for you." She told him, she was extremely proud to be honoured with his commands; but requested to have leave to read the letters as she went on. "Why," said the dean, "provided you will acknowledge yourself amply rewarded for your trouble, I do not much care if I indulge you so far."

In reading the letters, she could not avoid remarking to the dean, that notwithstanding the friendship Mr. Pope professed for Mr. Gay, he could not forbear a great many satirical, or, if she might be allowed to say so, envious remarks on the success of the Beggar's Opera.* The dean very frankly owned, he did not think Mr. Pope was so candid to the merit of other writers as he ought to be. She then ventured to ask the dean, whether he thought the lines Mr. Pope addressed him with in the beginning of the Dunciad were any compliment to him? viz.

"O thou! whatever title please thine ear."

"I believe," said he, "they were meant as such; but they are very stiff." "Indeed, sir," said she, "he is so perfectly a master of harmonious numbers, that had his heart been the least affected with his subject, he must have writ better. How cold, how forced, are his lines to you, compared with yours to him!

"Hail, happy Pope! whose generous mind," &c.

Here we see the masterly poet, and the warm, sincere, generous friend; while he, according to the character he gives of Mr. Addison, *damns with faint praise.*"—"Well," replied the dean, "I'll show you a late letter of his." He did so; and Mrs. Pilkington was surprised to find it filled with low and ungentlemanlike reflections, both on Mr. Gay and the two noble persons who honoured him with their patronage after his disappointment at court. "Well, madam," said the dean, "what do you think of that letter?" (seeing she had gone quite

* All this account of Pope, and his letters relative to Gay, is pure invention; he had refused to give any countenance to this abandoned woman in the subscription for her poems, and this was the method she took of avenging herself. S.

;h it.) "Indeed, sir," replied she, "I am sorry I read it; for it gives me reason to think there is no hing as a sincere friend to be met with in the ."—"Why," replied he, "authors are as jealous ir prerogatives as kings; and can no more bear a n the empire of wit, than a monarch could in his ions." Mrs. Pilkington then observing a Latin ıce writ in italic, desired the dean to explain it. " replied he, smiling, "I'll leave that for your nd to do. I'll send for him to dine with us, and in ean time we'll go and take a walk in Naboth's ard."—"Where may that be, sir?" said she.— y, a garden," said the dean, "I cheated one of ighbours out of." When they entered the garden, her the field, which was square, and enclosed with a wall, the dean asked her how she liked it? "Why, sir," said she, "where is the garden?" "Look d you," said he. She did so; and observed the wall was lined with brick, and a great number of trees planted against it, which being then in blos- looked very beautiful. "What are you so intent said the dean. "The opening bloom," replied which brought Waller's lines to her remembrance,

"Hope waits upon the flow'ry prime."

!" replied he, "you are in a poetical vein; I ;ht you had been taking notice of my wall. It is the n Ireland. When the masons were building it (as tradesmen are rogues) I watched them very close, as often as they could, they put in a rotten stone; ıich, however, I took no notice, until they had built or four perches beyond it. Now, as I am an absolute rch in the liberties, and king of the rabble, my way them was, to have the wall thrown down to the ; where I observed the rotten stone; and by doing

so five or six times, the workmen were at last convinced it was their interest to be honest:"—" or else, sir," said Mrs. Pilkington, "your wall would have been as tedious a piece of work as Penelope's web, if all that was done in the day was to be undone at night."—" Well," answered the dean, I find you have poetry for every occasion; but as you cannot keep pace with me in walking, I would have you sit down on that little bank till you are rested, or I tired, to put us more upon a par."

She seated herself, and away the dean walked, or rather trotted as hard as ever he could drive. She could not help smiling at his odd gait; for she thought to herself, he had written so much in praise of horses, that he was resolved to imitate them as nearly as he could. As she was indulging this fancy, the dean returned to her, and gave her a strong confirmation of his partiality to those animals. "I have been considering, madam, as I walked," said he, "what a fool Mr. Pilkington was to marry you; for he could have afforded to keep a horse for less money than you cost him; and that, you must confess, would have given him better exercise and more pleasure than a wife—Why, you laugh, and don't answer me—is it not truth?"—"I must answer you, sir," replied she, "with another question: pray how can a bachelor judge of this matter?" "I find," said he, "you are vain enough to give yourself the preference." "I do sir," replied she, "to that species here; to a Houyhnhnm I would, as becomes me, give preference. But, sir, it is going to rain."—"I hope not," said he, "for that will cost me sixpence for a coach for you," (the garden being at some distance from the house) "Come, haste; O how the tester trembles in my pocket!" She obeyed; and they got home just time enough to escape a heavy shower. "Thank God," said the dean, "I have saved my money. Here, you fellow (to the servant) carry this sixpence to

the lame old man that sells gingerbread at the corner, because he tries to do something, and does not beg."

Mrs. Pilkington was showed into a little street-parlour, in which was Mrs. Brent, his housekeeper. "Here," says he, "Mrs. Brent, take care of this child, while I take my walk out within doors." The dean then ran up the great stairs, down one pair of back stairs, up another, in so violent a manner, that Mrs. Pilkington could not help expressing her uneasiness to Mrs. Brent, lest he should fall, and be hurted. Mrs. Brent said, it was a customary exercise with him, when the weather did not permit him to walk abroad.

Mrs. Brent then told Mrs. Pilkington of the dean's charity; of his giving about half of his yearly income in private pensions to decayed families; and keeping five hundred pounds in the constant service of industrious poor, which he lent out, five pounds at a time, and took the payment back at two shillings a week; which, she observed, did them more service than if he gave it to them entirely, as it obliged them to work, and at the same time kept up this charitable fund for the assistance of many. "You cannot imagine," said she, "what numbers of poor tradesmen, who have even wanted proper tools to carry on their work, have, by this small loan, been put into a prosperous way, and brought up their families in credit. The dean," added she, "has found out a new method of being charitable, in which, however, I believe, he will have but few followers; which is, to debar himself of what he calls superfluities of life, in order to administer to the necessities of the distressed. You just now saw an instance of it; the money a coach would have cost him, he gave to a poor man unable to walk. When he dines alone, he drinks a pint of beer, and gives away the price of a pint of wine. And thus he acts in numberless instances."

The dean came to dine with Mr. and Mrs. Pilkington at their Liliputian palace, as he called it; and who could have thought it? He just looked into the parlour, and ran up into the garret, then into Mrs. Pilkington's bedchamber and library, and from thence down to the kitchen; and the house being very clean, he complimented her upon it, and told her, that it was his custom; and that it was from the cleanliness of the garret and kitchen, he judged of the good housewifery of the mistress of the house; for no doubt but a slut may have the room clean where the guests are to be entertained.

He was sometimes very free, even to his superiors; of which, the following story, related to Mrs. Pilkington by himself, may serve as one instance among a thousand others.

The last time he was in London, he went to dine with the Earl of Burlington, who was then but newly married. The earl being willing, it is supposed, to have some diversion, did not introduce him to his lady, nor mention his name. After dinner, said the dean, "Lady Burlington, I hear you can sing; sing me a song." The lady looked on this unceremonious manner of asking a favour with distaste, and positively refused him. He said, "she should sing, or he would make her. Why, madam, I suppose you take me for one of your poor English hedge parsons; sing when I bid you." As the earl did nothing but laugh at this freedom, the lady was so vexed, that she burst into tears, and retired.

His first compliment to her, when he saw her again, was, "Pray, madam, are you as proud and as ill-natured now as when I saw you last?" To which she answered, with great humour, "No, Mr. Dean; I'll sing for you, if you please." From which time he conceived great esteem for her. But who that knew him would take offence at his bluntness?

He was a perpetual friend to merit and learning; and utterly incapable of envy; for in true genuine wit he could fear no rival.

It has been often observed, that where great talents are bestowed, there the strongest passions are likewise given. This great man sometimes let them have dominion over him, and that on trifling occasions, especially at meal times: however, when the cloth was taken away, he made his guests rich amends for any pain he had given them. For then,

> "Was truly mingled in the friendly bowl,
> The feast of reason, and the flow of soul."—Pope.

Yet he preserved strict temperance: for he never drank above half a pint of wine, in every glass of which he mixed water and sugar; yet, if he liked his company, would sit many hours over it, unlocking all the springs of policy, learning, true humour, and inimitable wit.

The following story the dean told to Mrs. Pilkington.

A clergyman,* who was a most learned fine gentleman, but, under the softest and politest appearance, concealed the most turbulent ambition, having made his merit as a preacher too eminent to be overlooked, had it early rewarded with a mitre. Dr. Swift went to congratulate him on it; but told him, "he hoped, as his lordship was a native of Ireland, and had now a seat in the house of peers, he would employ his powerful elocution in the service of his distressed country." The prelate told him, "the bishoprick was but a very small one, and he could not hope for a better, if he did not oblige the court."—"Very well," says Swift, "then it is to be hoped when

* Dr. Theophilus Bolton, who had been made dean of Derry, in 1700, at the time when Swift was disappointed of that preferment, was promoted to the bishoprick of Clonfert 1722, translated to Elphin 1724, and to the archbishoprick of Cashel 1729. N.

you have a better, you will become an honest man."—"Ay, that I will, Mr. Dean," says he. "Till then, my lord, farewell," answered Swift. This prelate was *twice* translated to richer sees; and, on every translation, D Swift waited on him to remind him of his promise; but to no purpose; there was now an archbishoprick in view, and till that was obtained, nothing could be done. Having in a short time likewise got this, he then waited on the dean, and told him, "I am now at the top of my preferment; for I well know that no Irishman will ever be made primate; therefore, as I can rise no higher in fortune or station, I will zealously promote the good of my country." And from that time became a most zealous patriot.

CONCLUSION.

FROM the foregoing memoirs may be drawn the true character of Swift; not on the slender ground of opinion, but the solid foundation of facts.

He was, from his earliest days, as he describes himself in one of his poems,

"Addicted to no sort of vice."

Wine, woman, and gaming, the three great seducers of youth, had never the least influence over him. He has been often heard to say, that he never was drunk in his life: there have been strong reasons assigned for supposing that he never had any criminal commerce with the fair sex: and though for a short time during his residence in London, he fell in with the fashion of playing

for trifles, yet he wholly left it off when he appeared in Ireland in the character of the Dean of St. Patrick's.

"Virtus est vitium fugere—"

is an old adage; and the bosom that is free from vice, is finely prepared for the reception of virtue. The soil in which no weeds sprout up, will reward the cultivator with plenteous crops of useful grain. Accordingly we find, from his first appearance in the world, he was possessed of three of the cardinal virtues, justice, temperance, and fortitude, in an eminent degree. His prudence, indeed, with regard to worldly views, might often be called in question; and sometimes he might be hurried away from listening to her sober dictates, by the impetuosity of a warm imagination, or allured by the sportiveness of fancy: yet, on all important occasions, he showed that he had no common share of that virtue, so necessary to the right direction of all the others. In the practice of these higher virtues, did he constantly live, even with a stoical severity; and none of the great characters of antiquity were, on that account, more entitled to our esteem and admiration.

But to conciliate the good will and love of mankind, qualities of a gentler sort are necessary; the virtues of humanity, such as friendship, liberality, charity, good nature, &c. all of which he was known to possess in a high degree by his intimate friends, though an opposite character of him prevailed in the world. I have already accounted for this in the preface, from a peculiar cast of his mind, which made him not only conceal these qualities from the public eye, but often disguise them under the appearance of their contraries. I shall now show how this peculiarity first grew upon him. We have already seen during what a length of years his proud spirit groaned under a state of dependence on his relations for

a scanty and precarious support. Upon inquiring into the history of his progenitors, he found that his grandfather had been reduced from a state of affluence, to extreme poverty, by the most cruel persecution of the fanatics in the time of Cromwell. To this he imputed all his own sufferings, as well as those of his family; which fixed such a rooted hatred in him to them and their principles, as he took every opportunity of manifesting by his writings, whenever occasion offered, during the whole course of his life. This it was which gave him such a detestation of hypocrisy, a vice generally laid to their charge, as to make him run into the opposite extreme. In which respect he was certainly highly blamable, as he was himself a teacher of that religion, which enjoins its professors to "Let their light so shine before men, that they might see their good works," &c. Especially as he stood in so conspicuous a point of view, from the superiority of his talents, that his example might have been of the greatest benefit, toward supporting the cause of religion and virtue; as, on the other hand, infidelity and vice gloried not a little, on the supposed enlistment of so great a name under their banner. It was this strangely assumed character, this new species of *hypocrisy reversed*, as Lord Bolingbroke justly termed it, which prevented his appearing in that amiable light, to which he was entitled from the benevolence of his heart, except to a chosen few. In his friendship he was warm, zealous, constant: and perhaps no man ever contracted such a number with so judicious and happy a selection. We find him every where extolled for his pre-eminence in this first and rarest of virtues, by his numerous correspondents; among whom were many of the most distinguished of that age for talents and worth. Mr. Pope, in his preface to Homer, acknowledges in the strongest terms his obligation to him for his uncommon zeal in promoting the

subscription to that work; and well he might, as there is good reason to believe that the sum procured by his solicitation was not less than a thousand pounds. We have seen with what ardour he engaged in a similar office for his friend Prior; for though he had at that time little interest in Ireland, yet, by the utmost exertion of that little, he remitted to him between two and three hundred pounds, collected by him for subscriptions to his works; as appears by receipts in my possession. Many instances of a similar kind have been casually brought to light, in spite of his endeavours to conceal them. His constancy in friendship was such, that he was never known to break any connexion of that sort, till his faculties were impaired in the decline of life, except in the case of Steele; wherein he was perfectly justified from the ingratitude and insolence of his behaviour toward him. Indeed his notions of friendship were so exalted, that he wished it might not be confined to the present life; for he says in one of his letters to Pope, "I have often wished that God Almighty would be so easy to the weakness of mankind, as to let old friends be acquainted in another state; and if I were to write a Utópia for Heaven, that would be one of my schemes."

To his good nature and tenderness of heart, many testimonies have been given by those who best knew him, in the several quotations already made from the letters of Addison, Pope, Arbuthnot, Gay, and many others. Addison in particular says, that he honoured him more for that one good quality, than all his more shining talents. Captain Charlton, in his letter to him, says, "I am sensible how intruding it may appear in me to trouble you with what I think; but you have an unlucky quality, which exposes you to the forwardness of those that love you; I mean *good nature*. From which, *though I did not always suspect you guilty of it*, I now promise myself an

easy pardon." I have here quoted this passage, the rather, because the latter part of it is a confirmation of what I have advanced with regard to the pains he took to hide those good qualities he possessed which were discoverable only on a closer intimacy. But as the quality of good nature is that part of his character least likely to gain credit, on account of the general prevalence of the contrary opinion, I shall here enumerate some of the more striking instances of his great sensibility and tenderness of heart, which have been dispersed in different parts of this work. Of this the most unequivocal proofs have been given in his letters to Stella, giving an account of the stabbing of Mr. Harley by Guiscard: in his behaviour to the Dutchess of Hamilton, on the fatal event of her lord's death: in his affecting account of the illness and death of poor Harrison: in his weeping at the funeral of his servant Magee: in his bursting into tears upon seeing the furniture taken down in Dr. Sheridan's parlour previous to his removal into the country: in all his letters to the doctor when Stella's life was despaired of: and in all the tender expressions of the warmest affection dispersed throughout his Journal to Stella, which are manifestly the effusions of a most feeling heart. Many more instances, were it necessary, might be adduced to the same effect, but I shall add only one, from an authority which cannot be doubted; I mean Miss Vanhomrigh's; who, in the midst of that bitterness of soul occasioned by his great neglect of her, begins one of her letters in the following manner. "Believe me it is with the utmost regret that I now complain to you, *because I know your good nature such, that you cannot see any human creature miserable, without being sensibly touched.*

Nor was it in these articles only that the world were so mistaken in his character: from the same cause pro-

ceeded many other charges against him, all equally ill founded. He has been represented as a man of great ambition, pride, avarice, and misanthropy. Now let us see what foundation there was for any of these charges. And first as to ambition.

This is generally considered as so powerful a passion, that it impels those who are under its dominion, to seek its gratification by all means, just or unjust. From this species of ambition, never mortal was more free than Swift. How little he was inclined to make use even of the common allowable modes of rising in the world, or to gain preferment by any solicitation on his part, may be seen by the following extracts from his letters to the archbishop of Dublin, written at a time when he was in the highest favour with the people then in power. "I humbly thank your grace for the good opinion you are pleased to have of me, and for your advice, which seems to be wholly grounded on it. As to the first, which relates to my fortune, I shall never be able to make myself believed how indifferent I am about it. I sometimes have the pleasure of making that of others, and I fear it is too great a pleasure to be a virtue, at least in me . . . . It is my maxim to leave great ministers to do as they please; and if I cannot distinguish myself enough, by being useful in such a way as becomes a man of conscience and honour, I can do no more; for I never will solicit for myself, though I often do for others." And in another place he says, "I know nothing of promises, of any thing intended for myself, but, I thank God, I am not very warm in my expectations, and know courts too well to be surprised at disappointments, which, however, I should have no great reason to fear, if I gave my thoughts any trouble that way; which, without affectation, I do not, although I cannot expect to be believed when I say so."

Governed as he was by such maxims as these, is there any one at all acquainted with the world, who could suppose that he should rise to any high rank in it? Nay, did he himself ever seem to expect it? Perhaps there was no man of his time who had so many, and such fair opportunities of advancing himself to the highest dignities of the church, could he in the least relax from his principles. Upon his return to Sir William Temple, after having resigned his living in Ireland, in order to attend his summons, he had the strongest claim upon him for immediate preferment; and there can be no doubt, had he pressed it, that the promise made to Sir William by the king, would have been performed. But he had too much generosity of soul, to urge this at a time, when the ill state of his friend's health required the constant attendance of such a companion to alleviate his sufferings; and when his death had released him from the benevolent task, we have seen how coldly he pursued the claim he had on King William, and how soon he quitted the pursuit, as his high spirit could not brook the attendance necessary to succeed at court. When he went over to Ireland with Lord Berkeley, though he had then no fortune, nor prospect of provision from any other quarter, yet, upon his breach of promise, he broke from him with marks of the highest resentment. He was afterward in high favour with the leading men in the whiggish ministry, who made overtures to him of the most advantageous kind, if he would assist them in their designs; but when he found their plan was to undermine the church, which he justly considered as one main pillar of the state; and to promote the private interest of a junto, at the expense of the community; he not only quitted them entirely, but published several pieces written expressly to counteract their measures; and this too, *long before* he was even personally known to any

leaders of the other party: so that his conduct could have proceeded only from disinterested motives.

During the last years of Queen Anne, from the authentic account given of the part he sustained in the political drama of that time, sure never man had a more clear open way before him to the summit of preferment. He was the prop and pillar of that administration; the sole confidential man, without whose participation and advice, nothing of moment was undertaken, and the chief instrument in carrying their deliberations into execution. The bosom friend of Oxford, and equally beloved by his rival Bolingbroke. Had he been a man of intrigue, what fairer opportunities could he have wished for? Nay, had he only been silent with regard to certain points; had he followed the lead of the ministry themselves, by acquiescing in those measures of the queen, which they found they could not prevail on her to change, his success had been infallible. But, during that critical time, he seems to have left all idea of *self* out of the question. He took a decided part in pursuing such measures as he thought most conducive to the public interests, let who would be disobliged at it; and accordingly incurred the queen's displeasure to such a degree, as to render hopeless all expectations of favours from her. He foresaw the consequences of such a conduct, and says, in his Journal to Stella, he knew it was the sure way to send him back to his willows, adding, with great indifference, "But I care not."

From all this it appears, that he never was in the smallest degree infected with that species of ambition, which seeks to attain its end *per fas et nefas:* on the contrary, it has been shown that he declined taking the fair and honest steps, consistent with the nicest principles, which lay before him to promotion; nor would he even sacrifice to it the smallest part of his delicacy, as

far as to ask any favour for himself, from those on whom he had conferred the highest obligations. But on no occasion did he show more clearly, how little sway ambition had over his mind, when it interfered even with the most refined delicacy of sentiment, than by accepting of Lord Oxford's invitation to accompany him in his retirement after his fall, and refusing the pressing solicitations of the new minister, backed by the queen's favourite, to assist them in carrying their new measures into effect; though, at the same time, they were the very measures that had been the object of all his views, from the time that he had entered into the political line.

And yet he had ambition to a high degree, but it was of the purest and noblest kind. He was ambitious of forming a distinguished character in life, by exerting to the utmost those talents that God had bestowed on him, for the good of mankind, and by a pre-eminence in virtue. To answer this end, conscious of his strength, he relied solely upon himself, and was little solicitous about external aid. In one of his letters to Pope, he says, "Because I cannot be a great lord, I would acquire what is a kind of *subsidium;* I would endeavour that my betters should seek me, by the merit of something distinguishable, instead of my seeking them." How successful he was in attaining his end, has been already shown. We have seen in what a high point of light he stood, during the latter years of Queen Anne; and what homage was paid him by all the great of both sexes, when he was only a petty vicar of Laracor. But this was nothing in comparison of the honours that afterward awaited him, when a whole kingdom looked up to him as their first and greatest man; when the humble title of dean, dignified by his wearing it, with a *The* *

* He was never mentioned by any other title but that of *The Dean; in the* same manner as Aristotle was called *The* Stagirite, *and Homer The* Poet. S.

before it, conferred by the general voice, made all other titles sink degraded: when at a meeting of all the nobles, with the viceroy on his throne, earls, viscounts, barons, archbishops, bishops, and judges, shrunk into pigmies, like the assembly described by Milton in the Pandemonium, upon the entrance of *The* Dean; all eyes being turned on him alone, all voices employed in his praise; and when that kingdom itself, by nature great, but rendered little by oppression, was scarce heard of in Europe, but as the place of his nativity and residence. What titles, what dignities, conferred on him by the monarchs of the earth, could have raised him to such a height, as that true nobility of soul, bestowed on him by the King of kings?

To suppose that he was not conscious of his preeminence over others, or that he was not pleased with the homage paid him on that account, would be to suppose him not to be a man. But whoever impute pride to him in consequence of this, charge him unjustly. I mean when the word is taken in its bad sense; for there is a virtuous pride, as well as a laudable ambition: and his pride, like his ambition, was of the noblest kind. That it was viewed in another light by the world, was owing to the wrong judgment formed by the bulk of mankind, who seldom penetrate farther than the surface, and are governed by appearances. But Swift looked deeply into the nature of things, and estimated their value, not by the standard of opinion or fashion, but that of right reason. The maxim he laid down, and always maintained in the face of the great, was, "That a man of genius and talents was a character superior to that of a lord; and the man of virtue, to that of the man of wealth." Is there any one who will dispute the truth of this in theory, however different the practice may be from the corruptions of mankind? But Swift was not content with

vainly speculating upon this point, in the manner of other writers; he determined that his conduct should be conformable to his principles. As he wanted not the assistance of the noble or the rich, he sought not their acquaintance; and if any were desirous of his, the first overtures must come from them, and their advances be in proportion to their rank; expecting, as he himself expresses it, more from a duke or a dutchess, than from those of an inferior class. To this, numbers of the first order of nobility conformed, acknowledging the justice of his claim; and so high was the reputation of Swift, and his character so distinguished from the rest of the world, that some of the most lofty ones among them, sacrificed their pride to the vanity of being numbered among his acquaintance. But it was only to the vainglorious, who were proud of the accidental superiority which their birth gave them, that he assumed this behaviour. To his equals, among which number he reckoned all men of genius and virtue, he put on no airs of superiority, but lived with them on the most friendly and familiar footing. His inferiors he always treated with complacency and good humour, unless they happened to show themselves to be either knaves or fools, and to them he was not sparing of his correction. In mixed societies, according to his own principle, he expected the same respect to be shown him, as is usually paid to persons of the highest rank: nor was he often disappointed in this, as there was something so commanding in his aspect, expressive of the native superiority of his mind, that it struck the beholders with awe, and produced that reverence from the heart, which is only shown by external ceremonies to artificial greatness. But among his intimates, this deportment was entirely thrown aside; where he indulged the utmost familiarity, giving free scope to the vagaries of fancy, often to a childish play-

fulness of mirth. In short, his pride, if by that name it must be called, was of the same kind as that of Admiral Villars, described by Sully, as "arising from that inborn noble elevation of mind, which, in great souls, is only a perception of their own worth, without the least mixture of mean vanity, or the intoxication of self-love."

The charge of avarice against him, is, if possible, less founded than any of the others; for never man was more free from that vice, till it came upon him with the other infirmities of old age, as appears by the whole tenour of his conduct. Many instances of his liberality, and unbounded charity, have been already produced; I shall now mention some others, which will show how little place the love of money had in his heart. He allowed Mrs. Dingley a pension of fifty-two pounds *per annum*, which, with her own annuity of twenty-eight, made up a yearly income of eighty pounds; a very handsome support for a single woman in those days. But this he insisted should be kept an entire secret between themselves, always pretending that he only acted as her agent for money which she had in the funds. And the better to deceive those about him, when she has sent for any part of this allowance, he would sometimes pretend to be in a passion, and cry out, "Pox take this woman! she is always plaguing me for money; tell her I have none to send her; I have had no remittances from London this half year." And then, cooling by degrees, he would send her the money by way of advance, and take her receipt accordingly. By this way of proceeding, those of his greatest intimacy were deceived; nor was it till after his faculties were impaired, that he discovered by accident that these payments came out of his own purse. Acting as he did with such delicacy in conferring favours, it is to be supposed that many other instances of his liberality have never come to light.

Of all the trials of an avaricious disposition, is so likely to make it show itself in the most gla- lours, as some considerable unexpected loss. To this test was Swift severely put in two remarkable occurrences in different periods of his life. The first was in 1712, before he was made Dean of St. Patrick's. He had deposited near four hundred pounds in the hands of his friend Stratford, which was all the money he then possessed in the world. An account was brought him that Stratford was broke. What effect this had on him he thus describes in his Journal to Stella: "I came home reflecting a little; nothing concerned me but MD. I called all my philosophy and religion up; and, I thank God, it did not keep me awake beyond my usual time above a quarter of an hour."

Of the other he gives the following account, in a letter to Mr. Worrall, dated Quilca, June 11, 1725.

"Your letter has informed me of what I did not expect; that I am just even with the world; for, if my debts were paid, I think I should not have fifty pounds beside my goods. I have not railed nor fretted, nor lost my sleep, nor stomach, I thank God. My greatest trouble is, that some friends, whom I intended to make easy during their lives, and the public, to which I bequeathed the reversion, will be disappointed." And in another to Dr. Sheridan, of the same date, he says, "You are to know that by Mr. Pratt's ruin I lose only twelve hundred and fifty pounds, which he owes me. So that I am now, as near as I can compute, not worth one farthing but my goods. I am therefore just to begin the world. I should value it less, if some friends and the public were not to suffer; and I am ashamed to see myself so little concerned on account of the two latter. For, as to myself, I have learned to consider what is left, and not what is *lost*—But enough of this."

Such a perfect resignation and composure of mind on such trying occasions, must surely clear him from all imputations of avarice; and it is evident from the above passages, that he valued money no farther than as it might enable him to be useful to others. For, with regard to all expenses relative to himself, he was more than frugal; as he grudged every superfluity in his domestic economy, in order that he might have it more in his power to gratify his charitable and liberal propensities. And here we have a strong proof given how far he had indulged himself in that way, when we find that in the year 1725, twelve years after his being in possession of his deanery, he had saved only so small a sum as 1250*l.* But nothing can demonstrate more clearly the little value he at all times set upon money, than his scorning to receive any payment for his works, even when his circumstances were at the lowest. In these two great articles of preferment and fortune, he seems to have adopted the maxims, and followed the example of his noble disinterested friend, Sir William Temple; who never solicited any employment, nor received the smallest reward for all the great services he did the nation. But this conduct was certainly more meritorious in Swift, as Sir William inherited an easy independent fortune, and Swift was born to no patrimony.

The last charge, as before mentioned, against Swift, and which has gained most general credit, is that of perfect misanthropy; and this is chiefly founded upon his supposed satire on human nature, in the picture he has drawn of the Yahoos. This opinion has been so universally adopted by almost all who have read Gulliver's Travels, that to controvert it would be supposed to act in opposition to the common sense and reason of mankind. And yet I will undertake to overthrow it, by appealing to that very reason and common sense, upon which they

suppose it to be founded. I shall only beg of my reader that he would lay aside for a while any prepossession he may have entertained of that kind, and candidly examine what I shall advance in support of the opposite side of the question; and if he finds the arguments there laid down unanswerable, that he will not obstinately persist in error, by whatever numbers it may be supported, but ingenuously yield to conviction. The position I mean to prove is, that the whole apologue of the Houyhnhnms and Yahoos, far from being intended as a debasement of human nature, if rightly understood, is evidently designed to show in what the true dignity and perfection of man's nature consists, and to point out the way by which it may be attained.

In order to this, let us first see with what design the fourth book of the Travels was written. In the first three books he has given various views of the different vices, follies, and absurdities of mankind, not without some mixture of good qualities, of virtue and wisdom, though in a small proportion to the others, as they are to be found in life. In his last book, he meant to exhibit two new portraits; one, of pure unmixed vice; the other, of perfect unadulterated virtue: in order that the native deformity of the one, might excite in us a deeper abhorrence of evil; and the resplendent charms of the other, allure us to what is good. To represent these to us in sensible forms, he clothes the one with the body of a man; the other with that of a horse. Between these two he divides the qualities of the human mind, taking away the rational soul from the Yahoo, and transferring it to the Houyhnhnm. To the Yahoo he leaves all the passions and evil propensities of man's nature, to be exerted without any check or control, as in the case of all other animals. The rational soul is the Houyhnhnm

acts unerringly as by instinct; it intuitively perceives what is right, and necessarily acts up to the dictates of reason. The Yahoo, as here described, is a creature of fancy, the product of the author's brain, which never had any thing similar to it upon earth. It has no resemblance to man, but in the make of its body, and the vicious propensities of its nature. It differs from him wholly in all the characteristical marks which distinguish man from the rest of the animal world. It has not a ray of reason, it has no speech, and it goes, like other quadrupeds, upon all four. Now, as reason, speech, and walking upright on two legs, are the universal properties of the human race, even in the most savage nations, which peculiarly mark their superiority over brutes, how, in the name of Heaven, has it come to pass, that by almost all who have read Gulliver, the Yahoos have been considered as beings of the human species, and the odious picture drawn of them, as intended to vilify and debase our nature? But it is evident from the whole account given of this creature of his fancy, that the author intended it should be considered as a mere beast, of a new species; for he has not only deprived it of all the characteristical distinctions of man before recited, but has superadded some material differences, even in his bodily organs and powers, sufficient to distinguish it from the human race. He says,—"They climbed high trees as nimbly as a squirrel, for they had strong extended claws before and behind, terminating in sharp points, and hooked." Now it is well known, that the human nails, when suffered to grow to any considerable length, never assume that shape, and unless pared, disable the hands from discharging their office.* He says in another

* The Mandarins of China, from an absurd custom of letting their nails grow to their utmost extent, as a mark of distinction, are

place—" They are prodigiously nimble from their infancy. This is directly opposite to the nature of the children of men, who are the most helpless in infancy, and the slowest in arriving at any degree of strength or agility, of all living creatures. Indeed it was necessary to the author's end, that of showing the vicious qualities of man's nature in their pure unmixed state, that the creature in whom they were placed should be a mere brute, governed as all others are by an irresistible instinct, without any control from a superior faculty; and accordingly he seems to have thrown in these additional circumstances to distinguish it from any thing human. At the same time it was also necessary to give this creature the human form, in order to bring the lesson home to man, by having the vicious part of his nature reflected back to him from one in his own shape; for in the form of any other creature, he would not think himself at all concerned in it. Yet it is on account of its bodily form only, represented as it is in so hideous a light, that the pride of man was alarmed, and made him blind to the author's design, so as to charge him with an intention of degrading and vilifying the whole of human nature below that of brutes. I have already shown that the whole of human nature has no concern in what is related of this creature, as he is entirely deprived of all the characteristic properties of man which distinguish him from, and elevate him above all other animals. I have also shown, that even his body, however resembling in outward form, is not the body of a man, but of a beast. In the first place it is prone, like all other beasts, which never was the case in any human creature.

obliged to have all the common offices of life, even to that of feeding them, performed by their domestics. S.

Os homini sublime dedit, cœlumque tueri
Jussit.

In the next, he has long hooked claws, which enable him to climb the highest trees with the nimbleness of a squirrel, and to dig holes in the earth for his habitation. Their faces too, as in some other tribes of animals, were all alike, being thus described: "The face of this animal indeed was flat and broad, the nose depressed, the lips large, and the mouth wide." When we consider too, that these features were never enlivened by the rational soul, nor the countenance lighted up by the benevolent sensations in man, which constitute the chief beauty of the human face, but, on the contrary, were continually distorted by a variety of malevolent passions, we must conclude with Gulliver, that such a man beast must be the most odious animal that ever crawled upon the face of the earth; and that his description of it, disgusting as it is, is not in the least exaggerated. At first sight they had so little resemblance to any thing human, that Gulliver mistook them for some new species of cattle belonging to the inhabitants. After having given a description of them as they appeared to him when he first saw a number of them near him, where he lay concealed behind a thicket, in order to mark their form more distinctly, he says, "So that thinking I had seen enough, full of contempt and aversion, I got up and pursued the beaten road, hoping it might direct me to the cabin of some Indian. I had not got far, when I met one of these creatures, full in my way, and coming up directly to me. The ugly monster, when he saw me, distorted several ways every feature of his visage, and started as at an object he had never seen before; then approaching nearer, *lifted up his fore paw*, whether out of curiosity or mischief, I could not tell: but I drew my hanger, and gave

him a good blow with the flat side of it, for I durst not strike with the edge, fearing the inhabitants might be provoked against me, if they should come to know that I had killed or maimed any of *their cattle*. And it was not till afterward, when he had an opportunity of examining one of them more closely in his kennel, that he perceived its resemblance to the human figure. But it may be asked, to what end has such an odious animal been produced to view? The answer is obvious: The design of the author, in the whole of this apologue, is, to place before the eyes of man a picture of the two different parts of his frame, detached from each other, in order that he may the better estimate the true value of each, and see the necessity there is that the one should have an absolute command over the other. In your merely animal capacity, says he to man, without reason to guide you, and actuated only by a blind instinct, I will show you that you would be degraded below the beasts of the field. That very form, that very body, you are now so proud of, as giving you such a superiority over all other animals, I will show you owe all their beauty, and all their greatest powers, to their being actuated by a rational soul. Let that be withdrawn, let the body be inhabited by the mind of a brute, let it be prone as theirs are, and suffered like theirs to take its natural course, without any assistance from art, you would in that case be the most deformed, as to your external appearance, the most detestable of all creatures. And with regard to your internal frame, filled with all the evil dispositions, and malignant passions of mankind, you would be the most miserable of beings, living in a continual state of internal vexation, and of hatred and warfare with each other.

On the other hand, I will show another picture of an animal endowed with a rational soul, and acting uniformly up to the dictates of right reason. Here you may see

collected all the virtues, all the great qualities, which dignify man's nature, and constitute the happiness of his life. What is the natural inference to be drawn from these two different representations? Is it not evidently a lesson to mankind, warning them not to suffer the animal part to be predominant in them, lest they resemble the vile Yahoo, and fall into vice and misery; but to emulate the noble and generous Houyhnhnm, by cultivating the rational faculty to the utmost; which will lead them to a life of virtue and happiness.

Is it not very extraordinary that mankind in general should so readily acknowledge their resemblance to the Yahoo, whose similitude to man consists only in the make of its body, and the evil dispositions of its mind; and that they should see no resemblance to themselves, in a creature possessed of their chief characteristical marks, reason and speech, and endowed with every virtue, with every noble quality, which constitute the dignity of man's nature, which distinguish and elevate the human above the brute species? Shall they arraign the author of writing a malignant satire against human nature, when reduced to its most abject brutal state, and wholly under the dominion of the passions; and shall they give him no credit for the exalted view in which he has placed the nobler part of our nature, when wholly under the direction of right reason? Or are mankind so stupid, as in an avowed fable, to stop at the outside, the vehicle, without diving into the concealed moral, which is the object of all fable? Do they really take the Yahoo for a man, because it has the form of a man; and the Houyhnhnm for a horse, because it has the form of a horse? But we need not wonder that the bulk of mankind should fall into this error, when we find men pretending to the utmost depths of wisdom, avowing themselves of the same mind. The learned Mr. Harris, in his Philological Inquiries, has the

following passage: "Misanthropy is so dangerous a thing, and goes so far in sapping the very foundations of morality and religion, that I esteem the last part of Swift's Gulliver (that I mean relative to his Houyhnhnms and Yahoos) to be a worse book to peruse, than those which we are forbid, as the most flagitious and obscene. One absurdity in this author (a wretched philosopher, though a great wit) is well worth remarking—in order to render the nature of man odious, and the nature of beasts amiable, he is compelled to give human characters to his beasts, and beastly characters to his men: so that we are to admire the beasts, not for being beasts, but amiable men; and to detest the men, not for being men, but detestable beasts." I believe so strange an interpretation of an author's meaning, never fell from the pen of any commentator. He first assumes, that the end proposed by Swift in this fable is, to render the nature of man odious, and the nature of beasts amiable. This surely was a most unaccountable design in any human creature; and before it can be admitted, it ought to be first proved that Swift was of a beastly disposition, which engaged him on the side of his fellow brutes. And if this were his object, no mortal ever used more unlikely means to attain it, and no one ever more completely failed of his end. By representing a beast in a human form, without any one characteristical mark of man, he could hardly expect to render human nature itself odious; and by exhibiting so strange a phenomenon as the soul of man actuating a quadruped, and regulating his conduct by the rules of right reason, he could as little hope to render the nature of irrational beasts more amiable. And accordingly I believe no mortal ever had a worse opinion of human nature, from his description of the Yahoos; nor a better of the brute creation, from that of the Houyhnhnms. And all the ill effect produced by this fable, has been

turned on the author himself, by raising the general indignation of mankind against him, from a mistaken view of his intention: so that the writer of the above remarks need not have prohibited the reading of that part of Gulliver with such solemnity, as it never did, nor never can make one proselyte to misanthrophy, whereof he seems so apprehensive; but, on the contrary, may be productive of great good, from the moral so evidently to be deduced from it, as has already been made appear.

In one paragraph of the above quoted passage, the author, wrapped up in the pride of philosophy, seems to look down upon Swift with sovereign contempt; where he says,—" One absurdity in this author (a *wretched philosopher*, though a great wit) is well worth remarking," &c. But it has been already shown, that the absurdity belongs to the commentator, not to the author; and it will be difficult to persuade the world, that Swift is not one of the greatest adepts in the first philosophy, the science of mankind; of which he has given such ample proofs throughout his works, and more particularly in this very book, so superciliously decried by this *soi-disant* philosopher; and which will be of more real benefit to mankind, than the labours of a thousand such writers as the author of Philological Inquiries, employed about splendid trifles, and useless metaphysics.

Another writer of no small eminence has attacked Swift with great virulence on the same account. In a pamphlet of Dr. Young's, entitled, Conjectures on Original Composition, there is the following passage: "If so, O Gulliver! dost thou not shudder at thy brother Lucian's vultures hovering o'er thee? Shudder on! they cannot shock thee more, than decency has been shocked by thee. How have thy Houyhnhnms thrown thy judgment from its seat, and laid thy imagination in the mire?

in what ordure hast thou dipped thy pencil? What a monster hast thou made of the

> 'Human face divine!' MILTON.

This writer has so satirized human nature, as to give a demonstration in himself, that it deserves to be satirized."

In answer to which I shall address him in his own way—O Doctor Young, how has thy prejudice thrown thy judgment from its seat, and let thy imagination hurry thee beyond all bounds of common sense! In what black composition of spleen and envy hast thou dipped thy pen! What a monstrous character hast thou given of

> 'One of the noblest men
> That ever lived in the tide of times!' SHAKSPEARE.

Thou hast so satirized this great man, as to show that thou thyself deservest the utmost severity of satire.

After such a string of poetical epiphonemas, what is the charge which he brings against Swift? It is all contained in these words—"What a monster hast thou made of the human face divine!" Now as Dr. Young himself, and all the world must have allowed, that the human face can have no claim to the epithet of divine, unless when animated by the divine particle within us, how can he be said to make a monstrous representation of the human face divine, who first supposes the divine part to be withdrawn, which entitled it to that appellation, and substitutes in its place the mind of a brute? Must not the human countenance in this case lose all that beauty and expression which it derives from the soul's looking out at the eyes, and animating every feature? On the contrary, what more deformed or shocking object can be exhibited to view, than the human face distorted by all the vile and malevolent passions belonging to man's nature? Let any one reflect what sensations he has had on the

sight of an idiot, an outrageous madman, or one possessed by ungovernable fury, extreme hatred, or implacable revenge, and he must allow that the picture Swift gives of the Yahoo face, always expressive of some one or other of similar passions, however hideous it may be, is yet a just likeness.

What then is the meaning of the general clamour raised against Swift, unless it be thought criminal in him to suppose it possible, even in a fable, that the human frame, upon which we value ourselves so highly, might be the receptacle of a brutal soul? I should not wonder if such men should arraign the Almighty also, for having really effected this in the case of Nebuchadnezzar; or exhibiting another instance of it to our view, without a miracle, in that of Peter the wild man caught in the woods of Germany; in whom was to be found a perfect image of that man beast which Swift supposes in his Yahoo.* Nor should I be surprised if they who value themselves chiefly on their outward form, should mutter complaints against their Creator, for giving certain animals so near a resemblance to them, as it is to be found in some species of baboons, but more particularly in the man-tiger; who not only is formed exactly like man in his bodily organs, but like him too, often walks erect upon two legs, with a staff in his hands, sits down upon chairs, and has the same deportment in many other points.

But while they so squeamishly take offence at this nonentity, this chimera of the brain, does it never occur to them that there really exist thousands and ten thousands of their own species, in different parts of this peopled earth, infinitely more detestable than the Yahoos. In whatever odious light their form has been portrayed, can

* It is said Queen Caroline had the curiosity to see this wild man, but was so shocked at the appearance he made, that she ordered him immediately out of her presence. S.

it excite higher disgust than that of the Hottentot, decorated with guts, which are used for food when in a state of putrefaction; and who loads his head with a mixture of stinking grease and soot, to make a secure lodgement for swarms of the most filthy vermin? or than those savages, who slash, mangle, and deform, with a variety of horrid figures, the *human face divine*, in order to strike a greater terror into their enemies? Are there any actions attributed to the miserable Yahoo so diabolical as are constantly practised in some of these savage nations, by exposing their children, murdering their parents in their old age, and roasting and eating their captives taken in war, with many other abominations? In all which instances we see, that human reason, in its state of depravity, is productive of infinitely worse consequences, than can proceed from a total deprivation of it. This lesson Gulliver has taken care to inculcate, where his master Houyhnhnm, after having received an account from him of the manners and customs of the Europeans, makes the following observation: "That although he hated the Yahoos of this country, yet he no more blamed them for their odious qualities, than he did a *gnnayh* (a bird of prey) for its cruelty, or a sharp stone for cutting his hoof. But when a creature pretending to reason, could be capable of such enormities, he dreaded lest the corruption of that faculty might be worse than brutality itself."

It may be said that the instances of depravity above quoted, are only to be found among savages, whose minds, unenlightened by knowledge, are governed wholly by their brutal appetites and passions; and that a true picture of human nature is only to be taken from the more civilized states. Let us see, therefore, whether in our own dear country, while we boast so much of the extraordinary lights drawn from philosophy, and the divine il-

lumination of the Gospel, we do not abound in crimes more numerous, and more fatal to society, even than those of savages. Of these Swift has given us a long muster-roll, where he describes the happy life he led among the Houyhnhnms, free from the odious scenes of vice in his own country in the following passage: "I enjoyed perfect health of body, and tranquillity of mind; I did not feel the treachery or inconstancy of a friend, nor the injuries of a secret or open enemy. I had no occasion of bribing, flattering or pimping, to procure the favour of any great man or his minion. I wanted no fence against fraud or oppression; here was neither physician to destroy my body, nor lawyer to ruin my fortune; no informer to watch my words and actions, or forge accusations against me for hire; here were no gibers, censurers, backbiters, pickpockets, highwaymen, housebreakers, attornies, bawds, buffoons, gamesters, politicians, wits, splenetics, tedious talkers, controvertists, ravishers, murderers, robbers, virtuosoes: no leaders or followers of party and faction; no encouragers to vice by seducement or example; no dungeons, axes, gibbets whippingposts, or pillories; no cheating shopkeepers or mechanics; no pride, vanity, or affectation; no fops, bullies, drunkards, strolling whores or poxes; no ranting, lewd, expensive wives; no stupid proud pedants; no importunate, overbearing, quarrelsome, noisy, roaring, empty, conceited, swearing companions; no scoundrels raised from the dust upon the merit of their vices, or nobility thrown into it on account of their virtues; no lords, fiddlers, judges, or dancing-masters."

In another place, after having brought the whole state of affairs in England before the judgment seat of the King of Brobdingnag, he thus relates the sentiments of that wise and virtuous monarch on the occasion: "He was perfectly astonished with the historical account I

gave him of our affairs during the last century, protesting it was only a heap of conspiracies, rebellions, murders, massacres, revolutions, banishments, the very worst effects that avarice, faction, hypocrisy, perfidiousness, cruelty, rage, madness, hatred, envy, lust, malice, and ambition could produce. His majesty in another audience was at the pains to recapitulate the sum of all I had spoken; compared the questions with the answers I had given; then taking me into his hands, and stroking me gently, delivered himself in these words, which I shall never forget, nor the manner he spoke them in: 'My little friend *Grildrig*, by what I have gathered from your own relation, and the answers I have with much pains wringed and extorted from you, I cannot but conclude the bulk of your natives to be the most pernicious race of little odious vermin, that nature ever suffered to crawl on the surface of the earth."

Is it not strange, that so bold a satire on human nature, in its actual state of existence, should excite no resentment in mankind, and that they should so readily take the alarm at an imaginary representation of it? But in the former case men are ready enough to see and allow all manner of vices and bad qualities of the mind in others, though they are so blinded by self-love as not to find the resemblance to themselves; but when their bodily form, common to all men, is vilified and debased, each individual brings the attack home to himself; his self-love takes fire at the view, and kindles his indignation against the author, as an enemy to the whole human species. That this opinion, however ill founded, became so general, is easily to be accounted for, as taking its rise from two of the most prevailing passions in human nature, pride and envy. The former called *the universal passion*, by Dr. Young; and the latter partaking of its nature, as springing from the same root. Their

pride instantly took fire upon seeing that part of their frame, whereof in general men are most vain, represented in so odious a light; and envy seized the occasion of making so heavy a charge as that of misanthropy, against a man of such uncommon talents. This broke forth chiefly among authors, jealous of that high degree of fame obtained by the superiority of his genius; and as he was unassailable on that side, they thought to bring him down more on a level with themselves, by attributing some of the finest exertions of that genius to a malevolent disposition: and as the prejudices of mankind were of their side, they cheaply purchased credit to themselves, from appearing champions for the dignity of human nature.

Yet there were not wanting others of clearer discernment, and a more liberal turn of mind, who saw this whole affair in its true light. Among these the benevolent and judicious Dr. Hawkesworth steps forth as an advocate for Swift, and decidedly gives judgment in his favour. In one of his notes on Gulliver, he says, "Whoever is disgusted with this picture of a *Yahoo*, would do well to reflect, that it becomes his own in exact proportion as he deviates from virtue; for virtue is the perfection of reason: the appetites of those abandoned to vice, are not less brutal and sordid than those of a Yahoo, nor is their life a state of less abject servility." And in another of his comments upon a passage wherein Swift had given a lively and true description of the horrors of war, stripped of all the glare and false colouring thrown over it by vain glory and ambition, he explains, justifies, and applauds the author's motive, for exhibiting here, as well as in all other parts of this admirable work, such true pictures of the vicious practices and habits of mankind, however sanctified by custom, or embellished by fashion. His words are these, "It would perhaps be ju-

possible, by the most laboured arguments, or forcible eloquence, to show the absurd injustice and horrid cruelty of war, so effectually, as by this simple exhibition of them in a new light: with war, including every species of iniquity, and every art of destruction, we become familiar by degrees, under specious terms; which are seldom examined, because they are learned at an age in which the mind receives and retains whatever is imprest on it. Thus it happens, that when one man murders another to gratify his lust, we shudder at it; but when one man murders a million to gratify his vanity, we approve and admire, we envy and applaud. If, when this and the preceding pages are read, we discover with astonishment, that when the same events have occurred in history, we felt no emotion, and acquiesced in wars which we could not but know to have been commenced for such causes, and carried on by such means; let not him be censured for too much debasing his species, who has contributed to their felicity and preservation, by stripping off the veil of custom and prejudice, and holding up, in their native deformity, the vices by which they become wretched, and the arts by which they are destroyed."

Such is the construction which will be put by all men of candour, taste, and judgment, upon these and all other passages in Swift of a similar kind. But if there are still any who will persist in finding out their own resemblance in the Yahoo, in the name of God, if the cap fits, let them wear it, and rail on. I shall only take my leave of them with an old Latin sentence, *Qui capit, ille facit.*

There is another writer, at present of gigantic fame in these days of little men, who has pretended to scratch out a life of Swift, but so miserably executed as only to reflect back on himself that disgrace, which he meant to throw upon the character of the dean. I promised in

the preface to make some strictures on this work, which I shall now perform. At his setting out, Dr. Johnson shows, which is scarcely credible, that he held this extraordinary man in very little estimation, and that he was not qualified to give any account of him with the least degree of accuracy. He begins his relation thus: "Jonathan Swift was, according to an account said to be written by himself, the son of Jonathan Swift, an attorney, and was born at Dublin on St. Andrew's day, 1667: according to his own report, as delivered by Pope to Spence, he was born at Leicester, the son of a clergyman, who was minister of a parish in Herefordshire. During his life, the place of his birth was undetermined. He was contented to be called an Irishman by the Irish, but would occasionally call himself an Englishman. The question may, without much regret, be left in the obscurity in which he delighted to involve it."

Here we see how utterly careless he was about a fact of the greatest notoriety, and established by the most authentic proofs. "According to an account *said* to be written by himself," &c. Pray mark that expression. Had he taken the trouble to inform himself, he would have found that this account *said* to be written, is really in the dean's own hand-writing, and lodged by his relation Deane Swift in the library of Dublin college, an account of which he has published in his "Essay on the Life of Swift." In the 21st section of these Memoirs, the dean says, speaking of himself, "*He was born in Dublin*, on St. Andrew's day." In opposition to this account given by himself, Dr. Johnson quotes a report from a second hand, communicated to him from Pope through Spence: "*During his life, the place of his birth was undetermined.*" On the contrary, I say that the place of his birth never admitted of any doubt, by those

who were desirous of information on that head;* and if the doctor had ever looked into his correspondence, he would have found that he acknowledged it in several of his letters. "*He was contented to be called an Irishman by the Irish, but would occasionally call himself an Englishman.*"† In the same place where he found that he would occasionally call himself an Englishman, he might have seen the reason of his doing so; which was, that "though dropped in Ireland," as he himself expresses it, in a letter to Lord Oxford, he was descended from English progenitors on both sides. But the doctor seems to have thrown this matter into a state of doubt, merely to introduce the last sentence, in order to insinuate the contemptible idea he had of Swift, where he says, "The question may, *without much regret*, be left in the obscurity in which he delighted to involve it." Which in plain English would run thus: It is of very little moment where the fellow was born. As he has been very exact in stating the places of their birth in all the other Lives of his Poets, even those of the lower class, his marked

* While he lived, he was so far from seriously denying or concealing his being a native of Ireland, that he often mentioned and even pointed out the house in which he was born; and had the register book of St. Warburgh's church searched, for an account of his baptism; but that entry and many others were omitted through the carelessness of the then vestry clerk. N.

† The dean has frequently been heard to say, "I am not of this vile country: I am an Englishman;" meaning that the being born in Ireland could be no opprobrium to any person of English extraction as he was. For, about the time of his birth, and indeed before, many of the best families there were either English, or were descended from English ancestors who had settled in that kingdom after the final reduction thereof about the end of Queen Elizabeth's reign. He loved Ireland, and often spoke with pleasure of its excellent soil, fine climate, harbours, and many other natural advantages; yet he hated the old inhabitants, on account of their nastiness, and the laziness of their dispositions. Agreeable to which notion, he styled Ireland in his private conversation, *optima terra, pessima gens.* N.

indifference here is the more striking. But it will be said—Is there any man upon earth that can have a contemptible idea of Swift? Yes—such is the high notion which the doctor entertains of his own superiority, that he always treated his name with contempt. His common expression in talking of him, was, that "Swift was a very shallow fellow."

Upon that passage in Swift's Life, where it is related that in the early part of it, he generally travelled on foot, and lay at waggoners' inns, he has the following comment. "This practice Lord Orrery imputes to his innate love of grossness and vulgarity: some may ascribe it to his desire of surveying human life through all its varieties; and others, perhaps with equal probability, to a passion which seems to have been deep fixed in his heart, the love of a shilling." How little ground there was for such a charge against Swift, has been amply shown; but that it should be authorized here, by the same writer, who in another place says, "With all this talk of his covetousness and generosity, it should be remembered *that he was never rich*," can be imputed only to a spirit of detraction.

On another occasion he relates the following anecdote: *Of his humour*, a story told by Pope may afford a specimen, thus related by Spence.

"Doctor Swift has an odd, blunt way, that is mistaken by strangers for ill nature.—'Tis so odd, that there is no describing it but by facts. I'll tell you one that first comes into my head. One evening Gay and I went to see him: you know how intimately we were all acquainted. On our coming in, "Heyday, gentlemen (says the doctor) what's the meaning of this visit! How came you to leave all the great lords that you are so fond of, to come hither to see a poor dean?" "Because we would rather see you than any of them." "Ay, ay,

one that did not know so well as I do, might believe you. But since you are come, I must get some supper for you, I suppose."—"No, doctor, we have supped already."—"Supped already, that's impossible! why it is not eight o'clock yet.—That's very strange! but, if you had not supped, I must have got something for you.—Let me see, what should I have had? A couple of lobsters; ay, that would have done very well; two shillings—tarts, a shilling: but you will drink a glass of wine with me, though you supped so much before your usual time only to spare my pocket."—"No, we had rather talk with you, than drink with you."—"But if you had supped with me, as in all reason you ought to have done, you must then have drunk with me.—A bottle of wine, two shillings—two and two is four, and one is five; just two and sixpence a piece. There, Pope, there's half a crown for you, and there's another for you, sir; for I won't save any thing by you, I am determined.—This was all said and done with his usual seriousness on such occasions; and in spite of every thing we could say to the contrary, he actually obliged us to take the money."

In all this account it is evident that Swift saw into his friends' motive for not supping with him, which was the fear of putting him to expense. Their pretending to have supped at so unusual an hour, and afterward refusing a glass of wine, even supposing they had supped, were full proofs of this. It was clear therefore to him that they had given credit to the common report of his covetousness; and in order to show that he was above such sordid thrift, and to punish them for supposing it, by this practical rebuke, he made them undergo the shame of putting into their pockets, what would otherwise have been spent in good fellowship. This was evidently Swift's view, though it does not seem to have oc-

curred to Dr. Johnson, who relates it only as an instance of his odd humour.

In his account of the "Tale of a Tub," the doctor says, "That Swift was its author, though it be universally believed, was never owned by himself, nor very well proved by any evidence." Surely the doctor has never seen the letters that passed between the dean and Ben Tooke, published in this collection of his Works;* wherein he not only acknowledges himself the author, but gives directions about the publication of another edition, with an Apology prefixed to it.

With regard to The Battle of the Books, he has revived the whole charge of plagiarism against Swift, in the following passage. "The Battle of the Books is so like the *Combat des Livres*, which the same question concerning the Ancients and Moderns had produced in France, that the improbability of such a coincidence of thoughts without communication, is not, in my opinion, balanced by the anonymous protestation prefixed, in which all knowledge of the French book is peremptorily disowned."

This charge was first made against Swift by Wotton, in the following words: "I have been assured, that the battle in St. James's library is, *mutatis mutandis*, taken out of a French book, entitled, *Combat des Livres*, if I misremember not." Thus answered by Swift: "In which passage there are two clauses observable: *I have been assured;* and, *if I misremember not.* I desire first to know, whether, if that conjecture proves an utter falsehood, those two clauses will be a sufficient excuse for this worthy critic. The matter is a trifle; but would he venture to pronounce at this rate upon one of greater moment? I know nothing more contemptible in a

* See them in Vol. XV. N.

writer, than the character of a plagiary, which he here fixes at a venture; and this not for a passage, but a whole discourse, taken out from another book, only *mutatis mutandis*. The author is as much in the dark about this, as the answerer; and will imitate him by an affirmation at random; that if there be a word of truth in this reflection, he is a paltry imitating pedant; and the answerer is a person of wit, manners, and truth. He takes his boldness, from never having seen any such treatise in his life, nor heard of it before: and he is sure it is impossible for two writers, of different times and countries, to agree in their thoughts after such a manner, that two continued discourses shall be the same, only *mutatis mutandis*. Neither will he insist upon the mistake in the title: but let the answerer and his friend produce any book they please, he defies them to show one single particular, where the judicious reader will affirm he has been obliged for the smallest hint, giving only allowance for the accidental encountering of a single thought, which he knows may sometimes happen: though he has never yet found it in that discourse, nor has heard it objected by any body else."

Is it possible to conceive that Swift would have made so bold an appeal, if he were not conscious of the truth of what he advanced, when he might have been so easily confuted? Or, that Wotton would not have seized the opportunity, if he had it in his power, of supporting his charge, to the utter disgrace of his adversary? But, since neither he, nor any one else, has ever made the attempt, is it not astonishing that the calumny should still remain? This is a striking instance of that levelling principle in mankind, which swallows with avidity any slanders propagated to the disadvantage of exalted characters; for though I have never yet met with any mortal who had seen such a book, yet I have heard from the

mouths of hundreds "that Swift's Battle of the Books was taken from a French book, called *Combat des Livres.*"

Now though this might be expected from the bulk of mankind, on account of the principle above mentioned, what shall we say when we find a professed biographer, bound by every principle of justice and humanity to guard the memory of the dead against false aspersions, become himself a *particeps criminis*, by giving his sanction to a charge which in the very face of it carries not the least air of truth? This charge is made by an avowed enemy, not from his own knowledge, but from hearsay; and that too in the most guarded manner; notwithstanding which suspicious circumstances, Dr. Johnson assumes it as a truth, and forms his deductions from it accordingly. The manner in which he invalidates the answer to it, is most curious, and well worthy of the reader's observation; where he says,—"That the improbability of such a coincidence of thoughts, without communication, [still you see taking the fact for granted] is not, in my opinion, balanced by the *anonymous* protestation prefixed, in which all knowledge of the French book is peremptorily disowned." Now the only reason here assigned for not giving due credit to this protestation, is, that it is *anonymous;* and in that case we are never to give credit to any of Swift's publications, as they were all anonymous, except his letter to the Earl of Oxford. But there is no one who has the least knowledge of style, that is not as sure that the apology was written by Swift, as if he saw it in his own hand-writing. Or if there were any doubt, his letter to Tooke proves it beyond all contradiction. This is such an instance of gross prejudice, and want of candour, as should make the reader cautious how he gives any credit to the many other misrepresentations of this great man's character, dispersed throughout the work.

In speaking of Swift's political writings, he says, "But he was now immerging into political controversy; for the same year produced the *Examiner*, of which Swift wrote thirty-three papers. In argument he may be allowed to have the advantage, &c. but with regard to wit, I am afraid none of Swift's papers will be found equal to those *by which Addison opposed him.*"

Here he has shown a most shameful ignorance of his subject, by saying that Swift was opposed by Addison; for had he only turned to the books, he would have found that Addison's last Whig Examiner, was published October 12, 1710; and Swift's first Examiner on the 10th of the following November.* So that all this boasted superiority of Addison over Swift in this supposed contest, falls to the ground; and I believe the doctor will find it hard to persuade the world, that either Addison, or any man that ever lived, was superior to Swift in wit.

On another shining part of Swift's character, he makes the following remark. "His disinterestedness has been likewise mentioned, &c. He refused, indeed, fifty pounds from Lord Oxford, but he accepted afterwards a draught of a thousand upon the exchequer, which was intercepted by the queen's death, and which he resigned, as he says himself, *multa gemens, with many a groan.*" In what an invidious light has he placed this transaction! But this is a common artifice of malice, to relate bare facts, without any of the concomitant circumstances, which may place those facts in a very different point of view. As they are stated here, the inference to be drawn, is, that though Swift rejected the offer of so paltry a sum as that of fifty pounds, he was not proof against so large a bribe as that of a thousand; and this naturally fol-

* Dr. Johnson, who prided himself *on accuracy in dates*, was here misled by trusting to hearsay. N.

lows from omitting the circumstances of time and occasion. When Lord Oxford presented him with a bill for fifty pounds, it was at an early period of their acquaintance, when Swift engaged to employ his pen in behalf of the measures of that ministry; and was to be considered only as an earnest of future gratifications of the same kind, according to his future merits. We have seen with what indignation he rejected this intended favour, and what resentment he showed at his being thus put on the footing of a hireling writer. He afterward continued his services for near three years without receiving or soliciting any reward; and when at last the deanery of St. Patrick's was given him, he told Lord Oxford, "that he ought to have been put into the clear possession of it, and not be obliged to borrow money, as he hated of all things to be in debt, for the necessary expenses attending his induction to it." His claim was the stronger on the ministry for this, as he was not at all indebted to them for his preferment, which he owed entirely to the friendship of the Duke of Ormond. I believe all the world will allow, that, had he received it, this would have been but a poor reward for all his long and important services; and had he pushed it, there can be no doubt but that it would have been obtained. But finding his first hint neglected by Lord Oxford, he scorned to press it any farther; and the order on the exchequer was made out without his participation, as has been shown before, under the short administration of Lord Bolingbroke. The latter part of the sentence—"and which he resigned, as he says himself, *multa gemens, with many a groan*,"—is written in the same spirit with the rest: for it is evident, from the whole turn of the letter which contains this passage, that Swift used this phrase jocosely, which the doctor chooses to take in a serious light, and translate literally. It was impossible indeed that he could have the least solicitude about it at

the time this letter was writ, in the year 1720, fourteen years after he had received the order, which he never thought of presenting. For though it is highly probable, from the great favour which he then stood in with the princess, and the civil reception he met with even at St. James's, that upon proper application he might have been paid the demand, to which he had an equitable right; yet he scorned to owe any obligation to a minister, of whose measures he so entirely disapproved. And that this was his way of thinking, is fully proved by a letter written to Dr. Sheridan about the same time, where he says, "Tell the archdeacon that I never asked for my thousand pound, which he heard I have got; although I mentioned it to the princess the last time I saw her, but I bid her tell Walpole I scorned to ask him for it."

But of all the charges brought against Swift, there is one of the most malignant nature, which has never even been hinted at by any other writer; and is utterly unsupported by any evidence. It is contained in the following passage: "Swift was popular awhile by another mode of beneficence. He set aside some hundreds to be lent in small sums to the poor, from five shillings, I think, to five pounds. He took no interest, and only required that at repayment, a small fee should be given to the accountant; but he required that the day of promised payment should be exactly kept. A severe and punctilious temper is ill qualified for transactions with the poor; the day was often broken, and the loan was not repaid. This might have been easily foreseen; but, for this, Swift had made no provision of patience or pity. He ordered his debtors to be sued. A severe creditor has no popular character; what then was likely to be said of him who employs the catchpoll under the appearance of charity? The clamour against him was loud, and the resentment of the populace outrageous; he was therefore forced to drop his

scheme, and own the folly of expecting punctuality from the poor."

Now I do assert, from my own knowledge, that there is not one syllable of truth in this whole account, from the beginning to the end. I have before shown what wise precautions Swift took to prevent any diminution of this fund; which were so effectual, that it held out entire to the last, and the circulation of it continued unimpaired, till he was deprived of his understanding; as numbers of families, who now live in credit, and who originally owed their establishment to what was borrowed from that fund, can attest. From his first setting out in this passage, we see how willing the doctor was to depreciate this noble charity, where he says—"He set aside some hundreds to be lent in small sums to the poor, from five shillings, I think, to five pounds." Some hundreds, may mean two or three hundred; had he consulted any of his Memoir writers, he would have found that the sum was five hundred pounds; and that it was lent out, not in small sums from five shillings to five pounds, but from five pounds to ten. And though the doctor has guarded his paltry sum of five shillings, with an—*I think*—what apology can be made for conjecture, where certainty was so easily to be obtained? As to the cruelty he is charged with to his poor debtors, whatever report of that sort may have been raised in London, it certainly never was heard of in Dublin; but when he adds, that, on this account, "The clamour against him was loud, and the resentment of the populace outrageous"—one cannot help being astonished at so confident an assertion, against a fact of such public notoriety: for even the worst maligners of the dean allow, that no man ever possessed the love of the populace to so high a degree; and it is well known in Dublin, that no part of his conduct ever gained him so much popularity, as this well devised, well managed charity. K

the doctor had any authority for this gross misrepresentation, he ought to have produced it; otherwise the scandal may be brought home to himself—the scandal not only of attempting to deprive Swift of the merit of such a noble institution, but by such misrepresentation, to place his character in a most odious light.

But of all the instances that occur throughout this work, of the strong bias in the doctor's mind, to place every thing with regard to Swift in the worst light, no one is more remarkable than the account he gives of the forged letters sent to the queen in the dean's name, to be found in the following passage: where, speaking of the queen, he says—"I know not whether she had not, in her turn, some reason for complaint. A letter was sent her, not so much entreating, as requiring her patronage of Mrs. Barber, an ingenious Irishwoman, who was then begging subscriptions for her poems. To this letter was subscribed the name of Swift, *and it has all the appearances of his diction and sentiments;* but it was not written in his hand, and had some little improprieties. When he was charged with this letter, he laid hold of the inaccuracies, and urged the improbability of the accusation; but never denied it: he shuffles between cowardice and veracity, and talks big when he says nothing."

In answer to which, I am tempted to lay before the reader Swift's defence of himself, though set down in a former place, lest it might have escaped his observation. To a letter from his friend Pope, enclosing one of those forged ones, he makes the following reply: "As for those three letters you mention, supposed all to be written by me to the queen, on Mrs. Barber's account, especially the letter which bears my name, I can only say, that the apprehensions one may be apt to have of a friend's doing a foolish thing, is an effect of kindness; and God knows *who* is free from playing the fool some time or other. But

in such a degree, as to write to the queen, who has used me ill without any cause, and to write in such a manner as the letter you sent me, and in such a style, and to have such a zeal for one almost a stranger, and to make such a description of a woman, as to prefer her before all mankind; and to instance it as one of the greatest grievances of Ireland, that her majesty has not encouraged Mrs. Barber, a woollendraper's wife declined in the world, because she has a knack of versifying; was, to suppose, or fear, a folly so transcendant, that no man could be guilty of, who was not fit for Bedlam. You know the letter you sent enclosed is not my hand, and why I should disguise, and yet sign my name, is unaccountable. If the queen had not an inclination to think ill of me, she knows me too well to believe in her own heart that I should be such a coxcomb," &c.

And in his letter to Mrs. Howard upon the same subject, he thus expresses himself: "I find, from several instances, that I am under the queen's displeasure; and, as it is usual among princes, without any manner of reason. I am told there were three letters sent to her majesty in relation to one Mrs. Barber, who is now in London, and soliciting for a subscription to her poems. It seems the queen thinks that these letters were written by me; and I scorn to defend myself, even to her majesty, grounding my scorn upon the opinion I had of her justice, her taste, and good sense: especially when the last of those letters, whereof I have just received the original from Mr. Pope, was signed with my name: and why I should disguise my hand, which you know very well, and yet write my name, is both ridiculous and unaccountable."

Now, I appeal to the reader whether it was possible for a man to have made a stronger defence against such a charge. Stronger indeed than was at all necessary on the occasion, as it was soon discovered to be a trick of

some enemy to render him ridiculous, and lose all credit at court, as we find by an answer to the above letter from Lady Suffolk, in which she rallies the dean with great sprightliness. "Think of my joy to hear you suspected of folly; think of my pleasure when I entered the list for your justification! Indeed, I was a little disconcerted to find Mr. Pope took the same side; for I would have had the man of wit, the dignified divine, the Irish Drapier, have found no friend, but the silly woman and the courtier. . . . Now, to my mortification, I find every body inclined to think you had no hand in writing these letters."

This impotent attack upon the dean, we find, was stifled in its birth. What shall we say then to the attempt made by Dr. Johnson to revive it at this distance of time, in order to level him with the lowest of mankind, by three gross imputations, each of which is utterly incompatible with the whole of his character? And these are, no less than folly, falsehood, and cowardice. Folly in the extreme, in supposing him to write such letters, as could only reflect disgrace on himself, without any assignable motive for his doing so: falsehood of the worst kind, as prevarication is worse than lying; and cowardice in not daring to own what he had done. Who is there that knows any thing of Swift, his utter abhorrence of every species of falsehood; his courage to speak the truth in the face of majesty, with the same freedom as before the meanest subject; but must be shocked at the audacity of the man, who dared to say of him—"He shuffles between cowardice and veracity, and talks big when he says nothing?"

The only reasons assigned by the doctor for his believing that the letters were really written by Swift, are these:

1st. To this letter was subscribed the name of Swift, *and it has all the appearances of his diction and sentiments.* Now I will appeal to any one of taste acquainted with Swift's style, whether there ever was a more clumsy imitation attempted, both with regard to thoughts and expression. It bears indeed as little resemblance to his, as one of Overton's wooden prints, to the copperplate of Hogarth.

2d. "When he was charged with this letter, he laid hold of the inaccuracies, and urged the improbability of the accusation, *but never denied it.*" That is to say, because Swift does not in express terms say, "I did not write those letters,"—therefore he does not deny it. But his indignation at so base a charge was too great to answer it only by a simple denial; to his friend Pope he refutes it by such forcible arguments, as showed the impossibility of his being capable of such an egregious piece of folly, unless, as he expresses it, he were fit for Bedlam. "To the queen indeed (as he nobly says) I scorn to defend myself; grounding my scorn upon the opinion I had of her justice, her taste, and good sense."

While the doctor was maliciously endeavouring to fix the stain of a base prevarication on Swift, he did not foresee that the charge

> Would, like a devilish engine, back recoil
> Upon himself. MILTON.

For, as it is a received opinion in the world, that men judge of others by themselves, there is no one who sees so vile an imputation thrown on so exalted a character, upon such bad grounds, but will suppose the doctor capable of acting in that manner himself, under similar circumstances.*

* Much as we may applaud the honest warmth with which Mr. Sheridan here vindicates the insulted dean, few men will join him

It were a tedious business to follow the doctor through many other passages equally reprehensible; but by those which I have already exposed, I have shown how little credit is to be given to the rest. All candid readers of the other Lives written by this biographer, will see how enviously he has endeavoured to depreciate the characters, or works, of men of the greatest genius, and to exalt others of little fame. Of this he has given a remarkable instance in the very next life to that of Swift, which may be considered as an antidote to his poison. What will posterity say, when they see the Life of *Savage* extended to double the number of pages occupied by that of Swift? When they shall find the writings of the one, not a line of which will probably descend to them, highly extolled; and the works of the immortal Swift, either condemned, or slightly praised? When they shall see every art used to palliate the actions of one of the worst of men,* and place his character in the most favourable light; and all the ingenuity of malice exerted to misrepresent the conduct, and vilify the character of one of the best? But whatever pains the doctor may have taken in drawing all these portraits of our poets, they will never be considered as likenesses;† except his own, which he has unwarily handed down to future ages, in such strong features, that the resemblance never can be doubted.

in this severe condemnation of the grave philologist, whose sturdy morality would bear the strictest investigation. N.

* Much must be allowed for the period of life in which Dr. Johnson wrote the Memoirs of Savage, and the intimacy of friendship in which they had lived. N.

† Here again we shall not be singular, in entering a protest against this very positive assertion. N.

In opposition to all the maligners of Swift, most of whom were such—

As neither knew his faculties or person. SHAKSPEARE.

I shall oppose the testimony of two men, who were of his intimate acquaintance for more than twenty years, Dr. Delany, and Dr. Stopford. The first concludes his answer to Lord Orrery in the following manner.

"My lord, when you consider Swift's singular, peculiar, and most variegated vein of wit, always intended rightly, although not always rightly directed; delightful in many instances, and salutary even where it is most offensive; when you consider his strict truth, his fortitude in resisting oppression and arbitrary power; his fidelity in friendship; his sincere love and zeal for religion; his uprightness in making right resolutions, and his steady adherence to them: his care of his church, its choir, its economy, and its income; his attention to all those that preached in his cathedral, in order to their amendment in pronunciation and style; as also his remarkable attention to the interest of his successors, preferably to his own present emoluments; his invincible patriotism, even to a country which he did not love; his very various, well-devised, well-judged, and extensive charities, throughout his life; and his whole fortune conveyed to the same Christian purposes at his death; charities, from which he could enjoy no honour, advantage, or satisfaction of any kind, in this world.

"When you consider his ironical and humorous, as well as his serious schemes for the promotion of true religion and virtue; his success in soliciting for the first fruits and twentieths, to the unspeakable benefit of the established church of Ireland; and his felicity (to rate it no higher) in giving occasion to the building of fifty new churches in London.

"All this considered, the character of his life will appear like that of his writings, they will both bear to be re-considered, and re-examined with the utmost attention; and will always discover new beauties and excellencies, upon every examination.

"They will bear to be considered as the sun, in which the brightness will hide the blemishes; and whenever petulant ignorance, pride, malice, malignity, or envy interposes, to cloud, or sully his fame, I will take upon me to pronounce the eclipse will not last long.

"To conclude.—No man ever deserved better of any country, than Swift did of his. A steady, persevering, inflexible friend: a wise, a watchful, and a faithful counsellor under many severe trials, and bitter persecutions, to the manifest hazard both of his liberty and fortune. He lived a blessing, he died a benefactor, and his name will ever live an honour to *Ireland*."

The other was written in Latin, by Dr. Stopford, bishop of Cloyne; a man inferior to none of his time in learning, benevolence, and piety; adorned with all the qualities that constitute the scholar, the gentleman, and the christian. Swift, on an early acquaintance, soon distinguished so excellent a character, took him into his confidence, became his patron, and never ceased his good offices till, from a junior fellow of the college, he raised him to that high rank, so suited to his merit. The good bishop, who always acknowledged that he owed every step of his preferment entirely to Swift, paid the following tribute to the memory of his deceased friend and benefactor.

"MEMORIÆ JONATH. SWIFT, S.

"QUEM vivum ex animo coluit, amico liceat mortuum *deflere*, atque hoc qualicunque fungi munere.

" A. C. 1745, Octobris die 19no obiit JONATHAN SWIFT Decanus Ecclesiæ Cathedralis Sancti Patricii Dubliniensis; vixit annos septuaginta septem, decem menses, 19 dies.

" Vir ultra quam homini concessum videtur, maximis ornatus virtutibus. Vires ingenii mirandæ potius, quam a quoquam exoptandæ; quas exercuit præcipuè in politicis et poetica.

" Incorruptus inter pessimos mores; magni atque constantis animi; libertatis semper studiosissimus, atque nostri reipublicæ status, a Gothis quondam sapienter instituti, laudator perpetuus, propugnator acerrimus. Cujus tamen formam, ambitu et largitione adeo fædatam ut vix nunc dignosci possit, sæpius indignabundus plorabat.

" Patriæ amore flagrans sortem Hiberinæ, quoties deflevit! quoties laboranti subvenit! Testis epistolæ illæ nunquam interituræ, quibus, insulam miserè labantem, jamque juga ahenea subeuntem, erexit, confirmavit; impiis inimicorum conatibus fortiter infractis, prostratis.

" Privatam si inspicias vitam, cum illo gratias, lepores, sales interiisse dicas; quibus suavissimè sermones conditi, summo tamen cum decore, utpote cui unicè propositum, quod verum, quod decens, amicis et civibus suis assiduè commendare.

" Nec levior flagitiorum vindex, fraudes, ambitionem, avaritiam, dictis acerrimè laceravit, exemplo feliciter oppressit.

" Erga bonos comis, liberalis, pius, commodis amicorum anxiè inserviens; pro pauperibus semper sollicitus; quorum egestati in hac urbe mire consuluit, pecuniâ mutuo datâ infimis artificum, in ratâ, eâque exigua portione per septimanas rependenda, unde multi paupertati jam succumbentes, sese paulatim expedierunt.

"Idem, abstinentiæ exemplar antiquum, parcè atque duriter rem familiarem administravit; quasque sibi inutiles spernebat opes, sedulo tamen comparatas, domui hospitali condendæ, moriens magnificè legavit: ubi idiotæ et lunatici, collati muneris ignari, piè semper tractarentur.

"Hic vir, tantus, talisque, qui vividis ingenii viribus longè genus humanum superabat, a civibus ingratis diu neglectus, magnatum invidiam sæpius, gratiam vix unquam expertus, triginta duos annos latuit in Hiberniâ, nullo ultra decanatum insignitus titulo; quod tamen illi pro votis accidisse inter amicos constat, quippe cui semper in ore erat; non tam referre, quo genere honorum sis ornatus, quam a quibus et inter quos.

"Tandem senio, atque intolerandis capitis doloribus confectus, mente, memoria, sensu paulatim deficientibus, jamque penitus extinctis, per quatuor postremos vitæ annos, inter mœrentes amicos mortuus vixit; quem tamen omni laude dignissimum ritè consecrant divina ingenii lumina."

I shall close my account of this extraordinary man, with laying open one leading part of his character, which may serve as a clew to the whole. He was perhaps the most disinterested man that ever lived. No selfish motive ever influenced any part of his conduct. He loved virtue for its own sake, and was content it should be its own reward. The means to arrive at rank, fortune, and fame, the three great objects of pursuit in other men, though all thrown in his way, he utterly despised, satisfied with having deserved them. The same principle operated equally on the author, as on the man; as he never put his name to his works, nor had any solicitude about them, after they had once made their appearance in the world. The last act of his life showed how far he

made this a rule of conduct, in his choice of the charity to which he bequeathed his fortune; leaving it for the support of idiots and lunatics, beings that could never know their benefactor.

Upon the whole, when we consider his character as a man, perfectly free from vice, with few frailties, and such exalted virtues; and as an author, possessed of such uncommon talents, such an original vein of humour, such an inexhaustible fund of wit, joined to so clear and solid an understanding; when we behold these two characters united in one and the same person; perhaps it will not be thought too bold an assertion, to say, that his parallel is not to be found either in the history of ancient or modern times.

1784. T. S.

APPENDIX.

ANECDOTES

OF THE

FAMILY OF SWIFT.

A FRAGMENT.

WRITTEN BY DR. SWIFT.

[*The original Manuscript, in his own hand, is lodged in the University Library of Dublin.*]

THE family of the SWIFTS* was ancient in Yorkshire; from them descended a noted person, who passed under the name of Cavaliero *Swift*, a man of wit and humour. He was made an Irish peer by King James or King Charles the First, with the title of Baron *Carlingford*,† but never was in that kingdom. Many traditional pleasant stories are related of him, which the family planted in Ireland has received from their parents. This lord died without issue male; and his heiress, whether of the first or second descent, was married to *Robert Fielding*, Esq. commonly called *Handsome Fielding;* she brought him a considerable estate in Yorkshire, which he squandered away, but had no children: the Earl of *Eglington* married another coheiress of the same family, as he has often told me.

* See the annexed Pedigree. N.

† *Barnam Swift*, Esq. was created viscount (not baron) of Carlingford, by King Charles I. March 20, 1627, and by his death in 1642, *S. P.* the title became extinct. N.

F YORKSHIRE.

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children)
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f Philpot;

s Witfierde, gent.
Atkinson, apothecary
ndon.

died with-
out issue.
;—
sons.
ters.

Adam ═ .....

Anne ═ ..Perry.
Another daughter.

Another of the same family was Sir *Edward Swift*, well known in the times of the great rebellion and usurpation, but I am ignorant whether he left heirs or not.

Of the other branch, whereof the greatest part settled in Ireland, the founder was *William Swift*, prebendary of Canterbury,* toward the last years of Queen Elizabeth, and during the reign of King James the First. He was a divine of some distinction: there is a sermon of his extant, and the title is to be seen in the catalogue of the Bodleian Library, but I never could get a copy, and I suppose it would now be of little value.†

This William married the heiress of *Philpot*, I suppose a Yorkshire‡ gentleman, by whom he got a very considerable estate, which, however, she kept in her own power; I know not by what artifice. She was a capricious, ill natured, and passionate woman, of which I have been told several instances. And it has been a continual tradition in the family, that she absolutely disinherited her only son, *Thomas*, for no greater crime than that of robbing an orchard when he was a boy. And thus much is certain, that, except a church or chapter lease, which was not renewed, Thomas never enjoyed more than one hundred pounds a year, which was all at Goodrich, in Herefordshire, whereof not above one half is now in the possession of a great great grandson.

His original picture§ is now in the hands of *Godwin Swift*, of Dublin, Esq. his great grandson, as well as that

* William Swift was not prebendary of Canterbury, but rector of St. Andrew's in that city; in which preferment he succeeded his father in 1592. N.

† It was preached Jan. 25, 1621, at St. George's, Canterbury, at the funeral of Sir Thomas Wilson, in Rom. viii. 18; and is written much in the style and manner of that age. D. S.

‡ More probably of Kent. D. S.

§ Drawn in 1603, æt. 57; his wife's in the same year, æt. 54. D. S.

of his wife, who seems to have a good deal of the shrew in her countenance;* whose arms of an heiress are joined with his own; and, by the last, he seems to have been a person somewhat fantastic; for in these he gives as his device, a dolphin (in those days called a Swift) twisted about an anchor, with this motto, *Festina lente.*

There is likewise a seal with the same coat of arms (his not joined with his wife's) which the said William commonly made use of, and this is also now in the possession of Godwin Swift above mentioned.

His eldest son *Thomas* seems to have been a clergyman before his father's death. He was vicar of Goodrich, in Herefordshire, within a mile or two of Ross: he had likewise another church living, with about one hundred pounds a year in land, as I have already mentioned. He built a house on his own land in the village of Goodrich, which, by the architecture, denotes the builder to have been somewhat whimsical and singular, and very much toward a projector. The house is above a hundred years old, and still in good repair, inhabited by a tenant of the female line, but the landlord, a young gentleman, lives upon his own estate in Ireland.

This Thomas was distinguished by his courage, as well as his loyalty to King Charles the First, and the sufferings he underwent for that prince, more than any person of his condition in England. Some historians of those times relate several particulars of what he acted, and what hardships he underwent for the person and cause of that blessed martyred prince. He was plundered by the Roundheads six-and-thirty times, some say above fifty. He engaged his small estate, and gathered all the money he could get, quilted it in his waistcoat, got off to a town held for the king, where being asked by the governor,

* *These* pictures are still preserved in the family. N.

who knew him well, "what he could do for his majesty?" Mr. Swift said, "he would give the king his coat," and stripping it off, presented it to the governor; who observing it to be worth little, Mr. Swift said, "then take my waistcoat:" he bid the governor weigh it in his hand, who, ordering it to be ripped, found it lined with three hundred broad pieces of gold, which, as it proved a seasonable relief, must be allowed an extraordinary supply from a private clergyman with ten children, of a small estate, so often plundered, and soon after turned out of his livings in the church.

At another time, being informed that three hundred horse of the rebel party intended in a week to pass over a certain river, upon an attempt against the cavaliers, Mr. Swift having a head mechanically turned, he contrived certain pieces of iron with three* spikes, whereof one must always be with the point upward; he placed them over night in the ford, where he received notice that the rebels would pass early the next morning, which they accordingly did, and lost two hundred of their men, who were drowned or trod to death by the falling of their horses, or torn by the spikes.

His sons, whereof four were settled in Ireland (driven thither by their sufferings, and by the death of their father) related many other passages, which they learned either from their father himself, or from what had been told them by the most credible persons of Herefordshire, and some neighbouring counties; and which some of those sons often told to their children; many of which are still remembered, but many more forgot.

He was deprived of both his church livings sooner than most other loyal clergymen, upon account of his superior zeal for the king's cause, and his estate sequestered. His preferments, at least that of Goodrich, were

* It should be four. S.

given to a fanatical saint, who scrupled not, however, to conform upon the restoration, and lived many years, I think till after the Revolution: I have seen many persons at Goodrich, who knew and told me his name, which I cannot now remember.

The lord treasurer Oxford told the dean, that he had among his father's (sir Edward Harley's) papers, several letters from Mr. Thomas Swift, writ in those times, which he promised to give to the grandson, whose life I am now writing; but never going to his house in Herefordshire while he was treasurer, and the queen's death happening in three days after his removal, the dean went to Ireland, and the earl being tried for his life, and dying while the dean was in Ireland, he could never get them.

Mr. Thomas Swift died in the year 1658, and in the 63d year of his age: his body lies under the altar at Goodrich, with a short inscription. He died about two years before the return of King Charles the Second, who by the recommendation of some prelates had promised, if ever God should restore him, that he would promote Mr. Swift in the church, and otherwise reward his family, for his extraordinary services and zeal, and persecutions in the royal cause: but Mr. Swift's merit died with himself.

He left ten sons and three or four daughters, most of which lived to be men and women: his eldest son *Godwin Swift*, of the Inner Temple,* Esq. (so styled by Guillim the herald, in whose book the family is described at large) was I think called to the bar before the restoration. He married a relation of the old marchioness of Ormond, and upon that account, as well as his father's loyalty, the old duke of Ormond made him his attorney general in the palatinate of Tipperary. He had four

* Of Gray's Inn, not of the Inner Temple. D. S.

wives, one of which, to the great offence of his family, was coheiress to Admiral *Deane*, who was one of the regicides. Godwin left several children, who have all estates. He was an ill pleader, but perhaps *a little too** dexterous in the subtle parts of the law.

The second son of Mr. *Thomas Swift* was called by the same name, was bred at Oxford, and took orders. He married the eldest daughter of Sir *William d'Avenant*, but died young, and left only one son, who was also called *Thomas*, and is now rector of Putenham in Surrey. His widow lived long, was extremely poor, and in part supported by the famous Dr. South, who had been her husband's intimate friend.

The rest of his sons, as far as I can call to mind, were Mr. *Dryden* Swift, called so after the name of his mother, who was a near relation to Mr. Dryden the poet, *William*, *Jonathan*, and *Adam*, who all lived and died in Ireland; but none of them left male issue except *Jonathan*, who beside a daughter left one son, born seven months after his father's death; of whose life I intend to write a few memorials.

J. S. D. D. and D. of St. P———, was the only son of Jonathan Swift, who was the seventh or eighth son of Mr. Thomas Swift above-mentioned, so eminent for his loyalty and his sufferings.

His father died young, about two years after his marriage: he had some employments and agencies; his death was much lamented on account of his reputation for integrity, with a tolerable good understanding.

He married Mrs. *Abigail Erick*, of Leicestershire, descended from the most ancient family of the Ericks, who derive their lineage from Erick the Forester, a great

* These three words were interlined in the original, some time after it was first written, and were designed by the Doctor to be a sneer upon the memory of his uncle. D. S.

commander, who raised an army to oppose the invasion of William the Conqueror, by whom he was vanquished, but afterward employed to command that prince's forces; and in his old age retired to his house in Leicestershire, where his family has continued ever since, but declining every age, and are now in the condition of very private gentlemen.*

This marriage was on both sides very indiscreet, for his wife brought her husband little or no fortune; and his death happening so suddenly,† before he could make a sufficient establishment for his family, his son (not then born) hath often been heard to say, that he felt the consequences of that marriage, not only through the whole course of his education, but during the greatest part of his life.

He was born in Dublin, on St. Andrew's day; and when he was a year old, an event happened to him that seems very unusual; for his nurse, who was a woman of Whitehaven, being under an absolute necessity of seeing one of her relations, who was then extremely sick, and from whom she expected a legacy; and being extremely fond of the infant, she stole him on shipboard unknown to his mother and uncle, and carried him with her to Whitehaven, where he continued for almost three years. For, when the matter was discovered, his mother sent orders by all means not to hazard a second voyage, till he could be better able to bear it. The nurse was so careful of him, that before he returned he had learned to spell; and

* The family of *Erick*, which has produced many eminent men, is still represented by two respectable branches, the *Heyricks* of Leicester town, and the *Herricks* of Beaumanor. Of both these branches, distinct pedigrees, and many curious historical anecdotes are given in the "History of Leicestershire," vol. II. p. 615; vol. III. p. 148. N.

† *He died* at about the age of 28. N.

by the time that he was five years old he could read any chapter in the Bible.

After his return to Ireland, he was sent at six years old to the school of Kilkenny, from whence at fourteen he was admitted into the university at Dublin; where by the ill treatment of his nearest relations, he was so discouraged and sunk in his spirits, that he too much neglected some parts of his academic studies: for which he had no great relish by nature, and turned himself to reading history and poetry; so that when the time came for taking his degree of bachelor, although he had lived with great regularity and due observance of the statutes, he was stopped of his degree for dulness and insufficiency; and at last hardly admitted in a manner little to his credit, which is called in that college *speciali gratiâ*. And this discreditable mark, as I am told, stands upon record in their college registry.

The troubles then breaking out, he went to his mother, who lived in Leicester; and after continuing there some months, he was received by Sir William Temple, whose father had been a great friend to the family, and who was now retired to his house called Moor Park, near Farnham in Surry, where he continued for about two years: for he happened before twenty years old, by a surfeit of fruit, to contract a giddiness and coldness of stomach, that almost brought him to his grave; and this disorder pursued him, with intermissions of two or three years, to the end of his life. Upon this occasion he returned to Ireland, by advice of physicians, who weakly imagined that his native air might be of some use to recover his health, but growing worse, he soon went back to Sir William Temple; with whom, growing into some confidence, he was often trusted with matters of great importance. King William had a high esteem for Sir William Temple by a long acquaintance, while that gen-

tleman was ambassador and mediator of a general peace at Nimeguen. The king soon after his expedition to England, visited his old friend often at Sheen, and took his advice in affairs of greatest consequence. But Sir William Temple, weary of living so near London, and resolving to retire to a more private scene, bought an estate near Farnham in Surry, of about 100l. a year, where Mr. Swift accompanied him.

About that time a bill was brought into the house of commons for triennial parliaments; against which, the king, who was a stranger to our constitution, was very averse, by the advice of some weak people, who persuaded the Earl of Portland, that king Charles the First lost his crown and life by consenting to pass such a bill. The earl, who was a weak man, came down to Moor Park, by his majesty's orders, to have Sir William Temple's advice, who said much to show him the mistake. But he continued still to advise the king against passing the bill. Whereupon Mr. Swift was sent to Kensington with the whole account of the matter in writing, to convince the king and the earl how ill they were informed. He told the earl to whom he was referred by his majesty (and gave it in writing) that the ruin of king Charles the First was not owing to his passing the triennial bill, which did not hinder him from dissolving any parliament, but to the passing another bill, which put it out of his power to dissolve the parliament then in being without the consent of the house. Mr. Swift, who was well versed in English history, although he was then under twenty-one years old, gave the king a short account of the matter, but a more large one to the Earl of Portland; but all in vain; for the king by ill advisers, was prevailed upon to refuse passing the bill.* This was

* This happened in the year 1693, when the bill for triennial parliaments was rejected, not by the king, but by the house of commons.

the first time that Mr. Swift had any converse with courts, and he told his friends it was the first incident that helped to cure him of vanity. The consequence of this wrong step in his majesty was very unhappy; for it put that prince under a necessity of introducing those people called whigs into power and employments in order to pacify them. For, although it be held a part of the king's prerogative to refuse passing a bill, yet the learned in the law think otherwise, from that expression used at the coronation, wherein the prince obliges himself to consent to all laws, *quas vulgus elegerit.*

Mr. Swift lived with him (Sir William Temple) some time, but resolving to settle himself in some way of living, was inclined to take orders. However, although his fortune was very small, he had a scruple of entering into the church merely for support, and Sir William Temple then being master of the rolls in Ireland, offered him an employ of about 120*l.* a year in that office; whereupon Mr. Swift told him, that since he had now an opportunity of living without being driven into the church for a maintenance, he was recommended to the Lord Capel, then lord deputy, who gave him a prebend in the north, worth about 100*l.* a year, of which growing weary in a few months, he returned to England, resigned his living in favour of a friend, and continued in Sir William Temple's house till the death of that great man, who,

That bill was intituled, "An Act for the frequent calling and meeting of parliament:" it was passed by the lords, Dec. 8, 1693; and rejected by the lower house, Dec. 22. The mistake seems to have arisen from "An Act touching free and impartial proceedings in parliament;" which passed the commons, Dec. 4, 1693; was agreed to by the lords, Jan. 5; and the royal assent withheld, in the usual phrase of Le Roy s'avisera, Jan. 25; yet Bp. Burnet has said, this latter bill was "rejected by the lords." N.

beside a legacy, left him the care and trust and advantage of publishing his posthumous writings.

Upon this event Mr. Swift removed to London, and applied by petition to King William, upon the claim of a promise his majesty had made to Sir William Temple, that he would give Mr. Swift a prebend of Canterbury or Westminster. The Earl of Rumney,* who professed much friendship for him, promised to second his petition; but as he was an old, vicious, illiterate rake, without any sense of truth or honour, said not a word to the king. And Mr. Swift, after long attendance in vain, thought it better to comply with an invitation given him by the Earl of Berkeley to attend him to Ireland, as his chaplain and private secretary; his lordship having been appointed one of the lords justices of that kingdom. He attended his lordship, who landed near Waterford, and Mr. Swift acted as secretary during the whole journey to Dublin. But another person had so insinuated himself into the earl's favour, by telling him that the post of secretary was not proper for a clergyman, nor would be of any advantage to one, who only aimed at church preferments; that his lordship, after a poor apology, gave that office to the other.

In some months the deanery of Derry fell vacant; and it was the Earl of Berkeley's turn to dispose of it. Yet things were so ordered, that the secretary having received a bribe, the deanery was disposed of to another, and Mr. Swift was put off with some other church livings not worth above a third part of that rich deanery; and at this present not a sixth. The excuse pretended was his being too young, although he was then thirty years old.

* Swift has here given us an idea of Lord Romney's character in a few bitter words; but some allowance is, in candour, to be made for the disordered spleen of the writer, on a most provoking occasion. *N.*

*Certificate of Dr. Swift's Degree; taken at Dublin, and sent to Oxford.**

"Omnibus quorum interest salutem. Nos præpositus sociique seniores Collegii Sacro-sanctæ et Individuæ Trinitatis juxta Dublin, testamur Jonathan Swift, die decimo quinto Februarii 1685, gradum baccalaureatûs in artibus suscepisse, præstito prius fidelitatis erga regiam majestatem juramento. Quod de predicto testimonium, subscriptis singulorum nominibus et collegii sigillo quo in hisce utimur, confirmandum curavimus. Datum die tertio Maii, 1692.

Robert Huntington, Præpos. L. S.
St. George Ashe.
Richard Reader.
George Bronn.
Benjamin Scroggs.

Quibus in venerabili congregatione magistrorum regentium 14 die Junii, 1692, habitâ publicatis Jonathan Swift (gratiâ prius petitâ et concessâ) ad eundem gradum, statum, et dignitatem, admissus fuit apud Oxonienses, quibus insignitus erat apud suos Dublinienses.

10 Nov. 1753.

Vera copia, *Ric. Rawlinson.*

Jonathan Swift, M. A.
Hart Hall, July 5, 1692.

* Extracted from the congregation book by the Rev. Mr. Francis Wise, B. D. keeper of the archives of the University of Oxford, and F. S. A. communicated by Richard Rawlinson, L. L. D. and F. R. et Ant. S. V. P.

Lib. Convocat. ab anno 1683 *ad ann.* 1693.

4 Julii, 1692. Whereas Thomas Swift, a complete Bachelor of Arts of the university of Dublin and now of Baliol, has been incorporated and admitted to the same degree in the university, since which time he hath performed all the exercises required by the statutes for the taking the degree of Master of Arts, saving only that of determining in Lent, which he humbly prays may by the favour of the University be dispensed with, in regard the exercise cannot be done at this time of the year, and it will be of some concern to him to be admitted to be a candidate for the degree of Master of Arts this term: And whereas Jonathan Swift, a complete Bachelor of Arts in the university of Dublin, and now of Hart Hall, being under the same circumstances, and petitioning for the same favour: We, according to the power of the Chancellor delegated to us in that behalf, do hereby give our consent, that both their requests be communicated to the Heads of Houses, and proposed in Convocation. Given under our hands and seals the [fourth day] of July, 1692.

Jonathan Edwards, Vicecanc.
Fitzherbert Adams,
Ra. Bathurst.

DR. SWIFT'S WILL.

IN the name of GOD, *Amen.* I, JONATHAN SWIFT, doctor in divinity, and Dean of the cathedral church of St. Patrick, Dublin, being at this present of sound mind, although weak in body, do here make my last will and testament, hereby revoking all my former wills.

Imprimis. I bequeath my soul to God (in humble hopes of his mercy through Jesus Christ) and my body to the earth. And I desire that my body may be buried in the great aisle of the said cathedral, on the south side, under the pillar next to the monument of primate Narcissus Marsh, three days after my decease, as privately as possible, and at twelve o'clock at night, and that a black marble of feet square, and seven feet from the ground, fixed to the wall, may be erected, with the following inscription in large letters, deeply cut, and strongly gilded.*

Item: I give and bequeath to my executors, all my worldly substance, of what nature or kind soever (except such part thereof as is herein after particularly devised) for the following uses and purposes, that is to say, to the intent that they, or the survivors or survivor of them, his executors, or administrators, as soon as conveniently may be after my death, shall turn it all into ready money, and lay out the same in purchasing lands of inheritance in fee simple, situate in any province in Ireland, except Connaught, but as near to the city of Dublin as conveniently can be found, and not incumbered with, or subject to any leases for lives renewable,

* See the epitaph in vol. I. p. 317.

or any terms, for years longer than thirty-one: and I desire that a yearly annuity of twenty pounds sterling, out of the annual profits of such lands, when purchased, and out of the yearly income of my said fortune, devised to my executors, as aforesaid, until such purchase shall be made, shall be paid to Rebecca Dingley, of the city of Dublin, spinster, during her life, by two equal half-yearly payments, on the feasts of All Saints, and St. Philip and St. Jacob, the first payment to be made on such of the said feasts as shall happen next after my death. And that the residue of the yearly profits of the said lands, when purchased, and until such purchase be made, the residue of the yearly income and interest of my said fortune devised as aforesaid, to my executors, shall be laid out in purchasing a piece of land situate near Dr. Steevens's hospital, or, if it cannot be there had, somewhere in or near the city of Dublin, large enough for the purposes herein after mentioned, and in building thereon an hospital large enough for the reception of as many idiots and lunatics as the annual income of the said lands and worldly substance shall be sufficient to maintain: and, I desire that the said hospital may be called St. Patrick's Hospital, and may be built in such a manner, that another building may be added unto it, in case the endowment thereof shall be enlarged; so that the additional building may make the whole edifice regular and complete. And my farther will and desire is, that when the said hospital shall be built, the whole yearly income of the said lands and estate shall, for ever after, be laid out in providing victuals, clothing, medicines, attendance, and all other necessaries for such idiots and lunatics, as shall be received into the same; and in repairing and enlarging the building from time to time, as there may be occasion. And, if a sufficient num-

ber of idiots and lunatics cannot readily be found, I desire that incurables may be taken into the said hospital to supply such deficiency: but, that no person shall be admitted into it, that labours under any infectious disease: and that all such idiots, lunatics, and incurables, as shall be received into the said hospital shall constantly live and reside therein, as well in the night as in the day; and that the salaries of agents, receivers, officers, servants, and attendants, to be employed in the business of the said hospital, shall not in the whole exceed one-fifth part of the clear yearly income, or revenue thereof. And I farther desire, that my executors, the survivors or survivor of them, or the heirs of such, shall not have power to demise any part of the said lands so to be purchased as aforesaid, but with consent of the lord primate, the lord high chancellor, the lord archbishop of Dublin, the Dean of Christchurch, the Dean of St. Patrick's, the physician to the state, and the surgeon general, all for the time being, or the greater part of them, under their hands in writing; and that no leases of any part of the said lands shall ever be made other than leases for years not exceeding thirty-one, in possession, and not in reversion or remainder, and not dispunishable of waste, whereon shall be reserved the best and most improved rents, that can reasonably and moderately, without racking the tenants, be gotten for the same, without fine. Provided always, and it is my will and earnest desire, that no lease of any part of the said lands, so to be purchased as aforesaid, shall ever be made to, or in trust for, any person any way concerned in the execution of this trust, or to, or in trust for, any person any way related or allied, either by consanguinity or affinity, to any of the persons who shall at that time be concerned in the execution of this trust: and that, if any leases shall happen to be made contrary to my in-

tention above expressed, the same shall be utterly void and of no effect. And, I farther desire until the charter herein after mentioned be obtained, my executors, or the survivor or survivors of them, his heirs, executors, or administrators, shall not act in the execution of this trust, but with the consent and approbation of the said seven additional trustees, or the greater part of them, under their hands in writing, and shall, with such consent and approbation as aforesaid, have power from time to time, to make rules, orders, and regulations, for the government and direction of the said hospital. And I make it my request to my said executors, that they may in convenient time, apply to his majesty for a charter to incorporate them, or such of them as shall be then living, and the said additional trustees, for the better management and conduct of this charity, with a power to purchase lands; and to supply by election, such vacancies happening in the corporation, as shall not be supplied by succession, and such other powers as may be thought expedient for the due execution of this trust, according to my intention herein before expressed. And, when such charter shall be obtained, I desire that my executors, or the survivors or survivor of them, or the heirs of such survivor, may convey, to the use of such corporation, in fee simple, for the purposes aforesaid, all such lands and tenements, as shall be purchased in manner above mentioned. Provided always, and it is my will and intention, that my executors, until the said charter, and afterward the corporation, to be hereby incorporated, shall out of the yearly profits of the said lands when purchased, and out of the yearly income of my said fortune devised to my executors as aforesaid, until such purchase be made, have power to reimburse themselves for all such sums of their own money, as they shall necessarily expend in the execution of this trust. And that, until the said charter

be obtained, all acts which shall at any time be done in the execution of this trust by the greater part of my executors then living, with the consent of the greater part of the said additional trustees under their hands in writing, shall be as valid and effectual, as if all my executors had concurred in the same.

Item: Whereas I purchased the inheritance of the tithes of the parish of Effernock, near Trim, in the county of Meath, for two hundred and sixty pounds sterling: I bequeath the said tithes to the vicars of Laracor, for the time being, that is to say, so long as the present episcopal religion shall continue to be the national established faith and profession in this kingdom: but, whenever any other form of Christian Religion shall become the established faith in this kingdom, I leave the said tithes of Effernock to be bestowed, as the profits come in, to the poor of the said parish of Laracor, by a weekly proportion, and by such other officers as may then have the power of distributing charities to the poor of the said parish, while Christianity under any shape shall be tolerated among us, still excepting professed jews, atheists, and infidels.

Item: Whereas I have some leases of certain houses in Kevin's-street, near the deanery-house, built upon the dean's ground, and one other house now inhabited by Henry Land in Deanery-lane, alias Mitre alley, some of which leases are let for forty-one years, or forty at least, and not yet half expired, I bequeath to Mrs. Martha Whiteway, my lease or leases of the said houses; I also bequeath to the said Martha, my lease of forty years, of Goodman's Holding, for which I receive ten pounds *per annum;* which are two houses or more lately built; I bequeath also to the said Martha, the sum of three hundred pound sterling, to be paid her by my executors out

of my ready money, or bank bills, immediately after my death, as soon as the executors meet. I leave moreover, to the said Martha, my repeating gold watch, my yellow tortoise-shell snuff box, and her choice of four gold rings, out of seven which I now possess.

Item: I bequeath to Mrs. Mary Swift, alias Harrison, daughter of the said Martha, my plain gold watch made by Quare, to whom also I give my Japan writing desk, bestowed to me by my lady Worsley, my square tortoise-shell snuff-box, richly lined and inlaid with gold, given to me by the right honourable Henrietta, now countess of Oxford, and the seal with a pegasus, given to me by the countess of Granville.

Item: I bequeath to Mr. Ffolliot Whiteway, eldest son of the aforesaid Martha, who is bred to be an attorney, the sum of sixty pounds, as also five pounds to be laid out in the purchase of such law books as the honour able Mr. Justice Lindsay, Mr. Stannard, or Mr. M'Aulay shall judge proper for him

Item: I bequeath to Mr. John Whiteway, youngest son of the said Martha, who is to be brought up a surgeon, the sum of one hundred pounds, in order to qualify him for a surgeon, but under the direction of his mother: which said sum of one hundred pounds is to be paid to Mrs. Whiteway, in behalf of her said son John, out of the arrears which shall be due to me from my church livings (except those of the deanery tithes, which are now let to the Rev. Doctor Wilson) as soon as the said arrears can be paid to my executors. I also leave the said John five pounds to be laid out in buying such physical or chirurgical books, as Dr. Grattan and Mr. Nichols shall think fit for him.

Item: I bequeath to Mrs. Ann Ridgeway, now in my family, the profits of the lease of two houses, let to John

Cownly, for forty years, of which only eight or nine are expired, for which the said Cownly payeth me nine pounds sterling for rent, yearly. I also bequeath to the said Anne, the sum of one hundred pounds sterling, to be paid her by my executors in six weeks after my decease, out of whatever money or bank bills I may possess when I die; as also three gold rings, the remainder of the seven above-mentioned, after Mrs. Whiteway hath made her choice of four: and all my small pieces of plate not exceeding in weight one ounce and one third part of an ounce.

Item: I bequeath to my dearest friend Alexander Pope, of Twickenham, Esq. my picture in miniature, drawn by Zinck, of Robert late Earl of Oxford.

Item: I leave to Edward, now Earl of Oxford, my seal of Julius Cæsar, as also another seal, supposed to be a young Hercules, both very choice antiques, and set in gold; both which I choose to bestow to the said earl, because they belonged to her late most excellent majesty, Queen Anne, of ever glorious, immortal, and truly pious memory, the real nursing mother of her kingdoms.

Item: I leave to the Reverend Mr. James Stopford, vicar of Finglass, my picture of King Charles the First, drawn by Vandyck, which was given to me by the said James; also, my large picture of birds, which was given to me by Thomas, Earl of Pembroke.

Item: I bequeath to the Reverend Mr. Robert Grattan, prebendary of St. Audoen's, my gold bottlescrew, which he gave me, and my strong box, on condition of his giving the sole use of the said box to his brother, Dr. James Grattan, during the life of the said doctor, who hath more occasion for it, and the second best beaver hat I shall die possessed of.

Item: I bequeath to Mr. John Grattan, prebendary of Clonmethan, my silver box, in which the freedom of the

city of Cork was presented to me; in which I desire the said John to keep the tobacco he usually cheweth, called pigtail.

Item: I bequeath all my horses and mares to the Rev. Mr. John Jackson, vicar of Santry, together with all my horse furniture: lamenting that I had not credit enough with any chief governor (since the change of times) to get some additional church preferment for so virtuous and worthy a gentleman. I also leave him my third best beaver hat.

Item: I bequeath to the Reverend Dr. Francis Wilson, the works of Plato, in three folio volumes; the earl of Clarendon's History, in three folio volumes, and my best Bible; together with thirteen small Persian pictures, in the drawing-room, and the small silver tankard given to me by the contribution of some friends, whose names are engraved at the bottom of the said tankard.

Item: I bequeath to the Earl of Orrery, the enamelled silver plates to distinguish bottles of wine by, given to me by his excellent lady; and the half-length picture of the late Countess of Orkney in the drawing-room.

Item: I bequeath to Alexander M'Aulay, Esq. the gold box in which the freedom of the city of Dublin was presented to me, as a testimony of the esteem and love I have for him, on account of his great learning, fine natural parts, unaffected piety and benevolence, and his truly honourable zeal in defence of the legal rights of the clergy, in opposition to all their unprovoked oppressors.

Item: I bequeath to Deane Swift, Esq. my large silver standish, consisting of a large silver plate, an ink-pot, a sand-box, and bell of the same metal.

Item: I bequeath to Mrs. Mary Barber, the medal of Queen Anne and Prince George, which she formerly gave me.

Item: I leave to the Reverend Mr. John Worrall, my best beaver hat.

Item: I bequeath to the Reverend Dr. Patrick Delany, my medal of Queen Anne, in silver, and on the reverse, the bishops of England kneeling before her most sacred majesty.

Item: I bequeath to the Reverend Mr. James King, prebendary of Tipper, my large gilded medal of King Charles the First, and on the reverse, a crown of martyrdom with other devices. My will, nevertheless, is, that if any of the abovenamed legatees should die before me, that then, and in that case, the respective legacies to them bequeathed, shall revert to myself, and become again subject to my disposal.

Item: Whereas I have the lease of a field in trust for me, commonly called the Vineyard, let to the Reverend Dr. Francis Corbet, and the trust declared by the said doctor; the said field, with some land on this side of the road, making in all about three acres, for which I pay yearly to the dean and chapter of St. Patrick's ****.

WHEREAS I have built a strong wall round the said piece of ground, eight or nine feet high, faced on the south aspect with brick, which cost me above six hundred pounds sterling: and, likewise, another piece of ground as aforesaid, of half an acre, adjoining the burial place, called the Cabbage-garden, now tenanted by William White, gardener: my will is, that the ground enclosed by the great wall may be sold for the remainder of the lease, at the highest price my executors can get for it, in belief and hopes that the said price will exceed three hundred pounds, at the lowest value: for which my successor in the deanery shall have the first refusal; and, it is my earnest desire, that the succeeding deans and chapters may preserve the said vineyard and piece of land adjoining where the said White now liveth, so as to be always

in the hands of the succeeding deans during their office, by each dean lessening one-fourth of the purchase money to each succeeding dean, and for no more than the present rent.

And I appoint the honourable Robert Lindsay, one of the judges of the court of common pleas; Henry Singleton, Esq. prime sergeant to his majesty; the Reverend Dr. Patrick Delany, chancellor of St. Patrick's; the Rev. Dr. Francis Wilson, prebendary of Kilmacktolway; Eaton Stannard, Esq. recorder of the city of Dublin; the Rev. Mr. Robert Grattan, prebendary of St. Audoen's; the Rev. Mr. John Grattan, prebendary of Clonmethan; the Rev. Mr. James Stopford, vicar of Finglass; the Rev. Mr. James King, prebendary of Tipper; and Alexander M'Aulay, Esq. my executors.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and seal, and published and declared this as my last Will and Testament, this third day of May, one thousand seven hundred and forty.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

Signed, sealed, and published, by the above named Jonathan Swift, *in Presence of Us, who have subscribed our Names in his Presence.*

Jo. Wynne.
Jo. Rochfort.
William Dunkin.

THE

CHARACTER

OF

DOCTOR SWIFT,

AFTER HIS DEATH.

OCTOBER 31, 1745.

On Saturday last, died, at the deanery
house in Kevin-street,
The Rev. JONATHAN SWIFT, D. D.
Dean of St. Patrick's, Dublin:
The greatest genius that this, or perhaps any other age
or nation ever produced.
His indefatigable application to study in his earlier
days, induced a total deprivation of his
understanding, in which state he has
continued for some years past.
His writings,
Which must be admired as long as the English
language continues to be understood,
Are remarkable for a vein of wit and humour,
Which runs through the whole of them without
exception, and which is not to be met with
in those of any other author.
His satire, though poignant, was intended rather to
reform than ridicule;
His manner was ever easy and natural;
His thoughts new and pleasing;
His style chaste and polished;

His verse smooth and flowing.
In his private character he was no less excellent:
His conversation was always pleasant and agreeable;
He was pious without hypocrisy,
Virtuous without austerity,
And beneficent without ostentation.
As he loved his country,
So he was ever watchful of its interest,
And zealous to promote it.
No wonder then,
That with these qualifications and endowments,
He became the delight of his countrymen,
And the admiration of foreigners.
In short, it may with justice be said,
That he was a great and good man,
An honour to his country, and to human nature.

CHARACTER

OF

SWIFT'S WRITINGS,

BY DR. JOHNSON.

WHEN Swift is considered as an author, it is just to estimate his powers by their effects. In the reign of Queen Anne he turned the stream of popularity against the whigs, and must be confessed to have dictated for a time the political opinions of the English nation. In the succeeding reign he delivered Ireland from plunder and oppression; and showed that wit, confederated with truth, had such force as authority was unable to resist. He said truly of himself, that Ireland "was his debtor." It was from the time when he first began to patronize the Irish, that they may date their riches and prosperity. He taught them first to know their own interest, their weight, and their strength, and gave them spirit to assert that equality with their fellow-subjects, to which they have ever since been making vigorous advances, and to claim those rights which they have at last established. Nor can they be charged with ingratitude to their benefactor; for they reverenced him as a guardian, and obeyed him as a dictator.

In his works he has given very different specimens both of sentiments and expression. His "Tale of a Tub" has little resemblance to his other pieces. It exhibits a vehemence and rapidity of mind, a copiousness of images, and vivacity of diction, such as he afterward

never possessed or never exerted. It is of a mode so distinct and peculiar, that it must be considered by itself; what is true of that, is not true of any thing else which he has written.

In his other works is found an equable tenour of easy language, which rather trickles than flows. His delight was in simplicity. That he has in his works no metaphor, as has been said, is not true; but his few metaphors seem to be received rather by necessity than choice. He studied purity; and though perhaps all his strictures are not exact, yet it is not often that solecisms can be found; and whoever depends on his authority may generally conclude himself safe. His sentences are never too much dilated or contracted; and it will not be easy to find any embarrassment in the complication of his clauses, any inconsequence in his connexions, or abruptness in his transitions.

His style was well suited to his thoughts, which are never subtilised by nice disquisitions, decorated by sparkling conceits, elevated by ambitious sentences, or variegated by far sought learning. He pays no court to the passions; he excites neither surprise nor admiration; he always understands himself; and his readers always understand him: the peruser of Swift wants little previous knowledge; it will be sufficient that he is acquainted with common words and common things; he is neither required to mount elevations, nor to explore profundities; his passage is always on a level, along solid ground, without asperities, without obstruction.

This easy and safe conveyance of meaning it was Swift's desire to attain, and for having attained he deserves praise. For purposes merely didactic, when something is to be told that was not known before, it is the best mode; but against that inattention by which

known truths are suffered to lie neglected, it makes no provision; it instructs, but does not persuade.

By his political education he was associated with the whigs; but he deserted them when they deserted their principles, yet without running into the contrary extreme; he continued throughout his life to retain the disposition which he assigns to the "Church of England man," of thinking commonly with the whigs of the state, and with the tories of the church.

He was a churchman rationally zealous; he desired the prosperity, and maintained the honour, of the clergy; of the dissenters he did not wish to infringe the toleration, but he opposed their encroachments.

To his duty as dean he was very attentive. He managed the revenues of his church with exact economy; and it is said by Delany, that more money was, under his direction, laid out in repairs, than had ever been in the same time since its first erection. Of his choir he was eminently careful; and, though he neither loved nor understood music, took care that all the singers were well qualified, admitting none without the testimony of skilful judges.

In his church he restored the practice of weekly communion, and distributed the sacramental elements in the most solemn and devout manner with his own hand. He came to church every morning, preached commonly in his turn, and attended the evening anthem, that it might not be negligently performed.

He read the service "rather with a strong, nervous voice, than in a graceful manner; his voice was sharp and high toned, rather than harmonious."

He entered upon the clerical state with hope to excel in preaching; but complained, that, from the time of his political controversies, "he could only preach pamphlets." This censure of himself, if judgment be made

from those sermons which have been printed, was unreasonably severe.

The suspicions of his irreligion proceeded in a great measure from his dread of hypocrisy; instead of wishing to seem better, he delighted in seeming worse than he was. He went in London to early prayers, lest he should be seen at church; he read prayers to his servants every morning with such dexterous secrecy, that Dr. Delany was six months in his house before he knew it. He was not only careful to hide the good which he did, but willingly incurred the suspicion of evil which he did not. He forgot what himself had formerly asserted, that hypocrisy is less mischievous than open impiety. Dr. Delany, with all his zeal for his honour, has justly condemned this part of his character.

The person of Swift had not many recommendations. He had a kind of muddy complexion, which, though he washed himself with oriental scrupulosity, did not look clear. He had a countenance sour and severe, which he seldom softened by any appearance of gayety. He stubbornly resisted any tendency to laughter.

To his domestics he was naturally rough; and a man of a rigorous temper, with that vigilance of minute attention which his works discover, must have been a master that few could bear. That he was disposed to do his servants good, on important occasions, is no great mitigation; benefaction can be but rare, and tyrannic peevishness is perpetual. He did not spare the servants of others. Once, when he dined alone with the Earl of Orrery, he said of one that waited in the room, "That man has, since we sat down to the table, committed fifteen faults." What the faults were, Lord Orrery, from whom I heard the story, had not been attentive enough to discover. My number may perhaps not be exact.

In his economy he practised a peculiar and offensive parsimony, without disguise or apology. The practice of saving being once necessary, became habitual, and grew first ridiculous, and at last detestable. But his avarice, though it might exclude pleasure, was never suffered to encroach upon his virtue. He was frugal by inclination, but liberal by principle; and if the purpose to which he destined his little accumulations be remembered, with his distribution of occasional charity, it will perhaps appear, that he only liked one mode of expense better than another, and saved merely that he might have something to give. He did not grow rich by injuring his successors, but left both Laracor and the deanery more valuable than he found them. With all this talk of his covetousness and generosity, it should be remembered, that he was never rich. The revenue of his deanery was not much more than seven hundred a year.

His beneficence was not graced with tenderness or civility; he relieved without pity, and assisted without kindness; so that those who were fed by him could hardly love him.

He made a rule to himself to give but one piece at a time, and therefore always stored his pocket with coins of different value.

Whatever he did, he seemed willing to do in a manner peculiar to himself, without sufficiently considering, that singularity, as it implies a contempt of the general practice, is a kind of defiance which justly provokes the hostility of ridicule; he, therefore, who indulges peculiar habits, is worse than others, if he be not better.

In the intercourse of familiar life, he indulged his disposition to petulance and sarcasm, and thought himself injured if the licentiousness of his raillery, the freedom of his censures, or the petulance of his frolics, was re-

sented or repressed. He predominated over his companions with very high ascendency, and probably would bear none over whom he could not predominate. To give him advice was, in the style of his friend Delany, "to venture to speak to him." This customary superiority soon grew too delicate for truth; and Swift, with all his penetration, allowed himself to be delighted with low flattery.

On all common occasions, he habitually affects a style of arrogance, and dictates rather than persuades. This authoritative and magisterial language he expected to be received as his peculiar mode of jocularity; but he apparently flattered his own arrogance by an assumed imperiousness, in which he was ironical only to the resentful, and to the submissive sufficiently serious.

He told stories with great felicity, and delighted in doing what he knew himself to do well; he was therefore captivated by the respectful silence of a steady listener, and told the same tales too often.

He did not, however, claim the right of talking alone; for it was his rule, when he had spoken a minute, to give room by a pause for any other speaker. Of time, on all occasions, he was an exact computer, and knew the minutes required to every common operation.

It may be justly supposed that there was in his conversation, what appears so frequently in his letters, an affectation of familiarity with the great, an ambition of momentary equality sought and enjoyed by the neglect of those ceremonies which custom has established as the barriers between one order of society and another. This transgression of regularity was by himself and his admirers termed greatness of soul. But a great mind disdains to hold any thing by courtesy, and therefore never usurps what a lawful claimant may take away. He that

encroaches on another's dignity, puts himself in his power; he is either repelled with helpless indignity, or endured by clemency and condescension.

Of Swift's general habits of thinking, if his letters can be supposed to afford any evidence, he was not a man to be either loved or envied. He seems to have wasted life in discontent, by the rage of neglected pride, and the languishment of unsatisfied desire. He is querulous and fastidious, arrogant and malignant; he scarcely speaks of himself but with indignant lamentations, or of others but with insolent superiority when he is gay, and with angry contempt when he is gloomy. From the letters that passed between him and Pope it might be inferred that they, with Arbuthnot and Gay, had engrossed all the understanding and virtue of mankind; that their merits filled the world; or that there was no hope of more. They show the age involved in darkness, and shade the picture with sullen emulation.

When the queen's death drove him into Ireland, he might be allowed to regret for a time the interception of his views, the extinction of his hopes, and his ejection from gay scenes, important employment, and splendid friendships; but when time had enabled reason to prevail over vexation, the complaints, which at first were natural, became ridiculous because they were useless. But querulousness was now grown habitual, and he cried out when he probably had ceased to feel. His reiterated wailings persuaded Bolingbroke that he was really willing to quit his deanery for an English parish; and Bolingbroke procured an exchange, which was rejected; and Swift still retained the pleasure of complaining.

The greatest difficulty that occurs, in analyzing his character, is to discover by what depravity of intellect he took delight in revolving ideas, from which almost

every other mind shrinks with disgust. The ideas of pleasure, even when criminal, may solicit the imagination; but what has disease, deformity, and filth, upon which the thoughts can be allured to dwell? Delany is willing to think, that Swift's mind was not much tainted with this gross corruption before his long visit to Pope. He does not consider how he degrades his hero, by making him at fifty-nine the pupil of turpitude, and liable to the malignant influence of an ascendant mind. But the truth is, that Gulliver had described his Yahoos before the visit; and he that had formed those images had nothing filthy to learn.

In the poetical works of Dr. Swift there is not much upon which the critic can exercise his powers. They are often humorous, almost always light, and have the qualities which recommend such compositions, easiness and gayety. They are, for the most part, what their author intended. The diction is correct, the numbers are smooth, and the rhymes exact. There seldom occurs a hard laboured expression, or a redundant epithet; all his verses exemplify his own definition of a good style, they consist of "proper words in proper places."

To divide this collection into classes, and show how some pieces are gross, and some are trifling, would be to tell the reader what he knows already, and to find faults of which the author could not be ignorant, who certainly wrote not often to his judgment, but his humour.

It was said, in a preface to one of the Irish editions, that Swift had never been known to take a single thought from any writer, ancient or modern. This is not literally true; but perhaps NO WRITER CAN EASILY BE FOUND THAT HAS BORROWED SO LITTLE, OR THAT, IN ALL HIS EXCELLENCIES AND ALL HIS DEFECTS, HAS SO WELL MAINTAINED HIS CLAIM TO BE CONSIDERED AS ORIGINAL.

EXTRACTS

FROM

MR. MONCK-BERKELEY'S INQUIRY

INTO THE

LIFE OF DEAN SWIFT.

THE principal charges that are stated as affecting the character of Swift are as follows. His want of benevolence, his impiety, and his treatment of Stella and Vanessa. To these I shall reply in the order in which they are here stated. It will however be necessary, before I proceed on the subject of these charges, to take a transient survey of those writers from whose reports the public have formed their ideas of this illustrious man. His biographers were four in number; Orrery, Hawkesworth, Johnson, and Sheridan: for as to Dr. Delany, Deane Swift, Esq. and Mrs. Pilkington, they come under a different description.

How far the biographers of Swift adhered to truth, were uninfluenced by prejudice, or were possessed of information, shall now be inquired.

The first in order is Lord Orrery. As, during the life of Swift, this man was the most assiduous of his visitors, and the most servile of his flatterers, when the memoirs of the illustrious Dean were announced as coming from the pen of Orrery, expectation waited the appearance of unlimited panegyric. Great was the disappointment of the world, when a libel, replete with the most ungenerous, the most unmerited accusations, was the

only tribute his lordship offered to the memory of departed worth. To see the hand of friendship planting a thorn at the grave it ought to have decorated with roses, excited the indignation of the good, and the wonder of the bad.

On a conduct so repugnant to honour and to justice, and for which no cause but the general depravity of weak minds has hitherto been assigned, the following anecdote will perhaps throw some light Lord Orrery having one day gained admission to Swift's library, discovered a letter of his own, written several years before, lying still unopened, and on which Swift had written, "This will keep cold." As in a publication of this kind, authenticity is of the utmost importance, I shall to this, as to every other anecdote, add the name of my informer. The story which I have just communicated, was related to me by the Rev. Dr. Berkeley, prebendary of Canterbury, and son of the late bishop of Cloyne. Were any additional authority necessary to procure it credit, I could add, that the story was also related to me by the late archbishop of Tuam, who thought, as I do, that it fully accounts for the malignity that dictated, and the treachery that blackens every page of Lord Orrery's publication. While the sanction of Swift could support his lordship's ill-founded claims to genius, boundless was the respect which he professed to entertain for his literary patron; but when the venerable pile was mouldering in the dust, the right honourable biographer erected on the ruins a temple to perfidy; and though he had not even the courage of the ass to insult the dying lion, yet, monster like, he preyed upon the carcase. I shall conclude my observations on his lordship's performance, by saying, that though he possessed the amplest means of *information*, he has given the public a work equally deficient in matter and in truth.

Although, after what I have said, to draw Lord Orrery's character is hardly necessary; yet, as he once had a sort of literary reputation, the opinion delivered of him by the celebrated bishop of Cloyne may possibly be thought worth preserving. It was as follows; "My Lord Orrery would be a man of genius if he knew how to set about it."

Dr. Hawkesworth is the next of Swift's biographers that occurs. For the task he undertook his talents were fully equal; and the period at which he wrote was friendly to impartiality. Swift had now been dead some years; and Hawkesworth was the first man from whom the public could expect a totally unprejudiced account of his life. To Hawkesworth, except as a writer, Swift was wholly unknown. His mirth had never enlivened the hours, nor had his satire embittered the repose, of him who was now to be his biographer; circumstances these highly favourable to impartial investigation and candid decision. But alas! Hawkesworth contented himself with such materials as the life of Orrery and the apologies of Deane Swift and Dr. Delany afforded, adding nothing to this stock of information but a few scattered remarks collected by Johnson. Of his performance, therefore, I shall only observe, that its information is sometimes useful and amusing, and that its misrepresentations are never intentional.

Some years after the publication of Hawkesworth's Life, on the Collection of the British Poets, Johnson, the general and able biographer, reclaimed for his own use the materials he had originally communicated to his friend. Of fresh matter he added little. At his time of life indolence was excusable. But the little which he gave bears incontestable marks of its origin; and however incorrect the Life of Swift (as given by Johnson) may be considered, it is but justice to say, that he is the only

one of the Dean's biographers who has offered any thing in extenuation of his conduct toward Stella and Vanessa. At the same time, it is impossible not to regret, that when Johnson became the biographer of Swift, he should have contented himself with pursuing the beaten track; for had he provided himself with materials that might have easily been collected, a life would have been given to the world, which, like his own inimitable Rasselas, would have at once diffused pleasure and instruction.

The last of this great man's biographers was Sheridan, a man not unknown to genius, and with which one has long been accustomed to connect ideas of literary merit and of Swift. From the writer now before us may be collected much information, and that information well authenticated. His father's intimacy, and his own acquaintance with the Dean, had enabled him to acquire a thorough knowledge of Swift's later years, of which Dr. Sheridan was the constant companion; and it is about them only that the public wishes for information. The former were passed in a station too conspicuous to admit of secrecy, in a manner too splendid to escape observation.

At the same time, I cannot refrain from observing, that some few passages in Sheridan's memoirs are deserving of censure, especially in his attempt to vindicate the conduct of Swift toward those two celebrated females, who bartered happiness for immortality. He seems on that occasion to have collected improper circumstances, and to have stated them by way of extenuation. I am however well convinced, that to him they must have appeared in a light widely different, as his attachment to the memory of Swift was too sincere to justify any supposition to the contrary.

Notwithstanding these faults, it would be highly unjust to the memory of Mr. Sheridan, were I to dismiss this

subject without saying, that his work breathes a spirit of truth and candour which does honour to the writer's heart; and that his life of Swift will, together with other useful publications, rescue from oblivion the memory of an honest man.

Having concluded my remarks on the principal writers who have made any mention of Swift, I shall proceed to inquire with what degree of justice he has been charged with being a misanthrope.

The authors of this charge have ever depended on the Yahoos for support: And where could those who wished to throw dirt have found more proper allies? for it seems to have been a favourite amusement among that celebrated nation. "How," exclaim the enemies of Swift, "could a man that possessed one spark of benevolence paint human nature in such colours?" They then proceed to declaim for an hour on the dignity of human nature; a term which, though generally used, I could never comprehend: nor have I found, among those who were most frequent in the use of it, one person able to favour me with a satisfactory definition.

The only meaning I can affix to the term is, that it alludes to a certain portion of dignity which is innate in us, and consequently inseparable from our nature. Now, if this definition be allowed to be just, it will be incumbent on the patrons of innate dignity to show in what it consists; and whether it be discernible in our state of infancy, which is more helpless than that of any other creature; or at a more advanced period of our lives, when we are slaves to our passions? or whether its splendour is more evident when our sun sets, enveloped in the cheerless clouds of dotage? Till this point be determined, shall beg leave to remain an infidel with respect to the existence of this much injured dignity.

The writers on this subject seem to have involved themselves in an error, by not distinguishing between the terms natural and acquired. That human nature is, by the practice of virtue, capable of acquiring great dignity, is what I most readily admit; but the dignity of an individual, thus acquired by himself, cannot be said to be the dignity of the species. No man who sees two mares at Astley's dancing a minuet will affirm, that dancing is common to the whole species; or, because some men are born with a power of erecting their ears, that therefore it is a power common to the whole race. But admitting that this same dignity existed any where but in the imaginations of those who declaim about it, the History of the Yahoos can by no means be considered as offering any insult to our nature. It only paints mankind in that state to which habits of vice must necessarily sink them. And it is surely no very reprehensible part of Swift's character, that, being by profession a teacher of morals, he should paint the deformity of vice in colours the most glaring, and in situations the most disgusting. It therefore remains with the public to determine, how far he is culpable who attempts to correct by satire those who are invulnerable to reproof, and deaf to persuasion; and how far a wish to make mankind better, and consequently happier, is a proof of misanthropy.

I shall not trespass on the reader's attention by recapitulating the many instances of benevolence and mercy, that adorned the life of the illustrious dean. They are too well known to need repetition, and are recorded where they will one day be amply rewarded. I shall therefore conclude this subject by observing, that of his benevolence no one can entertain a doubt, who sees him resigning the only preferment he possessed to relieve the wants of honest indigence; who sees him quitting the splendid mansions of the great, to visit the dreary resi-

dence of sequestered wo; exchanging the applause of peers and of princes for the inarticulate thanks of grateful poverty; while the smile which he frequently withheld from the great, beamed spontaneous on every child of sorrow.

I shall now proceed to the consideration of the second charge; namely, that of impiety.

The first and the most important argument on which the patrons of this charge rest their hopes of success, is the tendency said to be observable in the "Tale of a Tub."

"Of this work," says Johnson, "charity may be persuaded to think, that it might be written by a man of a peculiar character without bad intention; but it is certainly of dangerous example." I confess myself unable to discern the danger. The "Tale of a Tub" holds up to ridicule superstitious and fanatical absurdities, which, having no weak side of common sense, defy argument, and are unassailable by learning: but the essentials of religion are never attacked; and that church, for which Johnson entertained the highest veneration, is every where treated with the respect which is due to the glory of the reformation. If, in the book, a flight of fancy now and then occurs which a serious mind would wish away, before Swift be convicted of impiety, the following circumstances ought to be impartially weighed.

In the first place, the "Tale of a Tub" was the work of a very young man; and although the rule of Horace, *Nonum prematur in annum*, was observed, it still made its appearance at an early period of the author's life. To say, that he whose youth is not totally exempt from levity will be disgraced by an old age of blasphemy, is perhaps not perfectly consistent with that first of human virtues, charity. But of that virtue, the persecutors of Swift seem to have had little or no idea. Secondly, I

maintain, that in the work before us, there is not a single passage which implies a disbelief of revelation: At the same time, I must confess, there are many passages that, with the assistance of well meaning and able commentators, might be so construed as to prove, that the author was an admirer of the Gentoo tenets, and not wholly averse to the god of Thibet. For although my reading cannot as yet have been very extensive, I have read enough to know, that there is not the least necessity for any sort of connexion between the text and the commentary.

Having remarked upon the arguments advanced in support of this charge, I shall now beg leave to offer something on the other side of the question. In the first place, Swift, very early in life, conceived a violent disgust at that despicable vice, hypocrisy; a vice so infamous and so degrading as is hardly to be expressed. Nor shall we wonder at his utter abhorrence of this vice, when we reflect how successfully it had been cultivated a little while before his birth by those eminently pious men, whose splendid triumph over the king and the constitution so gloriously distinguished the 17th century. To the horror he entertained of this vice must be attributed the cautious manner in which he concealed that sense of religion, which seems to have been early impressed on his mind. For what but a sense of religion, and a most refined one too, could have withheld him from entering into orders till he had first obtained the refusal of some post, by means of which he could obtain to himself the blessings resulting from independence? To what but a sense of religion can we attribute the unequalled attention and decency with which he discharged his duty as dean of St. Patrick's?—for I believe no man is fool enough to charge Swift with being a slave to appearances. Lastly, it is a certain fact, that while the power of speech

remained, the dean continued constant in the performance of his private devotions; and in proportion as his memory failed, they were gradually shortened, till at last he could only repeat the Lord's prayer. That, however, he continued to do till the power of utterance for ever ceased. This information I had from the servant who attended him. Now, an address to Heaven by one whose reason was on the wane, must have arisen from habit. Hypocrisy cannot be supposed to have influenced him, who was unmindful of the past, unconscious of the present, and indifferent to the future.

I was informed by the servant who attended him in his last illness, that when any person of whose talents he had thought highly visited him, he evinced the greatest anxiety for his departure; whilst blockheads (wonderful change !) were suffered to approach him with impunity. This proves that the powers of his mind, though obscured, were not extinguished.

I am now come to the only part of Swift's conduct which is, in my opinion, deserving of censure; I mean his treatment of Stella and Vanessa. But be it remembered, that censure, though merited, should be proportioned to the crime. Had the dean's accusers taken the trouble of candidly investigating all the circumstances relative to that double connexion, they might possibly have found the unfortunate lover not wholly undeserving of pity.

But before I proceed to inquire how far the treatment Stella experienced was or was not excusable, I shall inform my reader who Stella really was. On this point all the biographers of Swift have been misinformed. The following account I received a few days ago in a letter from Mrs. Hearne,* niece to the celebrated Mrs. John-

* Some years after the death of Stella, on Bishop Berkeley's going to Ireland, Mrs. Hearne accompanied his lady to that kingdom.

son, and who now (1789) resides at Brighton, near Alresford, Hants, with her daughter, Mrs. Harrison, the wife of a most respectable clergyman of that name.

"Mrs. Esther Johnson, better known by the name of Stella, was born at Richmond in Surry, on the 13th of March, 1681. Her father was a merchant, and the younger brother of a good family in Nottinghamshire. He died young, and left his widow with three children, a son and two daughters. While Mrs. Johnson lived at Richmond, she had the happiness of becoming first acquainted with Lady Giffard, the sister of Sir William Temple. The uncommon endowments, both of body and mind, which Mrs. Johnson certainly possessed in a high degree, soon gained her not only the esteem but the warm friendship of that excellent lady; a friendship which lasted till death. As they seldom were apart, and Lady Giffard lived much with her brother Sir William, it was through her that Mrs. Johnson and her two daughters (her son dying young) were brought to the knowledge and friendship of Sir William Temple and his lady; who discovering so many excellencies, and such fine parts, in the little Hetty, as she was always called in the Temple family, so far took upon themselves the care of her education as to bring her up with their own niece the late Mrs. Temple of Moor Park, by Farnham; a most acceptable piece of kindness and friendship this to the mother, whose little fortune had been greatly injured by the South Sea bubbles. And here it was that Dr. Swift first became acquainted with Stella, and commenced that attachment which terminated in their marriage. The cause why that marriage was not owned to the world

Immediately on the bishop's arrival, Swift repaired to the house of his friend; and, on entering the room, was so struck with the strong resemblance Mrs. Hearne bore to the unfortunate Stella, that he uttered a deep groan. G. M. B.

has never been thoroughly explained. It is the opinion, however, of her own family, that their finances not being equal to the style in which the dean wished to move as a married man, could be the only one; Stella's own fortune being only 1500*l.* one thousand of which, as a farther mark of friendship, was left her by Sir William Temple himself. It was Dr. Swift's wish at last to have owned his marriage; but finding herself declining very fast, Stella did not choose to alter her mode of life, and besides fully intended coming over to England to her mother."

It has been asserted that Swift, from the first moment of his acquaintance with Stella, had resolved never to marry. But it may possibly strike the reader as somewhat singular, that the dean could entertain serious thoughts (as from his letter to Varina,* it is evident he did) of forming a permanent connexion with a woman, who, by his own account, was no desirable object; and yet, immediately afterward, when he became sensible of Stella's worth, who was in every respect superior to his former mistress, he should immediately determine to spend the remainder of his days in a state of celibacy; especially as, at that time, there is little reason to think he could flatter himself with the idea, that the gentle Stella would consent to share his fortunes before they were properly hers; and relying on his honour and his love, follow his footsteps through distant realms.

Besides, as Swift informed the bishop of Clogher what rules he had laid down with respect to marrying, it is pretty certain he had never made any resolution against matrimony, as no one but a lunatic would resolve on a particular line of conduct, to be observed in a predicament in which he was determined never to place

* See vol. XV. N.

himself, and in which no one, without his own consent, could place him. After what has been said, I presume the assertion I am now combating needs no other confutation.

Swift's motive for putting a period to his connexion with Varina, seems to have been the vexation he daily experienced from that caprice, which a weak woman never fails to exercise as a proof of the despotic sway, with which her own charms or her lover's infatuation have invested her; and he who withdraws himself from a government thus tyrannical, cannot with justice be considered as deserving of censure. Now, it is probable that the caprice of Varina influenced not a little the conduct of Swift toward Stella. The only woman with whom he had hitherto been intimately connected, had shown that she knew only the abuse of power; and he might have his fears, that should he avow himself the lover of Stella, she might also be ignorant how to use that power, with which his avowal would invest her. If, however, this suspicion existed, it was certainly ill founded, and never could have entered into the dean's mind, had Stella been the first object of his regard; but experience is the parent of suspicion. The mind of Stella was too great, her sentiments were too exalted, to admit of her being capricious. Caprice is the growth of weak minds only.

What has been said may possibly account for Swift's never throwing off the mask of friendship during this intercourse with the lovely partner of his fortunes. On this ground, it appears no very difficult matter to reconcile his conduct toward Stella with the most determined resolution of marrying her, whenever circumstances should admit of it. And if we attentively survey the situation of Swift, from the first moment of his connexion with the far-famed object of his wishes to the period immediately preceding her death, we shall be at a loss to

point out the time when, consistently with the dictates of prudence, he could have united himself with his amiable mistress.

From the promised munificence of King William, he recived nothing but disappontiment. Yet such a promise to the dead, to one whom he had honoured with his confidence and friendship, should have been considered by the monarch as guarded from violation by every tie that could influence either a great or good mind.

But to proceed. After Swift's retirement from Moor Park till his connexion with Lord Berkeley, he had no prospect of preferment. The misconduct of that nobleman, I am sorry to say, but too justly provoked the indignation of Swift; and the provision he at length obtained was too scanty to admit of his embarking with a family. On his promotion to the deanery of St. Patrick, a system of the severest economy was necessary to liquidate the debt contracted by a long and vexatious attendance on ministry; at the same time that a certain degree of state was a necessary appendage to his station.

To the union of Swift and Stella there was, however, at one period of their connexion, a much more formidable obstacle than any that could have arisen from prudence. It is with reluctance I proceed; but during one of the Dean's long ministerial attendances in London, commenced his acquaintance with Vanessa.

This lady possessed wit, youth, beauty, a competent share of wealth, and universal admiration. Thus decorated, she offered herself a willing victim at the shrine of Swift, by whose genius she was completely fascinated.

To behold, without emotion, such a sacrifice, was hardly to be expected from man. But to the honour of Swift be it remembered, that though allured by such attractions as were indeed at once most rare and powerful, he made a long and obstinate defence; and when the

death of the queen exiled him as it were from England, he used all the force of argument to prevail on Vanessa, to smother the destructive flame she had so long nourished in her bosom, and which, he wisely apprehended, would at some future period kindle a conflagration, from which effects the most fatal were justly to be dreaded. Dazzled at first by the splendour of his conquest, he was prevented from seeing his own conduct in a proper point of view; but when the death of the queen reminded him that Ireland was to be the scene of his remaining years, the thought of wounding her whom he had invited to that country, by the presence of her rival, shocked the delicacy of his feelings; while the idea of Stella neglected and forsaken, returned with redoubled force, and once more possessed itself of his mind.

Yet at the moment when he recommended to Vanessa forgetfulness of the past, it is certain he taught what he could not practise, and that what was right was preferred to what was pleasant. In the eye of justice, the claims of Stella were highly forcible. She had, at an early period of life, yielded her affections to the assiduities of Swift. To enjoy his society she had sacrificed her country and her connexions, and had fixed her abode in a part of the world where people were by no means inclined to put the best construction on the face of things. And it must be owned, that to those who were not behind the curtain, matters wore not an appearance highly favourable to delicacy.

In circumstances like these, to have finally deserted Stella was a piece of cruelty and of villany of which her lover was utterly incapable. His return to Ireland certainly lessened her anxiety, and rendered her situation more tolerable than it could be during his absence. Whatever she might think of the state of his affections, she was at least in a situation to attempt the recovery of

them; and though disappointment had killed the roses of youth, yet her conversation was still attractive, her mind cultivated, and her manners gentle. But the arrival of the unfortunate Vanessa soon violated the tranquillity of Stella. The anxiety inseparable from such a situation as hers preyed on her spirits, and materially affected her health.

Swift, shocked at the effects his own inconstancy was likely to produce, requested Bishop Ashe, the common friend of both, to inquire from Stella what could restore her former peace of mind. Her answer was to this effect. "That for many years she had patiently borne the tongue of slander; but that hitherto she had been cheered by the hope of one day becoming his wife: that of such an event she now saw no probability; and that, consequently, her memory would be transmitted to posterity branded with the most unmerited obloquy."

Swift, in his reply to this declaration, observed, that "in early life he had laid down two maxims with respect to matrimony: The first was, never to marry unless possessed of a competency: the second, unless this was the case at such a period of life as afforded him a probable prospect of living to educate his family; but yet, since her happiness depended on his marrying her, he would directly comply with her wishes on the following terms: That it should remain a secret from all the world, unless the discovery were called for by some urgent necessity; and that they should continue in separate houses."

To these terms Stella readily acceded; and in 1716, they were married by the Bishop of Clogher, who himself related the circumstance to Bishop Berkeley, by whose relict the story was communicated to me.*

What Swift meant by the term *urgent necessity*, unless

* The same circumstance was told to Dr. Johnson by Dr. Madden. N.

it alluded to the birth of children, it would be hard to say; but before I proceed any farther in my inquiry, I shall here insert an anecdote, for the authenticity of which I pretend not to vouch. I shall relate it as I heard it, and shall mention the name of my informer, who was Richard Brennan,* the servant in whose arms Swift breathed his last, and who attended him during the six years that immediately preceded his death. My informer, who is still living in Dublin, told me, "that when he was at school, there was a boy boarded with the master, who was commonly reported to be the dean's son by Mrs. Johnson. He added, that the boy strongly resembled the dean in his complexion; that he dined constantly at the deanery every Sunday; and that, when other boys were driven out of the deanery yard, he was suffered to remain there and divert himself." This boy survived Mrs. Johnson but a year or two at the most.

All I shall remark on this story is, that it is very consistent with the dates of Mrs. Johnson's marriage and death; the former having taken place in 1716, the latter in 1727-8. The story is, however, related merely as the report of the day, and no stress is meant to be laid upon it.

Swift, by marrying Stella at a time when it is pretty certain he ceased to entertain for her any very impassioned sentiments, is one proof that he thought the laws of honour entitled to the strictest observance. He saw, when it was too late, the error of his conduct toward that amiable woman, and made reparation; though, to be sure, his declining to acknowledge her was a step that cannot be justified, and which must be attributed merely to that love of singularity, which in a greater or less degree is inseparable from genius.

* *In* 1789 he was one of the bell-ringers at St. Patrick's church, and in a state of penury. G. M. B.

It is the property of genius to make men despise happiness as it is served up to the rest of mankind. Men of genius will cook it in their own way; and in their attempts to heighten the flavour, they too often spoil the dish. Such was the case of the unfortunate dean of St. Patrick's. Had Swift been a blockhead, he would not have had the evening of his life embittered by reflections the most piercing, the most cruel!—he would have pursued the beaten track which leads to that which is commonly called happiness, and would have reached the goal without interruption.

Having no farther observations to make on the peculiar circumstances of the unfortunate Stella, I shall conclude my account of her, by drawing her character as it appears to me from the best information I have been able to collect. Her manners were gentle to a great degree; her mind was rather elegant than strong; her reading was extensive; her wit was rather agreeable than brilliant, while her patience and her piety will find more to admire than to imitate them.

With respect to Vanessa I have little to say. While, in justice to Swift, I cannot refrain from observing, that the first advances came from her, I should not forbear recalling to the reader's recollection what is remarked a few pages back, that when Vanessa selected Cadenus for her lover, she was universally followed and admired; and whatever construction may be put on a celebrated poem, which it is to be wished had never seen the light, I shall venture to assert, that the passion she entertained for Swift was perfectly innocent. She knew of no engagement to prevent their union; and to obtain that union was the sole object of her wishes. Although the encouragement she gave to Swift might be rather inconsistent with the etiquette observed by all prudent and experienced women when in a state of courtship; yet

sion of Mr. Whiteway of Dublin, son to the lady whose letters are inserted in this collection; another in the possession of Mrs. Wisdom of Bride-street, Dublin, niece to Mrs. Ridgway; and a third is in the collection of the Reverend Dr. Berkeley, Prebendary of Canterbury, &c. There is also a very excellent picture of him, though not an original, lately put up in the new saloon of Trinity College, Dublin; where are also the pictures of Usher, Molyneux, Berkeley, and other Irish worthies.

A

DISCOURSE

OF THE

CONTESTS AND DISSENSIONS

BETWEEN THE

NOBLES AND THE COMMONS

IN

ATHENS AND ROME.

WITH THE CONSEQUENCES THEY HAD UPON BOTH THOSE STATES.

——Si tibi vera videtur,
Dede manus, et si falsa est, accingere contra.
LUCR.

First printed for J. NUTT, in the Year 1701.

This whole treatise is full of historical knowledge, and excellent reflections. It is not mixed with any improper sallies of wit, or any light aim at humour; and, in point of style and learning, is equal, if not superior, to any of Swift's political works. ORRERY.

The following discourse is a kind of remonstrance in behalf of King William and his friends, against the proceedings of the House of Commons; and was published during the recess of parliament in the summer of 1701, with a view to engage them in milder measures, when they should meet again.

At this time Lewis XIV. was making large strides toward universal monarchy, plots were carrying on at St. Germains; the Dutch had acknowledged the Duke of Anjou as king of Spain; and King William was made extremely uneasy by the violence with which many of his ministers and chief favourites were pursued by the Commons. The king, to appease their resentment, had made several changes in his ministry, and removed some of his most faithful servants from places of the highest trust and dignity: this expedient, however, had proved ineffectual, and the Commons persisted in their opposition. They began by impeaching William Bentinck, Earl of Portland, groom of the stole; and proceeded to the impeachment of John Somers, Baron Somers, of Evesham, first, lord-keeper, afterwards, lord chancellor; Edward Russel, earl of Orford, lord treasurer of the navy, and one of the lords commissioners of the Admiralty; and Charles Montague, earl of Halifax, one of the commissioners of the Treasury, and afterward chancellor of the Exchequer. Its general purport is to damp the warmth of the Commons, by showing that the measures they pursued had a direct tendency to bring on the tyranny, which they professed to oppose; and the particular cases of the impeached lords are paralleled in Athenian characters. H.

A DISCOURSE, &c.

CHAP. I.

IT is agreed, that in all government there is an absolute unlimited power, which naturally and originally seems to be placed in the whole body, wherever the executive part of it lies. This holds in the body natural; for wherever we place the beginning of motion, whether from the head, or the heart, or the animal spirits in general, the body moves and acts by a consent of all its parts. This unlimited power, placed fundamentally in the body of a people, is what the best legislators of all ages have endeavoured, in their several schemes or institutions of government, to deposit in such hands as would preserve the people from rapine and oppression within, as well as violence from without. Most of them seem to agree in this, that it was a trust too great to be committed to any one man or assembly, and therefore they left the right still in the whole body; but the administration or executive part, in the hands of the one, the few, or the many; into which three powers all independent bodies of men seem naturally to divide: for, by all I have read of those innumerable and petty commonwealths in Italy, Greece, and Sicily, as well as the great ones of Carthage and Rome, it seems to me, that a free people met together, whether by compact, or family government, as soon as they fall into any acts of civil society, do of themselves divide into three powers. The first, is that of some one eminent spirit, who, having signalized his valour and fortune in defence of his country, or by the

practice of popular arts at home, comes to have great influence on the people, to grow their leader in warlike expeditions, and to preside, after a sort, in their civil assemblies; and this is grounded upon the principles of nature and common reason, which, in all difficulties or dangers, where prudence or courage is required, rather incite us to fly for counsel or assistance to a single person, than a multitude. The second natural division of power is, of such men, who have acquired large possessions, and consequently dependencies, or descend from ancestors who have left them great inheritances, together with an hereditary authority. These easily uniting in thoughts and opinions, and acting in concert, begin to enter upon measures for securing their properties, which are best upheld by preparing against invasions from abroad, and maintaining peace at home; thus commences a great council, or senate of nobles, for the weighty affairs of the nation. The last division is, of the mass or body of the people, whose part of power is great and indisputable, whenever they can unite either collectively, or by deputation, to exert it. Now the three forms of government, so generally known in the schools, differ only by the civil administration being placed * in the hands of one, or sometimes two (as in Sparta) who were called kings; or in a senate, who were called the nobles; or in the people, collective or representative, who may be called the commons. Each of these had frequently the executive power in Greece, and sometimes in Rome: but the power in the last resort, was always meant by legislators, to be held in balance among all three. And it will be an eternal rule in politics among every free people, that there is a balance of power to be carefully held

* It should be, 'by the civil administration's being placed,' &c. S.

by every state within itself, as well as among several states with each other.

The true meaning of a balance of power, either without or within a state, is best conceived by considering, what the nature of a balance is. It supposes three things: First, the part which is held, together with the hand that holds it; and then the two scales, with whatever is weighed therein. Now consider several states in a neighbourhood; in order to preserve peace between these states, it is necessary they should be formed into a balance, whereof one or more are to be directors, who are to divide the rest into equal scales, and upon occasion remove from one into the other, or else fall with their own weight into the lightest: so in a state within itself, the balance must be held by a third hand, who is to deal the remaining power with the utmost exactness into the several scales. Now it is not necessary that the power should be equally divided between these three; for the balance may be held by the weakest, who, by his address and conduct, removing from either scale, and adding of his own, may keep the scales duly poised. Such was that of the two kings of Sparta, the consular power in Rome, that of the kings of Media before the reign of Cyrus, as represented by Xenophon: and that of the several limited states in the Gothic institution.

When the balance is broken, whether by the negligence, folly, or weakness of the hand that held it, or by mighty weights fallen into either scale, the power will never continue long in equal division between the two remaining parties, but, till the balance is fixed anew, will run entirely into one. This gives the truest account of what is understood in the most ancient and approved Greek authors, by the word Tyranny; which is not meant for the seizing of the uncontrolled or absolute power into the hands of a single person (as many exer-

ficial men have grossly mistaken) but for the breaking of the balance by whatever hand, and leaving the power wholly in one scale: For, tyranny and usurpation in a state are by no means confined to any number, as might easily appear from examples enough; and because the point is material, I shall cite a few to prove it.

The Romans,* having sent to Athens, and the Greek cities of Italy, for the copies of the best laws, chose ten legislators to put them into form, and during the exercise of their office, suspended the consular power, leaving the administration of affairs in their hands. These very men, though chosen for such a work, as the digesting a body of laws for the government of a free state, did immediately usurp arbitrary power, ran into all the forms of it, had their guards and spies after the practice of the tyrants of those ages, affected kingly state, destroyed the nobles, and oppressed the people; one of them proceeding so far, as to endeavour to force a lady of great virtue: the very crime which gave occasion to the expulsion of the regal power but sixty years before, as this attempt did to that of the Decemviri.

The Ephori in Sparta, were at first only certain persons deputed by the kings to judge in civil matters, while they were employed in the wars. These men, at several times, usurped the absolute authority, and were as cruel tyrants as any in their age.

Soon after the unfortunate expedition into Sicily,† the Athenians chose four hundred men for administration of affairs, who became a body of tyrants, and were called, in the language of those ages, an oligarchy, or tyranny of the few; under which hateful denomination they were soon after deposed in great rage by the people.

* Dionys. Hal. lib. x. † Thucyd. lib. viii.

When Athens was subdued by Lysander,* he appointed thirty men for the administration of that city, who immediately fell into the rankest tyranny: but this was not all; for, conceiving their power not founded on a basis large enough, they admitted three thousand into a share of the government; and thus fortified, became the cruellest tyranny upon record. They murdered in cold blood great numbers of the best men, without any provocation, from the mere lust of cruelty, like Nero or Caligula. This was such a number of tyrants together, as amounted to near a third part of the whole city; for Xenophon tells us,† that the city contained about ten thousand houses; and allowing one man to every house, who could have any share in the government, (the rest consisting of women, children, and servants) and making other obvious abatements, these tyrants, if they had been careful to adhere together, might have been a majority even of the people collective.

In the time of the second Punic war,‡ the balance of power in Carthage was got on the side of the people; and this to a degree, that some authors reckon the government to have been then among them a *dominatio plebis*, or tyranny of the commons; which, it seems, they were at all times apt to fall into, and was at last among the causes that ruined their state: and the frequent murders of their generals, which Diodorus§ tells us was grown to an established custom among them, may be another instance, that tyranny is not confined to numbers.

I shall mention but one example more, among a great number that might be produced: it is related by the au-

* Xenoph. de Rebus Græc. l. ii.
† Memorabilia, lib. iii.
‡ Polyb. Frag. lib. vi.
§ Lib. xx.

thor last cited.* The orators of the people at Argos (whether you will style them in modern phrase, great speakers of the house; or only, in general, representatives of the people collective) stirred up the commons against the nobles, of whom sixteen hundred were murdered at once; and at last, the orators themselves, because they left off their accusations, or, to speak intelligibly, because they withdrew their impeachments; having, it seems, raised a spirit they were not able to lay. And this last circumstance, as cases have lately stood, may perhaps be worth noting.

From what has been already advanced, several conclusions may be drawn:

First, That a mixed government, partaking of the known forms received in the schools, is by no means of Gothic invention, but has place in nature and reason, seems very well to agree with the sentiments of most legislators, and to have been followed in most states, whether they have appeared under the name of monarchies, aristocracies, or democracies: for, not to mention the several republics of this composition in Gaul and Germany, described by Cæsar and Tacitus, Polybius tells us, the best government is that which consists of three forms, *regis, optimatium, et populi imperio*,† which may be fairly translated, the king, lords, and commons. Such was that of Sparta, in its primitive institution by Lycurgus; who, observing the corruptions and depravations to which every of these was subject, compounded his scheme out of all; so that it was made up of *reges, seniores, et populus*. Such also was the state of Rome under its consuls: and the author tells us, that the Romans fell upon this model purely by chance (which I take to have been

* Polyb. Frag. lib. xv.

† Fragm. lib. vi.

nature and common reason) but the Spartans, by thought and design. And such at Carthage was the *summa reipublicæ*,* or power in the last resort; for they had their kings called *suffetes*, and a senate which had the power of nobles, and the people had a share established too.

Secondly, It will follow, that those reasoners, who employ so much of their zeal, their wit, and their leisure for the upholding the balance of power in Christendom, at the same time that by their practices they are endeavouring to destroy it at home, are not such mighty patriots, or so much in the true interests of their country, as they would affect to be thought; but seem to be employed like a man, who pulls down with his right hand what he has been building with his left.

Thirdly, This makes appear the error of those, who think it an uncontrollable maxim, that power is always safer lodged in many hands, than in one: for, if these many hands be made up only from one of the three divisions beforementioned, it is plain from those examples already produced, and easy to be paralleled in other ages and countries, that they are capable of enslaving the nation, and of acting all manner of tyranny and oppression, as it is possible for a single person to be, though we should suppose their number not only to be of four or five hundred, but above three thousand.

Again: It is manifest from what has been said, that in order to preserve the balance in a mixed state, the limits of power deposited with each party ought to be ascertained, and generally known. The defect of this, is the cause that introduces those strugglings in a state about prerogative and liberty, about encroachments of the few upon the rights of the many, and of the many upon the privileges of the few, which ever did, and ever will con-

* Fragm. lib. vi.

clude in a tyranny; first, either of the few, or the many; but at last, infallibly of a single person: for, whichever of the three divisions in a state is upon the scramble for more power than its own (as one or other of them generally is) unless due care be taken by the other two, upon every new question that arises, they will be sure to decide in favour of themselves, talk much of inherent right; they will nourish up a dormant power, and reserve privileges *in petto*, to exert upon occasions, to serve expedients, and to urge upon necessities; they will make large demands, and scanty concessions, ever coming off considerable gainers: thus at length the balance is broke, and tyranny let in: from which door of the three it matters not.

To pretend to a declarative right upon any occasion whatsoever, is little less than to make use of the whole power; that is, to declare an opinion to be law, which has always been contested, or perhaps never started at all before such an incident brought it on the stage. Not to consent to the enacting of such a law, which has no view beside the general good, unless another law shall at the same time pass, with no other view but that of advancing the power of one party alone; what is this but to claim a positive voice as well as a negative?* To pretend that great changes and alienations of property have created new and great dependencies, and consequently new additions of power, as some reasoners have done, is a most dangerous tenet. If dominion must follow property, let it follow in the same pace; for, change in property through

* This seems to allude to a practice of the House of Commons called *Tacking;* when they suspected that a favourite bill would be rejected, they tacked it to a money bill; and as it was not possible to proceed without the supply, and as it became necessary to reject or receive both the bills thus tacked together, this expedient perfectly answered its purpose. H.

the bulk of a nation makes slow marches, and its due power always attends it. To conclude that whatever attempt is begun by an assembly, ought to be pursued to the end, without regard to the greatest incidents that may happen to alter the case; to count it mean, and below the dignity of a house, to quit a prosecution; to resolve upon a conclusion before it is possible to be apprised of the premises; to act thus, I say, is to affect not only absolute power, but infallibility too. Yet such unaccountable proceedings as these have popular assemblies engaged in, for want of fixing the due limits of power and privilege.

Great changes may indeed be made in a government, yet the form continue, and the balance be held: but large intervals of time must pass between every such innovation, enough to melt down and make it of a piece with the constitution. Such, we are told, were the proceedings of Solon, when he modelled anew the Athenian commonwealth; and what convulsions in our own, as well as other states, have been bred by a neglect of this rule, is fresh and notorious enough: it is too soon in all conscience to repeat this error again.

Having shown, that there is a natural balance of power in all free states, and how it has been divided, sometimes by the people themselves, as in Rome; at others by the institutions of the legislators, as in the several states of Greece and Sicily; the next thing is, to examine what methods have been taken to break or overthrow this balance, which every one of the three parties has continually endeavoured, as opportunities have served*; as

* 'As opportunities have served; as might appear,' &c. The repetition of the particle, as, at the beginning of two members of a sentence so near each other, has a bad effect. The former might be changed to 'whenever'—'whenever opportunities offered; as might appear,' &c. S.

might appear from the stories of most ages and countries: for, absolute power in a particular state, is of the same nature with universal monarchy in several states adjoining to each other. So endless and exorbitant are the desires of men, whether considered in their persons or their states, that they will grasp at all, and can form no scheme of perfect happiness with less. Ever since men have been united into governments, the hopes and endeavours after universal monarchy have been bandied among them from the reign of Ninus, to this of the most christian king; in which pursuits, commonwealths have had their share, as well as monarchs: so the Athenians, the Spartans, the Thebans, and the Achaians, did several times aim at the universal monarchy of Greece: so the commonwealths of Carthage and Rome, affected the universal monarchy of the then known world. In like manner has absolute power been pursued by the several parties of each particular state; wherein single persons have met with most success, though the endeavours of the few and the many have been frequent enough: yet, being neither so uniform in their designs, nor so direct in their views, they neither could manage nor maintain the power they had got; but were ever deceived by the popularity and ambition of some single person. So that it will be always a wrong step in policy, for the nobles or commons to carry their endeavours after power so far, as to overthrow the balance: and it would be enough to damp their warmth in such pursuits, if they could once reflect, that in such a course they will be sure to run upon the very rock, that they meant to avoid; which, I suppose they would have us think, is the tyranny of a single person.

Many examples might be produced of the endeavours of each of these three rivals after absolute power; but I shall suit my discourse to the time I am writing in, and relate only such dissensions in Greece and Rome, be-

tween the nobles and commons, with the consequences of them, wherein the latter were the aggressors.

I shall begin with Greece, where my observation shall be confined to Athens, though several instances might be brought from other states thereof.

CHAP. II.

OF THE DISSENSIONS IN ATHENS, BETWEEN THE FEW AND THE MANY.

THESEUS is the first who is recorded, with any appearance of truth, to have brought the Grecians from a barbarous manner of life, among scattered villages, into cities; and to have established the popular state in Athens, assigning to himself the guardianship of the laws, and chief command in war. He was forced, after some time, to leave the Athenians to their own measures, upon account of their seditious temper, which ever continued with them, till the final dissolution of their government by the Romans. It seems, the country about Attica was the most barren of any in Greece; through which means it happened, that the natives were never expelled by the fury of invaders, (who thought it not worth a conquest) but continued always aborigines; and therefore retained, through all revolutions, a tincture of that turbulent spirit, wherewith their government began. This institution of Theseus appears to have been rather a sort of mixed monarchy, than a popular state; and for aught we know, might continue so during the series of kings, till the death of Codrus. From this last prince Solon was said to be descended; who, finding the people engaged in two violent factions of the poor and the rich,

and in great confusion thereupon; refusing the monarchy, which was offered him, chose rather to cast the government after another model, wherein he made provisions for settling the balance of power, choosing a senate of four hundred, and disposing the magistracies and offices according to men's estates; leaving to the multitude their votes in electing, and the power of judging certain processes by appeal. This council of four hundred was chosen, one hundred out of each tribe, and seems to have been a body representative of the people: though the people collective reserved a share of power to themselves. It is a point of history perplexed enough; but thus much is certain, that the balance of power was provided for; else Pisistratus, called by authors the tyrant of Athens, could never have governed so peaceably as he did, without changing any of Solon's laws.* These several powers, together with that of the archon or chief magistrate, made up the form of government in Athens, at what time it began to appear upon the scene of action and story.

The first great man bred up under this institution, was Miltiades, who lived about ninety years after Solon, and is reckoned to have been the first great captain, not only of Athens, but of all Greece. From the time of Miltiades to that of Phocion, who is looked upon as the last famous general of Athens, are about one hundred and thirty years: after which, they were subdued and insulted by Alexander's captains, and continued under several revolutions a small truckling state, of no name or reputation, till they fell, with the rest of Greece, under the power of the Romans.

During this period from Miltiades to Phocion, I shall trace the conduct of the Athenians with relation to their

* Herodot. lib. i.

dissensions between the people and some of their generals; who, at that time, by their power and credit in the army, in a warlike commonwealth, and often supported by each other, were, with the magistrates and other civil officers, a sort of counterpoise to the power of the people; who, since the death of Solon, had already made great encroachments. What these dissensions were, how founded, and what the consequences of them, I shall briefly and impartially relate.

I must here premise, that the nobles in Athens were not at this time a corporate assembly, that I can gather;* therefore the resentments of the commons were usually turned against particular persons, and by way of articles of impeachment. Whereas the commons in Rome, and some other states, as will appear in a proper place, though they followed this method upon occasion, yet generally pursued the enlargement of their power by more set quarrels of one entire assembly against another. However, the custom of particular impeachments being not limited to former ages, any more than that of general struggles and dissensions between fixed assemblies of nobles and commons, and the ruin of Greece having been owing to the former, as that of Rome was to the latter, I shall treat on both expressly; that those states who are concerned in either (if at least there be any such now in the world) may, by observing the means and issues of former dissensions, learn whether the causes are alike in theirs; and if they find them to be so, may consider whether they ought not justly to apprehend the same effects.

To speak of every particular person impeached by the commons of Athens, within the compass designed, would introduce the history of almost every great man they had among them: I shall therefore take notice only

* It would be better expressed, 'as far as I can gather.' S.

of six, who, living in that period of time when Athens was at the height of its glory, as indeed it could not be otherwise while such hands were at the helm, though impeached for high crimes and misdemeanors, such as bribery, arbitrary proceedings, misapplying or embezzling public funds, ill conduct at sea, and the like, were honoured and lamented by their country, as the preservers of it, and have had the veneration of all ages since paid justly to their memories.

Miltiades was one of the Athenian generals against the Persian power, and the famous victory at Marathon, was chiefly owing to his valour and conduct. Being sent some time after to reduce the island of Paros, he mistook a great fire at a distance, for the fleet; and being no ways a match for them, set sail for Athens; at his arrival he was impeached by the commons for treachery, though not able to appear by reason of his wounds, fined 30,000 crowns, and died in prison. Though the consequences of this proceeding upon the affairs of Athens, were no other than the untimely loss of so great and good a man, yet I could not forbear relating it.

Their next great man was Aristides.* Beside the mighty service he had done his country in the wars, he was a person of the strictest justice, and best acquainted with the laws as well as forms of their government, so that he was in a manner chancellor of Athens. This man, upon a slight and false accusation of favouring arbitrary power, was banished by ostracism; which, rendered into modern English, would signify, that they voted he should be removed from their presence and council for ever. But however, they had the wit to recall him, and to that action owed the preservation of their state by his future services. For, it must be still

* Lord Somers. He was the general patron of the Literati. ORRERY.

confessed in behalf of the Athenian people, that they never conceived themselves perfectly infallible, nor arrived to the heights of modern assemblies, to make obstinacy confirm, what sudden heat and temerity began. They thought it not below the dignity of an assembly to endeavour at correcting an ill step; at least to repent, though it often fell out too late.

Themistocles* was at first a commoner himself: it was he, that raised the Athenians to their greatness at sea, which he thought to be the true and constant interest of that commonwealth; and the famous naval victory over the Persians, at Salamis, was owing to his conduct. It seems the people observed somewhat of haughtiness in his temper and behaviour, and therefore banished him for five years; but finding some slight matter of accusation against him, they sent to seize his person, and he hardly escaped to the Persian court; from whence, if the love of his country had not surmounted its base ingratitude to him, he had many invitations to return at the head of the Persian fleet, and take a terrible revenge, but he rather chose a voluntary death.

The people of Athens impeached Pericles† for mis-

* Earl of Orford. He had been considered in a manner as lord high admiral, the whole affairs of the navy having been committed to his charge. ORRERY.

† Lord Halifax. He had a fine genius for poetry, and had employed his more youthful part of life in that science. He was distinguished by the name of *Mouse* Montague, having ridiculed jointly with Matt. Prior, Dryden's famous poem of the Hind and Panther; the parody is drawn from Horace's fable of the City Mouse and Country Mouse: but afterwards upon Mr. Montague's promotion to the chancellorship of the exchequer, Prior with a good humoured indignation at seeing his friend preferred and himself neglected, concludes an epistle, written in the year 1698, to Fleetwood Sheppard, Esq. with these three lines:

My friend Charles Montague's preferr'd.
Nor would I have long observ'd
That one *mouse* eats while t'other's starv'd. ORRERY.

applying the public revenues to his own private use. He had been a person of great deservings from the republic, was an admirable speaker, and very popular. His accounts were confused, and he could not then give them up; therefore merely to divert that difficulty, and the consequences of it, he was forced to engage his country in the Peloponnesian war, the longest that ever was known in Greece, and which ended in the utter ruin of Athens.

The same people having resolved to subdue Sicily, sent a mighty fleet under the command of Nicias, Lamachus, and Alcibiades: the two former, persons of age and experience; the last, a young man of noble birth, excellent education, and a plentiful fortune. A little before the fleet set sail, it seems one night the stone-images of Mercury placed in several parts of the city, were all pared in the face: this action the Athenians interpreted for a design of destroying the popular state; and Alcibiades, having been formerly noted for the like frolics and excursions, was immediately accused of this. He, whether conscious of his innocence, or assured of the secrecy, offered to come to his trial before he went to his command; this the Athenians refused. But as soon as he was got to Sicily, they sent for him back, designing to take the advantage, and prosecute him in the absence of his friends, and of the army, where he was very powerful. It seems he understood the resentment of a popular assembly too well to trust them; and therefore instead of returning, escaped to Sparta; where his desires of revenge prevailing over his love to his country, he became its greatest enemy. Mean while the Athenians before Sicily, by the death of one commander, and the superstition, weakness, and perfect ill conduct of the other, were utterly destroyed, the whole fleet taken, and a mis-

erable slaughter made of the army, whereof hardly one ever returned. Some time after this, Alcibiades was recalled upon his own conditions by the necessities of the people, and made chief commander at sea and land; but his lieutenant engaging against his positive orders, and being beaten by Lysander, Alcibiades was again disgraced and banished. However, the Athenians having lost all strength and heart since their misfortune at Sicily, and now deprived of the only person that was able to recover their losses, repent of their rashness and endeavour in vain for his restoration; the Persian lieutenant, to whose protection he fled, making him a sacrifice to the resentments of Lysander, the general of the Lacedemonians, who now reduces all the dominions of the Athenians, takes the city, razes their walls, ruins their works, and changes the form of their government; which though again restored for some time by Thrasybulus (as their walls were rebuilt by Conon) yet here we must date the fall of the Athenian greatness; the dominion and chief power in Greece from that period to the time of Alexander the Great, which was about fifty years, being divided between the Spartans and Thebans. Though Philip, Alexander's father (the most christian king of that age) had indeed some time before begun to break in upon the republic of Greece by conquest or bribery; particularly dealing large money among some popular orators, by which he brought many of them, as the term of art was then, to Philippize.

In the time of Alexander and his captains, the Athenians were offered an opportunity of recovering their liberty, and being restored to their former state; but the wise turn they thought to give the matter, was by an impeachment and sacrifice of the author, to hinder the success. For, after the destruction of Thebes by Alexander, this prince designing the conquest of Athens, was preven-

ed by Phocion* the Athenian general, then ambassador from that state; who, by his great wisdom and skill at negociations, diverted Alexander from his design, and restored the Athenians to his favour. The very same success he had with Antipater after Alexander's death, at which time the government was new regulated by Solon's laws: But Polyperchon, in hatred to Phocion, having by order of the young king, whose governor he was, restored those whom Phocion had banished, the plot succeeded. Phocion was accused by popular orators, and put to death.

Thus was the most powerful commonwealth of all Greece, after great degeneracies from the institution of Solon, utterly destroyed by that rash, jealous, and inconstant humour of the people, which was never satisfied to see a general either victorious, or unfortunate; such ill judges, as well as rewarders, have popular assemblies been, of those who best deserved from them.

Now, the circumstance which makes these examples of more importance, is, that this very power of the people in Athens, claimed so confidently for an inherent right, and insisted on as the undoubted privilege of an Athenian born, was the rankest encroachment imaginable, and the grossest degeneracy from the form that Solon left them. In short, their government was grown into a *dominatio plebis*, or tyranny of the people, who by degrees had broke and overthrown the balance, which that legislator had very well fixed and provided for. This appears not only from what has been already said of that law-giver, but more manifestly from a passage in Diodorus;† who tells us, that Antipater, one of Alexander's captains, abrogated the popular government in Athens,

* The Earl of Portland. ORRERY.
† Lib. xviii.

and restored the power of suffrages and magistracy to such only, as were worth two thousand drachmas; by which means, says he, that republic came to be again administered by the laws of Solon. By this quotation it is manifest that great author looked upon Solon's institution, and a popular government, to be two different things. And as for this restoration by Antipater, it had neither consequence nor continuance worth observing.

I might easily produce many more examples, but these are sufficient: and it may be worth the reader's time to reflect a little on the merits of the cause, as well as of the men, who had been thus dealt with by their country. I shall direct him no farther than by repeating, that Aristides was the most renowned by the people themselves for his exact justice and knowledge in the law; that Themistocles was a most fortunate admiral, and had got a mighty victory over the great king of Persia's fleet; that Pericles was an able minister of state, an excellent orator, and a man of letters; and lastly, that Phocion, beside the success of his arms, was also renowned for his negociations abroad, having in an embassy brought the greatest monarch of the world at that time, to the terms of an honourable peace, by which his country was preserved.

I shall conclude my remarks upon Athens with the character given us of that people by Polybius. About this time, says he, the Athenians were governed by two men; quite sunk in their affairs; had little or no commerce with the rest of Greece, and were become great reverencers of crowned heads.

For, from the time of Alexander's captains till Greece was subdued by the Romans, to the latter part of which this description of Polybius falls in, Athens never produced one famous man either for counsels or arms, or

hardly for learning. And indeed it was a dark insipid period through all Greece: for, except the Achaian league under Aratus and Philopœmen; and the endeavours of Agis and Cleomenes to restore the state of Sparta, so frequently harassed by tyrannies occasioned by the popular practices of the ephori, there was very little worth recording. All which consequences may perhaps be justly imputed to this degeneracy of Athens.

CHAP. III.

OF THE DISSENSIONS BETWEEN THE PATRICIANS AND PLEBEIANS IN ROME, WITH THE CONSEQUENCES THEY HAD UPON THAT STATE.

HAVING in the foregoing chapter confined myself to the proceedings of the commons only, by the method of impeachments against particular persons, with the fatal effects they had upon the state of Athens; I shall now treat of the dissensions at Rome, between the people and the collective body of the patricians or nobles. It is a large subject, but I shall draw it into as narrow a compass as I can.

As Greece, from the most ancient accounts we have of it, was divided into several kingdoms, so was most part of Italy* into several petty commonwealths. And as those kings in Greece are said to have been deposed by their people upon the score of their arbitrary proceedings, so, on the contrary, the commonwealths of Italy were all swallowed up, and concluded in the tyranny of the Roman emperors. However, the differences between those

* Dionys. Halicar.

Grecian monarchies, and Italian republics, were not very great: for, by the account Homer gives us of those Grecian princes who came to the siege of Troy, as well as by several passages in the Odyssey, it is manifest, that the power of these princes in their several states was much of a size with that of the kings in Sparta, the archon at Athens, the suffets at Carthage, and the consuls in Rome: so that a limited and divided power seems to have been the most ancient and inherent principle of both those people in matters of government. And such did that of Rome continue from the time of Romulus, though with some interruptions, to Julius Cæsar, when it ended in the tyranny of a single person. During which period (not many years longer than from the Norman conquest to our age) the commons were growing by degrees into power and property, gaining ground upon the patricians, as it were, inch by inch, till at last they quite overturned the balance, leaving all doors open to the practices of popular and ambitious men, who destroyed the wisest republic, and enslaved the noblest people that ever entered upon the stage of the world. By what steps and degree this was brought to pass, shall be the subject of my present inquiry.

While Rome was governed by kings, the monarchy was altogether elective. Romulus himself, when he had built the city, was declared king by the universal consent of the people, and by augury, which was there understood for divine appointment. Among other divisions he made of the people, one was into patricians and plebeians: the former were like the barons in England some time after the conquest; and the latter are also described to be almost exactly what our commons were then. For they were dependants upon the patricians, whom they chose for their patrons and protectors, to answer for their appearance, and defend them in any process; they also

supplied their patrons with money in exchange for their protection. This custom of patronage, it seems, was very ancient, and long practised among the Greeks.

Out of these patricians Romulus chose a hundred to be a senate, or grand council, for advice and assistance to him in the administration. The senate therefore originally consisted all of nobles, and were of themselves a standing council, the people being only convoked upon such occasions, as by this institution of Romulus fell into their cognizance: those were, to constitute magistrates, to give their votes for making laws, and to advise upon entering on a war. But the two former of these popular privileges were to be confirmed by authority of the senate; and the last was only permitted at the king's pleasure. This was the utmost extent of power pretended to by the commons in the time of Romulus; all the rest being divided between the king and the senate; the whole agreeing very nearly with the constitution of England for some centuries after the conquest.

After a year's interregnum from the death of Romulus, the senate of their own authority chose a successor, and a stranger, merely upon the fame of his virtue, without asking the consent of the commons; which custom they likewise observed in the two following kings. But in the election of Tarquinius Priscus, the fifth king, we first hear mentioned, that it was done *populi impetratâ veniâ;* which indeed was but very reasonable for a free people to expect; though I cannot remember, in my little reading, by what incidents they were brought to advance so great a step. However it were, this prince, in gratitude to the people, by whose consent he was chosen, elected a hundred senators out of the commons, whose number, with former additions, was now amounted to three hundred.

The people having once discovered their own strength,

did soon take occasion to exert it, and that by very grea degrees. For at this king's death, who was murdered by the sons of a former, being at a loss for a successor, Servius Tullius, a stranger, and of mean extraction, was chosen protector of the kingdom by the people, without the consent of the senate, at which the nobles being displeased, he wholly applied himself to gratify the commons, and was by them declared and confirmed no longer protector, but king.

This prince first introduced the custom of giving freedom to servants, so as to become citizens of equal privileges with the rest, which very much contributed to increase the power of the people.

Thus in a very few years the commons proceeded so far, as to wrest even the power of choosing a king entirely out of the hands of the nobles; which was so great a leap, and caused such a convulsion and struggle in the state, that the constitution could not bear it; but civil dissensions arose, which immediately were followed by the tyranny of a single person, as this was, by the utter subversion of the regal government, and by a settlement upon a new foundation. For, the nobles, spited at this indignity done them by the commons, firmly united in a body, deposed this prince by plain force, and chose Tarquin the Proud; who, running into all the forms and methods of tyranny, after a cruel reign, was expelled by a universal concurrence of nobles and people, whom the miseries of his reign had reconciled.

When the consular government began, the balance of power between the nobles and plebeians was fixed anew: the two first consuls were nominated by the nobles, and confirmed by the commons; and a law was enacted, That no person should bear any magistracy in Rome, *injussu populi*, that is, without the consent of the commons.

In such turbulent times as these, many of the poorer citizens had contracted numerous debts, either to the richer sort among themselves, or to senators and other nobles: and the case of debtors in Rome for the first four centuries,* was, after the set time for payment, that they had no choice but either to pay or be the creditor's slave. In this juncture, the commons leave the city in mutiny and discontent, and will not return but upon condition to be acquitted of all their debts; and moreover, that certain magistrates be chosen yearly, whose business it shall be to defend the commons from injuries. These are called tribunes of the people, their persons are held sacred and inviolable, and the people bind themselves by oath never to abrogate the office. By these tribunes, in process of time, the people were grossly imposed on to serve the turns and occasions of revengeful or ambitious men, and to commit such exorbitances, as could not end but in the dissolution of the government.

These tribunes, a year or two after their institution, kindled great dissensions between the nobles and the commons on the account of Coriolanus; a nobleman, whom the latter had impeached, and the consequences of whose impeachment (if I had not confined myself to Grecian examples for that part of my subject) had like to have been so fatal to their state. And from this time, the tribunes began a custom of accusing to the people whatever nobles they pleased, several of whom were banished or put to death in every age.

At this time the Romans were very much engaged in wars with their neighbouring states; but upon the least intervals of peace, the quarrels between the nobles and the plebeians would revive; and one of the most frequent subjects of their differences was the conquered lands, which the commons would fain have

* *Ab urbe conditâ*; from the building of the city. H.

divided among the public; but the senate could not be brought to give their consent. For several of the wisest among the nobles began to apprehend the growing power of the people; and therefore knowing what an accession thereof would accrue to them by such an addition of property, used all means to prevent it: for this the Appian family was most noted, and thereupon most hated by the commons. One of them having made a speech against this division of lands, was impeached by the people of high treason, and a day appointed for his trial: but disdaining to make his defence, he chose rather the usual Roman remedy of killing himself: after whose death the commons prevailed, and the lands were divided among them.

This point was no sooner gained, but new dissensions began: for the plebeians would fain have a law enacted to lay all men's rights and privileges upon the same level, and to enlarge the power of every magistrate within his own jurisdiction, as much as that of the consuls. The tribunes also obtained to have their numbers doubled, which before was five: and the author tells us, that their insolence and power increased with their number, and the seditions were also doubled with it.*

By the beginning of the fourth century from the building of Rome, the tribunes proceeded so far in the name of the commons, as to accuse and fine the consuls themselves, who represented the kingly power. And the senate observing, how in all contentions they were forced to yield to the tribunes and people, thought it their wisest course to give way also to time; therefore a decree was made to send ambassadors to Athens, and to the other Grecian commonwealths planted in that part of Italy, called Græcia Major, to make a collection of the best laws:

* Dionys. Halicar.

out of which, and some of their own, a new complete body of law was formed, afterward known by the name of the laws of the twelve tables.

To digest these laws into order, ten men were chosen, and the administration of all affairs left in their hands; what use they made of it has been already shown. It was certainly a great revolution produced entirely by the many unjust encroachments of the people; and might have wholly changed the fate of Rome, if the folly and vice of those, who were chiefly concerned, could have suffered it to take root.

A few years after, the commons made farther advances on the power of the nobles; demanding, among the rest, that the consulship, which hitherto had only been disposed to the former, should now lie in common to the pretensions of any Roman whatsoever. This, though it failed at present, yet afterward obtained, and was a mighty step to the ruin of the commonwealth.

What I have hitherto said of Rome, has been chiefly collected out of that exact and diligent writer, Dionysius Halicarnassus, whose history, through the injury of time, reaches no farther than to the beginning of the fourth century after the building of Rome. The rest I shall supply from other authors; though I do not think it necessary to deduce this matter any farther so very particularly, as I have hitherto done.

To point at what time the balance of power was most equally held between the lords and commons in Rome, would perhaps admit a controversy. Polybius tells us,* that in the second Punic war the Carthaginians were declining, because the balance was got too much on the side of the people; whereas the Romans were in their greatest vigour by the power remaining in the senate:

* Fragm. lib. vi.

yet this was between two and three hundred years after the period Dionysius ends with; in which time the commons had made several farther acquisitions. This however must be granted, that (till about the middle of the fourth century) when the senate appeared resolute at any time upon exerting their authority, and adhered closely together, they did often carry their point. Besides, it is observed by the best authors,* that in all the quarrels and tumults at Rome, from the expulsion of the kings, though the people frequently proceeded to rude contumelious language, and sometimes so far as to pull and haul one another about the forum, yet no blood was ever drawn in any popular commotions, till the time of the Gracchi: however, I am of opinion, that the balance had begun many years before to lean to the popular side. But this default was corrected, partly by the principle just mentioned, of never drawing blood in a tumult; partly by the warlike genius of the people, which in those ages was almost perpetually employed; and partly by their great commanders, who, by the credit they had in their armies, fell into the scales as a farther counterpoise to the growing power of the people. Besides, Polybius, who lived in the time of Scipio Africanus the younger, had the same apprehensions of the continual encroachments made by the commons; and being a person of as great abilities, and as much sagacity, as any of his age, from observing the corruptions, which, he says, had already entered into the Roman constitution, did very nearly foretel what would be the issue of them. His words are very remarkable, and with little addition may be rendered to this purpose. "That those abuses and corruptions, which in time destroy a government, are sown along with the very seeds of it, and both grow

* Dionys. Hal. Plutarch, &c.

up together; and that rust eats away iron, and worms devour wood, and both are a sort of plagues born and bred along with the substance they destroy; so with every form and scheme of government that man can invent, some vice or corruption creeps in with the very institution, which grows up along with, and at last destroys it."* The same author in another place ventures so far as to guess at the particular fate which would attend the Roman government. He says, its ruin would arise from the popular tumults, which would introduce a *dominatio plebis*, or tyranny of the people; wherein it is certain he had reason, and therefore might have adventured to pursue his conjecture so far, as to the consequences of a popular tyranny, which, as perpetual experience teaches, never fails to be followed by the arbitrary government of a single person.†

About the middle of the fourth century from the building of Rome, it was declared lawful for nobles and plebeians to intermarry; which custom, among many other states, has proved the most effectual means to ruin the former, and raise the latter.

And now the greatest employments in the state were, one after another, by laws forcibly enacted by the commons, made free to the people; the consulship itself, the office of censor, that of the quæstors or commissioners of the treasury, the office of prætor or chief-justice, the priesthood, and even that of dictator: the senate, after long opposition, yielding merely for present quiet to the continual urging clamours of the commons, and of the tribunes their advocates. A law was likewise enacted, that the *plebiscita*, or a vote of the house of commons, should be of universal obligation; nay, in time the method of enacting laws was wholly inverted; for,

* Lib. v. † Fragm. lib. vi.

whereas the senate used of old to confirm the *plebiscita*, the people did at last, as they pleased, confirm or disannul the *senatus consulta*.*

Appius Claudius brought in a custom of admitting to the senate the sons of freedom, or of such who had once been slaves; by which, and succeeding alterations of the like nature, that great council degenerated into a most corrupt and factious body of men, divided against itself, and its authority became despised.

The century and half following, to the end of the third Punic war by the destruction of Carthage, was a very busy period at Rome; the intervals between every war being so short, that the tribunes and people had hardly leisure or breath to engage in domestic dissensions: however, the little time they could spare, was generally employed the same way. So, Terentius Leo, a tribune, is recorded to have basely prostituted the privileges of a Roman citizen, in perfect spite to the nobles. So, the great African Scipio and his brother, after all their mighty services, were impeached by an ungrateful commons.

However, the warlike genius of the people, and continual employment they had for it, served to divert this humour from running into a head, till the age of the Gracchi.

These persons entering the scene in the time of a full peace, fell violently upon advancing the power of the people, by reducing into practice all those encroachments which they had been so many years gaining. There were at that time certain conquered lands to be divided, beside a great private estate left by a king: these, the tribunes, by procurement of the elder Gracchus, declared by their legislative authority, were not to

* Dionys. lib. ii.

be disposed of by the nobles, but by the commons only. The younger brother pursued the same design; and besides, obtained a law, that all Italians should vote at elections, as well as the citizens of Rome: in short, the whole endeavours of them both perpetually turned upon retrenching the nobles' authority in all things, but especially in the matter of judicature. And though they both lost their lives in those pursuits, yet they traced out such ways, as were afterward followed by Marius, Sylla, Pompey, and Cæsar, to the ruin of the Roman freedom and greatness.

For in the time of Marius, Saturninus a tribune procured a law, that the senate should be bound by oath to agree to whatever the people would enact: and Marius himself, while he was in that office of tribune, is recorded to have with great industry used all endeavours for depressing the nobles, and raising the people, particularly for cramping the former in their power of judicature, which was their most ancient inherent right.

Sylla, by the same measures, became absolute tyrant of Rome: he added three hundred commons to the senate, which perplexed the power of the whole order, and rendered it ineffectual; then flinging off the mask, he abolished the office of tribune, as being only a scaffold to tyranny, whereof he had no farther use.

As to Pompey and Cæsar, Plutarch tells us, that their union for pulling down the nobles (by their credit with the people) was the cause of the civil war, which ended in the tyranny of the latter; both of them in their consulships having used all endeavours and occasions for sinking the authority of the patricians, and giving way to all encroachments of the people, wherein they expected best to find their own account.

From this deduction of popular encroachments in *Rome*, the reader will easily judge how much the balance

was fallen upon that side. Indeed, by this time, the very foundation was removed, and it was a moral impossibility that the republic could subsist any longer: for the commons having usurped the offices of state, and trampled on the senate, there was no government left but a *dominatio plebis.* Let us, therefore, examine how they proceeded in this conjuncture.

I think it is a universal truth, that the people are much more dexterous at pulling down and setting up, than at preserving what is fixed; and they are not fonder of seizing more than their own, than they are of delivering it up again to the worst bidder, with their own into the bargain. For, although in their corrupt notions of divine worship, they are apt to multiply their gods; yet their earthly devotion is seldom paid to above one idol at a time of their own creation, whose oar they pull with less murmuring and much more skill, than when they share the lading, or even hold the helm.

The several provinces of the Roman empire were now governed by the great men of their state; those upon the frontiers, with powerful armies, either for conquest or defence. These governors, upon any designs of revenge or ambition, were sure to meet with a divided power at home, and therefore bent all their thoughts and application to close in with the people, who were now by many degrees the stronger party. Two of the greatest spirits that Rome ever produced, happened to live at the same time, and to be engaged in the same pursuit; and this at a conjuncture the most dangerous for such a contest; these were Pompey and Cæsar, two stars of such a magnitude, that their conjunction was as likely to be fatal as their opposition.

The tribunes and people, having now subdued all competitors, began the last game of a prevalent populace, which is that of choosing themselves a master; while the

nobles foresaw, and used all endeavours left them to prevent it. The people at first made Pompey their admiral with full power over all the Mediterranean, soon after captain-general of all the Roman forces, and governor of Asia. Pompey, on the other side, restored the office of tribune, which Sylla had put down; and in his consulship procured a law for examining into the miscarriages of men in office or command for twenty years past. Many other examples of Pompey's popularity are left us on record, who was a perfect favourite of the people, and designed to be more; but his pretensions grew stale for want of a timely opportunity of introducing them upon the stage. For Cæsar, with his legions in Gaul, was a perpetual check upon his designs; and in the arts of pleasing the people did soon after get many lengths beyond him. For he tells us himself, that the senate, by a bold effort, having made some severe decrees against his proceedings, and against the tribunes, these all left the city, and went over to his party, and consequently along with them, the affections and interests of the people; which is farther manifest from the accounts he gives us of the citizens in several towns mutinying against their commanders, and delivering both to his devotion. Besides, Cæsar's public and avowed pretensions for beginning the civil war, were, to restore the tribunes and the people oppressed (as he pretended) by the nobles.

This forced Pompey, against his inclinations, upon the necessity of changing sides, for fear of being forsaken by both; and of closing in with the senate and chief magistrates, by whom he was chosen general against Cæsar.

Thus at length the senate (at least the primitive part of them, the nobles) under Pompey, and the commons under Cæsar, came to a final decision of the long quarrels between them. For, I think, the ambition of private men did by no means begin or occasion this war; though

civil dissensions never fail of introducing and spiriting the ambition of private men: who thus become indeed the great instruments for deciding such quarrels, and at last are sure to seize on the prize. But no man, that sees a flock of vultures hovering over two armies ready to engage, can justly charge the blood drawn in the battle to them, though the carcasses fall to their share. For, while the balance of power is equally held, the ambition of private men, whether orators or great commanders, gives neither danger nor fear, nor can possibly enslave their country; but that once broken, the divided parties are forced to unite each to its head, under whose conduct or fortune one side is at first victorious, and at last both are slaves. And to put it past dispute, that this entire subversion of the Roman liberty and constitution was altogether owing to those measures, which had broke the balance between the patricians and plebeians, whereof the ambition of particular men was but an effect and consequence, we need only consider, that when the uncorrupted part of the senate had, by the death of Cæsar, made one great effort to restore the former state and liberty, the success did not answer their hopes; but that whole assembly was so sunk in its authority, that those patriots were forced to fly, and give way to the madness of the people, who by their own dispositions, stirred up with the harangues of their orators, were now wholly bent upon single and despotic slavery. Else, how could such a profligate as Antony, or a boy of eighteen, like Octavius, ever dare to dream of giving the law to such an empire and people? wherein the latter succeeded, and entailed the vilest tyranny, that Heaven in its anger ever inflicted on a corrupt and poisoned people. And this, with so little appearance at Cæsar's death, that when Cicero wrote to Brutus, how he had prevailed by his credit with Octavius to promise him (Brutus) pardon

and security for his person, that great Roman received the notice with the utmost indignity, and returned Cicero an answer, yet upon record, full of the highest resentment and contempt for such an offer, and from such a hand.

Here ended all show or shadow of liberty in Rome. Here was the repository of all the wise contentions and struggles for power between the nobles and commons, lapped up safely in the bosom of a Nero and a Caligula, a Tiberius and a Domitian.

Let us now see from this deduction of particular impeachments and general dissension in Greece and Rome, what conclusions may naturally be formed for instruction of any other state, that may haply upon many points labour under the like circumstances.

CHAP. IV.

UPON the subject of impeachments we may observe, that the custom of accusing the nobles to the people, either by themselves, or their orators, (now styled an impeachment in the name of the commons) has been very ancient both in Greece and Rome, as well as Carthage; and therefore may seem to be the inherent right of a free people, nay, perhaps it is really so; but then it is to be considered, first, that this custom was peculiar to republics, or such states where the administration lay principally in the hands of the commons, and ever raged more or less, according to their encroachments upon absolute power; having been always looked upon by the wisest men and best authors of those times, as an effect of licentiousness, and not of liberty; a distinction, which no

multitude, either represented or collective, has been at any time very nice in observing. However, perhaps this custom in a popular state of impeaching particular men, may seem to be nothing else, but the people's choosing upon occasion to exercise their own jurisdiction in person; as if a king of England should sit as chief justice in his court of king's bench; which, they say, in former times he sometimes did. But in Sparta, which was called a kingly government, though the people were perfectly free, yet because the administration was in the two kings and the ephori, with the assistance of the senate, we read of no impeachments by the people: nor was the process against great men either upon account of ambition or ill conduct, though it reached sometimes to kings themselves, ever formed that way, as I can recollect, but only passed through those hands, where the administration lay. So likewise, during the regal government in Rome, though it was instituted a mixed monarchy, and the people made great advances in power, yet I do not remember to have read of one impeachment from the commons against a patrician, until the consular state began, and the people had made great encroachments upon the administration.

Another thing to be considered is, that allowing this right of impeachment to be as inherent as they please, yet, if the commons have been perpetually mistaken in the merits of the causes and the persons, as well as in the consequences of such impeachments upon the peace of the state, we cannot conclude less, than that the commons in Greece and Rome (whatever they may be in other states) were by no means qualified either as prosecutors or judges in such matters; and therefore, that it would have been prudent to have reserved these privileges dormant, never to be produced but upon very great and urging occasions, where the state is in apparent danger, the universal body of the people in clamours

against the administration, and no other remedy in view. But for a few popular orators or tribunes, upon the score of personal piques; or to employ the pride they conceive in seeing themselves at the head of a party; or as a method for advancement; or moved by certain powerful arguments that could make Demosthenes Philippize: for such men, I say, when the state would of itself gladly be quiet, and has, besides, affairs of the last importance upon the anvil, to impeach Miltiades* after a great naval victory, for not pursuing the Persian fleet; to impeach Aristides, the person most versed among them in the knowledge and practice of the laws, for a blind suspicion of his acting in an arbitrary way, that is, as they expound it, not in concert with the people; to impeach Pericles, after all his services, for a few inconsiderable accounts; or to impeach Phocion, who had been guilty of no other crime but negociating a treaty for the peace and security of his country: what could the continuance of such proceedings end in, but the utter discouragement of all virtuous actions and persons, and consequently in the ruin of a state? therefore the historians of those ages seldom fail to set this matter in all its lights, leaving us in the highest and most honourable ideas of those persons, who suffered by the persecution of the people, together with the fatal consequences they had, and how the persecutors seldom failed to repent, when it was too late.

These impeachments perpetually falling upon many of the best men both in Greece and Rome, are a cloud of witnesses, and examples enough to discourage men of virtue and abilities from engaging in the service of the public; and help on the other side to introduce the am-

* Though in other passages Lord Orford's character is supposed to be drawn under the name of Themistocles, yet he seems to be represented by Miltiades here; for Themistocles was not impeached at all. See p. 291. H.

bitious, the covetous, the superficial, and the ill-designing; who are as apt to be bold, and forward, and meddling, as the former are to be cautious, and modest, and reserved. This was so well known in Greece, that an eagerness after employments in the state, was looked upon by wise men, as the worst title a man could set up; and made Plato say, "that if all men were as good as they ought to be, the quarrel in a commonwealth would be, not as it is now, who should be ministers of state, but who should not be so." And Socrates is introduced by Xenophon severely chiding a friend of his for not entering into the public service, when he was every way qualified for it: such a backwardness there was at that time among good men to engage with a usurping people, and a set of pragmatical ambitious orators.* And Diodorus tells us, "that when the *petalism* was erected at Syracuse, in imitation of the *ostracism*† at Athens, it was so notoriously levelled against all who had either birth or merit to recommend them, that whoever possessed either, withdrew for fear, and would have no concern in public affairs. So that the people themselves were forced to abrogate it, for fear of bringing all things into confusion."‡

There is one thing more to be observed, wherein all the popular impeachments in Greece and Rome seem to have agreed; and that was, a notion they had of being

* Lib. Memorab.

† *Ostracism* was a kind of popular sentence to banishment passed against men whose personal influence, from whatever cause, was thought to render them dangerous to the state: the votes were given by writing the name of the person on a shell, by the Greeks, called ὄστρακον, and casting the shell into an urn. *Petalism* was a sentence nearly of the same kind; and as ostracism was denominated from the shell, on which the name of the suspected party was written, petalism took its name from πέταλον, a leaf, which the Syracusians used for the same purpose. H.

‡ Lib. xi.

concerned in point of honour to condemn whatever person they impeached, however frivolous the articles were, upon which they began, or however weak the surmises, whereon they were to proceed in their proofs. For, to conceive that the body of the people could be mistaken, was an indignity not to be imagined, till the consequences had convinced them, when it was past remedy. And I look upon this as a fate, to which all popular accusations are subject; though I should think that the saying, *Vox populi vox Dei*, ought to be understood of the universal bent and current of a people, not of the bare majority of a few representatives, which is often procured by little arts, and great industry and application; wherein those, who engage in the pursuits of malice and revenge, are much more sedulous than such as would prevent them.

From what has been deduced of the dissensions in Rome between the two bodies of patricians and plebeians, several reflections may be made.

First, That when the balance of power is duly fixed in a state, nothing is more dangerous or unwise, than to give way to the first steps of popular encroachments; which is usually done either in hopes of procuring ease and quiet from some vexatious clamour, or else made merchandize, and merely bought and sold. This is breaking into a constitution to serve a present expedient, or supply a present exigency: the remedy of an empiric, to stifle the present pain, but with certain prospect of sudden and terrible returns. When a child grows easy and content by being humoured; and when a lover becomes satisfied by small compliances, without farther pursuits; then expect to find popular assemblies content with small concessions. If there could one single example be brought from the whole compass of history, of any one popular assembly, who, after beginning to contend for power, ever sat down quietly with a certain share;

or if one instance could be produced of a popular assembly, that ever knew, or proposed, or declared what share of power was their due; then might there be some hopes, that it were a matter to be adjusted by reasonings, by conferences, or debates: but since all that is manifestly otherwise, I see no other course to be taken in a settled state, than a steady, constant resolution in those, to whom the rest of the balance is entrusted, never to give way so far to popular clamours, as to make the least breach in the constitution, through which a million of abuses and encroachments will certainly in time force their way.

Again, from this deduction it will not be difficult to gather and assign certain marks of popular encroachments; by observing which, those who hold the balance in a state may judge of the degrees, and, by early remedies and application, put a stop to the fatal consequences that would otherwise ensue. What those marks are, has been at large deduced, and need not be here repeated.

Another consequence is this: that (with all respect for popular assemblies be it spoken) it is hard to recollect one folly, infirmity, or vice, to which a single man is subjected, and from which a body of commons, either collective or represented, can be wholly exempt. For, beside that they are composed of men with all their infirmities about them, they have also the ill fortune to be generally led and influenced by the very worst among themselves. I mean, popular orators, tribunes, or, as they are now styled, great speakers, leading men, and the like. Whence it comes to pass, that in their results we have sometimes found the same spirit of cruelty and revenge, of malice and pride, the same blindness and obstinacy and unsteadiness, the same ungovernable rage and anger, the same injustice, sophistry, and fraud, that ever lodged in the breast of any individual.

Again, in all free states the evil to be avoided is tyranny, that is to say, the *summa imperii*, or unlimited power, solely in the hands of the one, the few, or the many. Now, we have shown, that although most revolutions of government in Greece and Rome began with the tyranny of the people, yet they generally concluded in that of a single person; so that a usurping populace is its own dupe; a mere underworker, and a purchaser in trust for some single tyrant, whose state and power they advance to their own ruin, with as blind an instinct, as those worms that die with weaving magnificent habits for beings of a superior nature to their own.

CHAP. V.

SOME reflections upon the late public proceedings among us, and that variety of factions into which we are still so intricately engaged, gave occasion to this discourse. I am not conscious, that I have forced one example, or put it into any other light than it appeared to me long before I had thought of producing it.

I cannot conclude without adding some particular remarks upon the present posture of affairs and dispositions in this kingdom.

The fate of empire is grown a commonplace: that all forms of government having been instituted by men, must be mortal like their authors, and have their periods of duration limited as well as those of private persons. This is a truth of vulgar knowledge and observation: but there are few who turn their thoughts to examine how those diseases in a state are bred that hasten its end; which would however be a very useful inquiry. For, though we cannot prolong the period of a commonwealth be-

ɔnd the decree of Heaven, or the date of its nature, ıy more than human life beyond the strength of the seinal virtue; yet we may manage a sickly constitution, ıd preserve a strong one; we may watch and prevent :cidents; we may turn off a great blow from without, and ırge away an ill humour that is lurking within: and r these, and other such methods, render a state longved, though not immortal. Yet some physicians have ıought, that if it were practicable to keep the several ımours of the body in an exact equal balance of each ith its opposite, it might be immortal, and so perhaps ould a political body, if the balance of power could be ıways held exactly even. But, I doubt, this is as imɔssible in practice as the other.

It has an appearance of fatality, and that the period f a state approaches, when a concurrence of many cirımstances, both within and without, unite toward its ıin; while the whole body of the people are either stuidly negligent, or else giving in with all their might to ıose very practices, that are working their destruction. 'o see whole bodies of men breaking a constitution by ıe very same errors, that so many have been broke efore; to observe opposite parties, who can agree in noıing else, yet firmly united in such measures as must ertainly ruin their country; in short, to be encompassed ith the greatest dangers from without, to be torn by ıany virulent factions within; then to be secure and ɔnseless under all this, and to make it the very least of ur concern; these, and some others that might be named, ppear to me to be the most likely symptoms in a state f a sickness unto death.

Quod procul a nobis flectat fortuna gubernans:
Et ratio potius, quam res persuadeat ipsa.

LUCRET.

There are some conjunctures, wherein the death or dissolution of government is more lamentable in its consequences, than it would be in others. And, I think, a state can never arrive to its period in a more deplorable crisis, than at a time when some prince in the neighbourhood, of vast power and ambition, lies hovering like a vulture to devour, or, at least, dismember its dying carcass; by which means it becomes only a province or acquisition to some mighty monarchy, without hopes of a resurrection.

I know very well, there is a set of sanguine tempers, who deride and ridicule, in the number of fopperies, all such apprehensions as these. They have it ready in their mouths, that the people of England are of a genius and temper never to admit slavery among them; and they are furnished with a great many commonplaces upon that subject. But it seems to me, that such discoursers do reason upon short views, and a very moderate compass of thought. For, I think it a great error to count upon the genius of a nation as a standing argument in all ages, since there is hardly a spot of ground in Europe, where the inhabitants have not frequently and entirely changed their temper and genius. Neither can I see any reason, why the genius of a nation should be more fixed in the point of government, than in their morals, their learning, their religion, their common humour and conversation, their diet, and their complexion; which do all notoriously vary almost in every age, and may every one of them have great effects upon men's notions of government.

Since the Norman conquest, the balance of power in England has often varied, and sometimes been wholly overturned; the part which the commons had in it (that most disputed point) in its original progress and extent, was, by their own confessions, but a very inconsiderable

share. Generally speaking, they have been gaining ever since, though with frequent interruptions and slow progress. The abolishing of villanage, together with the custom introduced (or permitted) among the nobles of selling their lands in the reign of Henry the Seventh, was a mighty addition to the power of the commons: yet I think a much greater happened in the time of his successor, at the dissolution of the abbeys; for this turned the clergy wholly out of the scale, who had so long filled it; and placed the commons in their stead; who in a few years became possessed of vast quantities of those and other lands, by grant or purchase. About the middle of Queen Elizabeth's reign, I take the power between the nobles and the commons to have been in more equal balance, than it was ever before or since. But then, or soon after, arose a faction in England, which under the name of puritan began to grow popular by moulding up their new schemes of religion with republican principles in government; and gaining upon the prerogative as well as the nobles, under several denominations, for the space of about sixty years, did at last overthrow the constitution, and, according to the usual course of such revolutions, did introduce a tyranny, first of the people, and then of a single person.

In a short time after, the old government was revived. But the progress of affairs for almost thirty years, under the reigns of two weak princes,* is a subject of a different nature: when the balance was in danger to be overturned by the hands that held it, which was at last very seasonably prevented by the late revolution. However, as it is the talent of human nature to run from one extreme to another, so in a very few years we have made mighty leaps from prerogative heights into the

* Charles II. and James II. H.

depth of popularity, and I doubt, to the very last degree that our constitution will bear. It were to be wished, that the most august assembly of the commons would please to form a pandect of their own power and privileges, to be confirmed by the entire legislative authority, and that in as solemn a manner (if they please) as the *magna charta*. But to fix one foot of their compass wherever they think fit, and extend the other to such terrible lengths, without describing any circumference at all, is to leave us and themselves in a very uncertain state, and in a sort of rotation, that the author of the Oceana * never dreamed on. I believe the most hardy tribune will not venture to affirm at present, that any just fears of encroachment are given us from the regal power, or the few: and is it then impossible to err on the other side? How far must we proceed, or where shall we stop? "The raging of the sea," and "the madness of the people," are put together in holy writ; and it is God alone who can say to either, "Hitherto shalt thou pass, and no farther."

The balance of power in a limited state, is of such absolute necessity, that Cromwell himself, before he had perfectly confirmed his tyranny, having some occasions for the appearance of a parliament, was forced to create and erect an entire new house of lords (such as it was) for a counterpoise to the commons. And indeed, considering the vileness of the clay, I have sometimes wonder-

* Mr. James Harrington, some time in the service of King Charles I. after whose death he drew up and printed a form of popular government, entitled, "The Commonwealth of Oceana:" he endeavoured likewise to promote this scheme by public discourses at a nightly meeting of several curious gentlemen in New Palace Yard, Westminster. This club was called *The Rota;* and Mr. Henry Nevil, one of its members, proposed to the then house of commons, that a third part of the senate should rote out by ballot every year, and be incapable of being elected again for three years to come. H.

ed, that no tribune of that age durst ever venture to ask the potter, What dost thou make? But it was then about the last act of a popular usurpation; and fate, or Cromwell, had already prepared them for that of a single person.

I have been often amazed at the rude, passionate, and mistaken results, which have at certain times fallen from great assemblies, both ancient and modern, and of other countries as well as our own. This gave me the opinion, I mentioned a while ago; that public conventions are liable to all the infirmities, follies, and vices of private men. To which, if there be any exception, it must be of such assemblies, who act by universal concert, upon public principles, and for public ends; such as proceed upon debates without unbecoming warmths, or influence from particular leaders and inflamers; such, whose members, instead of canvassing to procure majorities for their private opinions, are ready to comply with general sober results, though contrary to their own sentiments. Whatever assemblies act by these, and other methods of the like nature, must be allowed to be exempt from several imperfections, to which particular men are subjected. But I think the source of most mistakes and miscarriages in matters debated by public assemblies, arises from the influence of private persons upon great numbers, styled in common phrase leading men and parties. And therefore when we sometimes meet a few words put together, which is called the vote or resolution of an assembly, and which we cannot possibly reconcile to prudence, or public good, it is most charitable to conjecture, that such a vote has been conceived, and born, and bred in a private brain; afterward raised and supported by an obsequious party; and then with usual methods confirmed by an artificial majority. For, let us suppose five hundred men, mixed in point of sense and honesty, as usually assemblies

are; and let us suppose these men proposing, debating, resolving, voting, according to the mere natural motions of their own little or much reason and understanding; I do allow, that abundance of indigested and abortive, many pernicious and foolish overtures would arise, and float a few minutes; but then they would die and disappear. Because, this must be said in behalf of human kind, that common sense and plain reason, while men are disengaged from acquired opinions, will ever have some general influence upon their minds; whereas the species of folly and vice are infinite, and so different in every individual, that they could never procure a majority, if other corruptions did not enter to pervert men's understandings, and misguide their wills.

To describe how parties are bred in an assembly, would be a work too difficult at present, and perhaps not altogether safe. *Periculosæ plenum opus aleæ.* Whether those, who are leaders, usually arrive at that station more by a sort of instinct or secret composition of their nature, or influence of the stars, than by the possession of any great abilities, may be a point of much dispute; but when the leader is once fixed, there will never fail to be followers. And man is so apt to imitate, so much of the nature of sheep, (*imitatores, servum pecus*) that whoever is so bold to give the first great leap over the heads of those about him, though he be the worst of the flock, shall be quickly followed by the rest. Besides, when parties are once formed, the stragglers look so ridiculous, and become so insignificant that they have no other way but to run into the herd, which at least will hide and protect them; and where to be much considered, requires only to be very violent.

But there is one circumstance with relation to parties, which I take to be, of all others, most pernicious in a

state; and I would* be glad any partizan would help me to a tolerable reason, that because Clodius and Curio happen to agree with me in a few singular notions, I must therefore blindly follow them in all: or, to state it at best, that because Bibulus the party-man is persuaded, that Clodius and Curio do really propose the good of their country as their chief end; therefore Bibulus shall be wholly guided and governed by them in the means and measures toward it. Is it enough for Bibulus, and the rest of the herd, to say without farther examining, I am of the side with Clodius, or I vote with Curio? are these proper methods to form and make up what they think fit to call the united wisdom of the nation? Is it not possible, that upon some occasion Clodius may be bold and insolent, borné away by his passion, malicious and revengeful? That Curio may be corrupt, and expose to sale his tongue or his pen? I conceive it far below the dignity both of human nature, and human reason, to be engaged in any party, the most plausible soever, upon such servile conditions.

This influence of one upon many, which seems to be as great in a people represented, as it was of old in the commons collective, together with the consequences it has had upon the legislature, has given me frequent occasion to reflect upon what Diodorus tells us of one Charondas, a lawgiver to the Sybarites, an ancient people of Italy, who was so averse from all innovation, especially when it was to proceed from particular persons (and I suppose, that he might put it out of the power of men fond of their own notions to disturb the constitution at their pleasures, by advancing private schemes) that he provided a statute, that whoever proposed any alteration

* And I 'would' be glad any partizan 'would' help me, &c. The first 'would' here ought to be changed to 'should,' 'I should be glad any partizan would help me,' &c. S.

to be made, should step out and do it with a rope about his neck: if the matter proposed were generally approved, then it should pass into a law; if it went into the negative, the proposer to be immediately hanged. Great ministers may talk of what projects they please; but I am deceived, if a more effectual one could ever be found for taking off (as the present phrase is) those hot, unquiet spirits, who disturb assemblies, and obstruct public affairs, by gratifying their pride, their malice, their ambition, or their avarice.

Those, who in a late reign began the distinction between the personal and politic capacity, seem to have had reason, if they judged of princes by themselves: for, I think there is hardly to be found through all nature a greater difference between two things, than there is between a representing commoner in the function of his public calling, and the same person when he acts in the common offices of life. Here he allows himself to be upon a level with the rest of mortals; here he follows his own reason, and his own way; and rather affects a singularity in his actions and thoughts, than servilely to copy either from the wisest of his neighbours. In short, here his folly and his wisdom, his reason and his passions, are all of his own growth, not the echo or infusion of other men. But when he is got near the walls of his assembly, he assumes and affects an entire set of very different airs; he conceives himself a being of a superior nature to those without, and acting in a sphere, where the vulgar methods for the conduct of human life can be of no use. He is listed in a party, where he neither knows the temper, nor designs, nor perhaps the person of his leader; but whose opinions he follows and maintains with a zeal and faith as violent as a young scholar does those of a philosopher, whose sect he is taught to profess. He has neither opinions, nor thoughts, nor actions, nor talk, that he can

call his own, but all conveyed to him by his leader, as wind is through an organ. The nourishment he receives has been not only chewed, but digested, before it comes into his mouth. Thus instructed, he follows the party, right or wrong, through all his sentiments, and acquires a courage and stiffness of opinion not at all congenial with him.

This encourages me to hope, that during the present lucid interval, the members retired to their homes may suspend a while their acquired complexions, and, taught by the calmness of the scene and the season, reassume the native sedateness of their temper. If this should be so, it would be wise in them, as individual and private mortals, to look back a little upon the storms they have raised, as well as those they have escaped. To reflect, that they have been authors of a new and wonderful thing in England, which is, for a house of commons to lose the universal favour of the numbers they represent: to observe how those, whom they thought fit to persecute for righteousness' sake, have been openly caressed by the people; and to remember how themselves sate in fear of their persons from popular rage. Now, if they would know the secret of all this unprecedented proceeding in their masters, they must not impute it to their freedom in debate, or declaring their opinions, but to that unparliamentary abuse of setting individuals upon their shoulders, who were hated by God and man. For, it seems the mass of the people, in such conjunctures as this, have opened their eyes, and will not endure to be governed by Clodius and Curio, at the head of their myrmidons, though these be ever so numerous, and composed of their own representatives.

This aversion of the people against the late proceedings of the commons, is an accident, that if it last a while, might be improved to good uses for setting the balance

of power a little more upon an equality, than their late measures seem to promise or admit. This accident may be imputed to two causes: the first is, a universal fear and apprehension of the greatness and power of France, whereof the people in general seem to be very much and justly possessed, and therefore cannot but resent to see it, in so critical a juncture, wholly laid aside by their ministers, the commons. The other cause is, a great love and sense of gratitude in the people toward their present king, grounded upon a long opinion and experience of his merit, as well as concessions to all their reasonable desires; so that it is for some time they have begun to say, and to fetch instances, where he has in many things been hardly used. How long these humours may last, (for passions are momentary, and especially those of a multitude) or what consequences they may produce, a little time will discover. But whenever it comes to pass, that a popular assembly, free from such obstructions, and already possessed of more power than an equal balance will allow, shall continue to think they have not enough, but by cramping the hand that holds the balance, and by impeachments or dissensions with the nobles, endeavour still for more; I cannot possibly see, in the common course of things, how the same causes can produce different effects and consequences among us, from what they did in Greece and Rome.

*There is one thing I must needs add, though I reckon it will appear to many as a very unreasonable paradox. When the act passed some years ago against bribing of elections; I remember to have said upon occasion, to some persons of both houses, that they would be very much deceived in the consequences of that act: and upon some discourse of the conveniences of it, and the

* From this paragraph to the end of the tract was omitted in the second and every subsequent edition. N.

contrary (which will admit reasoning enough) they seemed to be of the same opinion. It has appeared since, that our conjectures were right: for I think the late parliament was the first fruits of that act; the proceedings whereof, as well as of the present, have been such, as to make many persons wish that things were upon the old foot in that matter. Whether it be that so great a reformation was too many degrees beyond so corrupt an age as this: or that, according to the present turn and disposition of men in our nation, it were a less abuse to bribe elections than leave them to the discretion of the choosers. This at least was Cato's opinion, when things in Rome were at a crisis much resembling ours; who is recorded to have gone about with great industry, dealing money among the people to favour Pompey (as I remember) upon a certain election in opposition to Cæsar: and he excused himself in it upon the necessities of the occasion, and the corruptions of the people: an action that might well have excused Cicero's censure of him, that he reasoned and acted, *tanquam in Republicâ Platonis, non in fæce Romuli.* However it be, it is certain that the talents which qualify a man for the service of his country in parliament, are very different from those which give him a dexterity at making his court to the people; and do not often meet in the same subject. Then for the moral part, the difference is inconsiderable; and whoever practises upon the weakness and vanity of the people, is guilty of an immoral action as much as if he did it upon their avarice. Besides, the two trees may be judged by their fruits. The former produces a set of popular men, fond of their own merits and abilities, their opinions, and their eloquence; whereas the bribing of elections, though a great and shameful evil, seems to be at present but an ill means of keeping things upon the old foot, by leaving the defence of our properties, chiefly in the hands of

those who will be the greatest sufferers, whenever they are endangered. It is easy to observe in the late and present parliament, that several boroughs and some counties have been represented by persons, who little thought to have ever had such hopes before: and how far this may proceed when such a way is laid open for the exercise and encouragement of popular arts, one may best judge from the consequences that the same causes produced both in Athens and Rome. For, let speculative men reason, or rather refine as they please, it ever will be true among us, that as long as men engage in the public service upon private ends, and whilst all pretences to a sincere Roman love of our country are looked upon as an affectation, a foppery, or a disguise (which has been a good while our case, and is likely to continue so) it will be safer to trust our property and constitution in the hands of such, who have paid for their election, than of those who have obtained them by servile flatteries of the people.

END OF VOL. II.

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